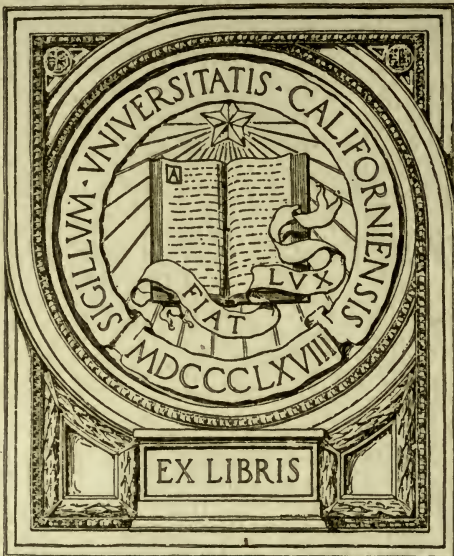


JOSHUA WILLIAM CALDWELL



A MEMORIAL VOLUME

GIFT OF



EX LIBRIS



J. W. Caswell,

JOSHUA WILLIAM CALDWELL

11

A MEMORIAL VOLUME

CONTAINING HIS

BIOGRAPHY, WRITINGS AND ADDRESSES

PREPARED AND EDITED BY
A COMMITTEE OF THE IRVING CLUB OF
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE



PUBLISHED FOR THE CLUB BY
THE BRANDON PRINTING COMPANY,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

F436
.C25

TO VINU
AIRBORNE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FOREWORD	5
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	7
CIVIL WAR REMINISCENCES	55
THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT	81
THE SOUTH IN THE REVOLUTION	93
GOLDSMITH	103
PURITAN RACES AND PURITAN LIVING	117
CHANGING CUSTOMS	137
EAST TENNESSEE IN STATE HISTORY	141
THE SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE	149
LAST DAYS OF ANDREW JACKSON	153
UNCHASTITY IN FICTION	163
THOMAS CARLYLE	175
THE SOUTH IS AMERICAN	183
THOREAU, THE NATURE-LOVER	205
LITERATURE AND LIFE OF A PEOPLE	223
AN EPIC OF THE KNOXVILLE BAR	237
CALHOUN THE STATESMAN	241
TENNESSEE, PAST AND PRESENT	253
ATHANASIUS	267
THE TATER-BUG PARSON	285
THE BAR OF THE SOUTH	301
JOHN BELL OF TENNESSEE	311
THE CHRONICLE OF 1907	325
NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY	335

FOREWORD.



AT the regular meeting of the Irving Club, held on the evening of the day of Mr. Caldwell's death, the customary program was omitted. A brief memorial tribute was adopted, expressing the members' sense of loss "of a dear personal friend, a cordial, kindly brother, a sympathetic counsellor and leader." The Club then appointed Messrs. Henry H. Ingersoll, Leon Jourolmon, W. T. White, James Maynard and George F. Mellen a committee to prepare a more extended memorial for publication. Warm friends outside encouraged the committee to enlarge plans, and make the volume fully worthy of the subject. The result of their work is this book, containing the picture, biography and the choicest of the addresses and literary remains of Joshua William Caldwell.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., September 15, 1909.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY HENRY H. INGERSOLL AND GEORGE F. MELLEN.

ANCESTRY.



OSHUA WILLIAM CALDWELL was born at Athens, Tennessee, February 3, 1856. He was the son of Alfred Caldwell and wife, Jane Dalton Ewing; grandson of John Caldwell and wife, Margaret Shaddan, and of Dr. Joshua Ewing and wife, Katherine Fulkerson; great-grandson of Anthony Caldwell and wife, Elizabeth Aiken, of Samuel Ewing and wife, Mary Houston, of John Fulkerson and wife, Jane Hughes, and of Alexander Shaddan and wife, Flora Henderson. Among his private papers this note is found: "It seems that Anthony, William, Alexander, and two other brothers were sons of John Caldwell and his wife Jennie, who according to tradition were married on shipboard coming to America." On the mother's side, the earliest ancestor who settled in America was William Ewing, a native of Coleraine, Ireland, who emigrated in 1725 and settled in Maryland. The dominant strain in his blood was Scotch-Irish, with infusion of Dutch through the Fulkersons, of Huguenot through the Daltons and of Welsh through the Hughes.

Immediately after the Revolutionary war Anthony Caldwell moved from Virginia to East Tennessee. He had been a soldier in the war, and according to family records, was at the siege of Yorktown, a youth of eighteen years. He was a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, and it was in his dwelling that the first Sunday-school in Tennessee was organized. His son John, an enthusiastic geologist, became a pioneer in making known and exploiting the mineral resources of East Tennessee. He was not college-bred, but was an earnest seeker after useful information and took especial interest in mineralogical researches. He was the

first to develop the copper mines in Polk County, and began his operations by petitioning the legislature and obtaining the passage of a law whereby he leased a section of school land near Ducktown. In the spring of 1850 he began to mine in the woods. For the first few years the ore was carried out of the mountains on the backs of mules. In 1853 he built a wagon road at a cost of \$22,000. Up to this time only two shafts had been sunk. In 1855 fourteen shafts had been sunk, and more than \$1,000,000 worth of ore had been shipped to the North. The activities of this remarkable man were widely varied. In the chapter, "Civil War Reminiscences," is to be found additional insight into this grandfather's life and character. He was the first volunteer of his county, Jefferson, to enlist in the war of 1812; and throughout his life he faithfully supported the Union of the States. Under Andrew Johnson's presidency he was Pension Agent at Knoxville.

The father, Alfred Caldwell (1829-1886), was one of the prominent lawyers of East Tennessee. He taught school to earn money to enable him to take a college course. He was graduated at Maryville College, whose junior and senior classes he took in one year. His law studies, pursued at Lebanon, were completed in 1854. With Milton P. Jarnagin he entered upon the practice of law at Athens, and rose rapidly to success and distinction. The same year he married at Rose Hill, in Lee County, Virginia, Jane Dalton, the daughter of Dr. Joshua Ewing, a fine type of the country doctor of cultivated tastes and comfortable circumstances. In 1859 he was elected a member of the Tennessee General Assembly from McMinn County, and was an influential legislator. Though ardently attached to the Union and opposed to secession, when the State decided to secede, he espoused the Southern side. In 1863 he entered the ranks and fought until captured, remaining in prison until the close of hostilities. After the war he moved to

Knoxville, where his talents and qualities at once gave him high rank at the bar and in politics. In 1872 he was a candidate for Congress, but dissensions in Democratic ranks wrought his defeat. In 1878 he was the East Tennessee candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, and lost it by only a few votes. In a bar that numbered among its leaders John Baxter, T. A. R. Nelson, William H. Sneed and Horace Maynard, he took a prominent position. Borne down by disease, in 1882 he gave up active practice and retired to his farm near Strawberry Plains, his boyhood home. He lived and died in the communion of the Presbyterian Church.

While on the Ewing side there were not so many ruling elders and ministers as the Caldwell clan furnished to the Presbyterian faith, still the representation was noteworthy. The great-grandfather, Samuel Ewing, was the founder and supporter of churches. He likewise served his State efficiently in office. For fifteen years he was sheriff of his county, dying in office in the eightieth year of his age. He also served two terms in the Virginia legislature. Of his maternal grandfather's piety he thus speaks in the paper, "Calhoun the Statesman": "Looking back I see my Virginia grandfather, a life-long slaveholder, fifty years an elder of the church, the supporter of a whole community, and I am sure that in a better world than this he enjoys the richest rewards that wait on saintly living and doing." One of the maternal uncles, Rev. C. T. Ewing, was a Presbyterian minister, and it was at his home in Hawkins County that the mother died while on a visit in 1888.

Heredity is justly reckoned a potent influence in shaping human life. Certainly Joshua W. Caldwell had a good start in his forbears; and in reading his literary remains and speeches, one will constantly revert to the ancestry from which he sprung, and there find the origin of views he tenaciously held and vigorously advocated.

BOYHOOD AND EDUCATION.

In the delightful and frankly personal chapter, "Civil War Reminiscences," will be found full and interesting details of Mr. Caldwell's earliest remembered years. Further than an insight into his own life and its environment, it is valuable for the glimpses it gives of the sufferings and horrors of the civil war. When, immediately after the war closed, the father moved to Knoxville, the son was entered at the Hampden Sidney Academy, John K. Payne, principal, who was just from Yale College, being a member of the class of 1865. When the next year East Tennessee University, now the University of Tennessee, was opened, the president, Dr. Thomas W. Humes, persuaded Professor Payne to bring his boys into the preparatory department of the University. In this way teacher and pupil became identified with the institution with which their names are imperishably associated.

The traditions and memories that linger of his boyhood are that he was a studious boy, who preferred to revel in the pages of a book to joining in the boisterous games of the playground. While he was a good student and loved to read, it is a mistake to think of him as averse to pranks or as failing to participate in them. Evidence is at hand to denote that good red blood flowed in his veins and that in his school days he illustrated faithfully that distinctive genus, the American boy. Thirty years afterwards a cousin related how he used to pile up, outside of her door, apples by the bushel to watch her surprise when she would discover it thus barricaded; and how, a mere urchin, he would set up buckets and tubs in his grandfather's back yard on an inclined plane and then would shove them to see them roll down with a mighty rattling against the fence. Later in life, when he had become fourteen years old, the records of the Chi Delta Literary Society of East Tennessee Univer-

sity show that he was repeatedly "fined ten cents for disorderly conduct." When it is noted that he was always thus punished conjointly with such fellow students and companions as James Maynard, Frank C. Bearden, and David H. Ludlow, it is manifest that the bubbling over of youthful spirits must have brought on the penalties inflicted.

Young Caldwell won recognition immediately in the society not only as an attractive speaker, but as a forceful debater. Fellow students recall his frequent successes in debate while in college. A study of the records of the Chi Delta Literary Society will reveal his liking for this important adjunct of college life. On January 21, 1870, he was admitted to membership, not yet having reached the age of fourteen years. The same night he was assigned to debate the question: "Is Republicanism Increasing in Europe?" With S. A. Craig he espoused the affirmative side, while the negative found advocates in Frank C. Bearden and Alfred N. Jackson. He lost, but the then recording secretary, T. C. Karns, placed this in the minutes: "Mr. Caldwell delivered a pointed and able speech, well worthy the imitation of all new members, and some older ones, too."

The records of the society, for the five following years, until his graduation, show how active and efficient was his work. He filled all the offices from member of the vigilance committee for "Grammar School" to the presidency. Whenever the society's library was to be looked after, he was always named, whether it was to recover books taken from the society during the war, or to get up a public entertainment to raise funds to replenish the library. Whenever he was made editor of "The Crescent," the society's organ, the record uniformly is that "its reading was received with great applause." He took part in one discussion described as "a heavy debate." This was about the changing of the time for the society's meetings from Saturday morning to Friday night, according to the time honored

practice. The faculty had ordered the meetings for Saturday mornings because of the disorders frequent at the night sessions and due to "non-resident visitors from the city." After the "heavy debate" and with assurances that the disturbances would not be repeated, Friday night sessions were resumed. When in March, 1875, the first issue of the college publication, "The University Monthly," appeared, one of the two editors representing the Chi Delta Society was J. W. Caldwell.

On June 16, 1875, he was graduated from East Tennessee University Bachelor of Arts. On that day he delivered an oration on the subject: "Tendencies of Modern Thought." The Knoxville Press and Herald says of it: "Caldwell evinced a power of thought and oratorical ability of high order." In 1895 the University conferred on him the M. A. degree in course.

In estimating the formative influences in Mr. Caldwell's life, large account is to be taken of the professors under whom he studied. As President of the University Dr. Humes had gathered about him enthusiastic young men, fixed in the scholarly habit and full of the scholarly spirit. The members of the faculty were few, and the personal element played a large part in college life. To mention the names of his professors is to indicate their quality and qualifications. They were in Latin and Greek, Frederic D. Allen and Morton W. Easton; in English, R. L. Kirkpatrick; in Mathematics, John K. Payne; in Chemistry, Wilbur O. Atwater and Beverly S. Burton. They represented the learning of the best institutions of New England and of Germany. Their love for all good learning was infectious. Of these, Frederic D. Allen, whose fame as a classical scholar became world-wide, exercised the greatest influence upon him. In private conversations referring to his college days, he was heard more frequently to mention Professor Allen's name than that of any other of his precep-

tors. For Professor Easton he had also a very high regard. The indelible influence of these instructors was evident in his writings in the numerous classical references so happily employed. He had a remarkable mastery of Greek mythology, as was repeatedly exhibited in the metrical chronicles of the Irving Club. This familiarity with classical lore is strikingly shown in the Chronicle of 1907, published in this volume. His professor of English, R. L. Kirkpatrick, profoundly impressed him for versatility of learning, delicacy of taste and beauty of character. His tastes did not incline toward mathematics and natural sciences, and he studied them only as parts of the curriculum; but he spoke appreciatively of the professors who taught these branches.

STUDY AND PRACTICE OF LAW.

After graduation Mr. Caldwell began the study of law in the office of his father. He was admitted to the bar April 30, 1877, his license being signed by Judges M. L. Hall and D. K. Young, respectively criminal and circuit judges sitting in Knox County. Next to his father, it is probable that John Baxter was a guide and an inspiration to him. One entering his office, in the Deaderick building, was almost certain to be attracted by a large picture of Judge Baxter hanging on the wall. When that eminent jurist died in 1886, he had no more sincere mourner than Mr. Caldwell, who prepared the resolutions adopted by the Knoxville bar, and in the course of a speech before the bar assembled to honor his memory, used these words:

"I wish to offer my humble tribute of respect to the memory of Judge Baxter. I can not claim to have known him so long nor so intimately as many in this assemblage, but I gratefully acknowledge myself his debtor for unvarying kindness and for a friendship which did not altogether regard the disparities of age and position. I have known him from my childhood and always as a leader in this community and in his great profession. The

sentiment of admiration and respect for him with which I entered upon the active duties of our vocation was strengthened and confirmed by experience."

Mr. Caldwell's thirty years of general legal practice comprehended eight years of service as City Attorney of Knoxville and ten years as Referee in Bankruptcy, in both of which offices his service was conspicuously faithful and efficient. During all these years he continued a general civil practice, preferring Chancery and Appeals. He chose to escape the strife and turmoil attendant upon jury trials and rigidly refrained from criminal practice.

His natural aversion to criminal cases and clients very early received a lasting impetus in an episode occurring when he and T. A. R. Nelson, then both young lawyers, were assigned by the Court to defend Bob Shrewsbury, an impecunious prisoner, on a charge of murder of a friendless tramp near Strawberry Plains. In discharge of this onerous duty they retired, in company with their client, about their own age, to the consultation room of the Court House, to acquaint themselves with his case, character and defense. These were exposed to their confidence and curiosity by Bob's proposal in all seriousness to his new-found counsel that they should manifest their fidelity and discharge their professional duty to do the best they could for him by forthwith undressing, exchanging their clothes with him, and remaining in the room while he walked out past the sheriff *incognito* and made good his escape. Their services for Shrewsbury ended that day. Caldwell betook himself to the Chancery bar, and Nelson became State's Attorney and Judge of the Criminal Court. Both became better acquainted by the episode with the shifts and shams of criminals.

In his long service as City Attorney he acquired great familiarity with the law of municipal corporations, and his talents shone with special lustre in two cases of great

local and personal interest, and a third that was State-wide in its results.

The first, styled *Railroad v. Knoxville*, 98 Tenn., 1, involved a quarter-million municipal subsidy to the Cumberland Gap Railroad, promoted by Mr. Alex. A. Arthur in the boom-days of 1887, and resulted in defeat of the stock subscription by a majority of one on the second hearing in the State Supreme Court.

Knoxville v. Africa, 77 Fed. Rep., 501, was the misleading title of a complex three-cornered litigation between another Knoxville promoter, Col. C. C. Howell, and the now world-renowned Wm. G. McAdoo, representing rival street car companies, and the city, in strenuous contest over street franchises, in which McAdoo was repulsed from his native city. He thereupon moved upon New York, and has captured it by completing and opening the great Hudson River tunnels to travel and traffic. This case, ultimately decided by the Federal Court of Appeals, settled important principles as to the specific character of street franchises and the invalidity of grants thereof in general terms.

The urban population of Tennessee owes Caldwell's name lasting gratitude for the service he rendered to civilization in the great case of *Arnold v. Knoxville*, 115 Tenn., 195, wherein the State Supreme Court was persuaded to overrule a leading case which had for a generation clogged the wheels of progress in Tennessee, and to open to municipal improvements, on local pressure, the door of special assessments—the talisman of good streets.

He was often appointed to serve as special Master in the Federal Court in equity cases of grave import. A notable instance was his appointment to sell the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railway in 1894. It was rare indeed that his report did not meet judicial approval. In a recent emergency, when a challenge to the array of

jurors had been allowed and the marshal held incompetent for the service, Judge Sanford astonished Mr. Caldwell by appointing him special marshal to summon a panel of jurors for the case from the bystanders. The supply of eligibles in the court-room being soon exhausted, the Judge directed him to go down on the street and send up enough men to make out the panel. With a quizzical smile he took his hat and started on his extraordinary service—as foreign to his habits and nature as could be imagined. One by one men came straggling in, and at last the special officer appeared with this oral return, thus addressing the Court: “I have scoured the streets and alleys in the vicinity, and by dint of very positive assertion I have succeeded in persuading eight men that I had the Court’s authority to demand their services as jurors. But this I have accomplished at no little personal peril from the dire threats of these business men; and I ask your Honor to excuse as many of them as you can, and give me personal protection against the others.”

This little sally was but a casual *coup*, illustrating the delicate humor constantly pervading his conversation, so that by it and the sparkling wit illuminating his speeches at the bar he usually held his auditors, while he convinced them by reason and authority.

His standards of professional conduct were high and his deportment at the bar exemplary. He prepared his cases with painstaking fidelity and gave his client’s cause the best of his skill and ability. His professional life is truly epitomized in a tribute prepared by Judge E. T. Sanford, of the United States District Court, and read before a memorial meeting of the Knoxville bar a few days subsequent to his death. In a fittingly exhaustive and thoroughly sympathetic sketch, Judge Sanford said:

“As a lawyer his life illustrated in its every act and deed the highest professional ideals; in the strength of his intellect, the

breadth of his learning and the eloquence through which they found expression; in an unflinching courtesy to his associates of the bar, which attached them to him in the closest bonds of personal friendship; and in a scrupulous integrity and honorable dealing alike with his fellow lawyers and with the courts, which leaves the memory of his name as the synonym of that which is true, honorable and of good report in professional life."

His devotion to his great profession is further shown by active participation in the annual meetings of the Tennessee Bar Association, of which he became a member in 1891. In August, 1894, he read a carefully prepared paper before that body on "Constitution-Making in Tennessee—A Historical Sketch." A recognized authority on constitutional government, he was appointed on the committee to agitate the calling of a new constitutional convention. In 1895 he was made chairman of the committee on jurisprudence and law reform, and submitted an exhaustive report the following year. In the 1895 meeting he read a biographical sketch of Hugh Lawson White, the substance of which appears in his "Bench and Bar of Tennessee."

Caldwell, like Blackstone, experienced in his mind the strenuous contest for supremacy between literature and law, and with his great exemplar he could say to the muse:

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay,
'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below,
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu;
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life;
The visage wan, the pore-blind fight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy Bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Indeed it is to be doubted if he ever did prefer the law to letters; and if literature had offered an equal living with the law he would have probably given his life to it as a profession. For, while he served the law as a jealous mistress, long and faithfully, and ever to her honor, his affections and his best endeavors were given not to her, but to his true love, *belles-lettres*, which always held his heart.

POLITICS.

In politics Mr. Caldwell was a democrat after the school of Thomas Jefferson. He gave unwavering allegiance to the Democratic party, and yet he did not seek or wish public office. He made occasional speeches in furtherance of the interests of candidates, and consented, at intervals, to serve the party in purely honorary or non-remunerative positions. The ordinary methods of office-seekers and the undignified scrambles after office were repugnant to his tastes and foreign to his practices. Yet it was a current remark that there was no office within the gift of the people which he would not have adorned.

In September, 1884, he made a speech before the Knoxville Working Men's Club in aid of the Democratic nominees. At the outset he said: "I would have you understand that I am not a politician in fact nor in expectancy." While he repudiated the idea of being a politician, he early imbibed the spirit of his native section and manifested interest in politics and political discussions. In a speech

made in 1888, as Democratic elector of the Second Congressional District, he declared that just twenty years before that time (1868) he had heard his first Democratic speech from the lips of Capt. W. L. Ledgerwood. In the Democratic Congressional Convention that met in early September of that year, he was unanimously nominated to be elector. For a month he held the position, and already had made some speeches in the district with good effect; but finding private and business demands pressing, he asked to be relieved. The Congressional committee found the reasons good and sufficient, and released him with regret.

In 1880 Mr. Caldwell had been tried in a similar position, much to the satisfaction of party men. He was chosen Democratic sub-electro for Knox County. His first speech was made in the Eleventh District. The Knoxville Tribune said:

“He had a good crowd which listened with marked attention to the gifted young speaker. He is reported to have made a splendid speech, and did the cause which he so ably represented a vast deal of good. The choice of Mr. Caldwell for the county was certainly a very happy one.”

In the Knoxville Tribune is to be found the synopsis of his most elaborate speech of that campaign. In national politics Hancock and English were the Democratic presidential nominees, while Garfield and Arthur headed the Republican national ticket. In Tennessee politicians were wrestling with the settlement of the State debt. The speech was made at Mount Olive Church, south of the Tennessee River. It consumed one hour and a half, and throughout held closely the attention of the audience. Mr. Caldwell maintained that the Democratic party was the party of the constitution, that the Republican party was one of centralization, virtually standing for kingly power. Hamilton, its founder, had declared that he believed in the choosing of presidents for life. Garfield had said that Hamilton was

the greatest man the country had produced. It followed that Garfield must have endorsed the sentiments of Hamilton, and was, therefore, in favor of monarchical government.

He then cited the policies of the Republican party, its interference with a free ballot by placing soldiers at the polls; its favoring of railroad combinations and monopolies; its connection with great land swindles and other acts that should consign it to oblivion. He alluded to Republican bookkeeping, and the robberies of many millions of dollars; spoke of the bloody shirt policy and declared it contemptible. He congratulated the Republicans of Tennessee upon carrying out their idea of social equality by placing a negro on the State electoral ticket, and of Knox County in making one a deputy sheriff. He advocated a settlement of the State debt upon the best terms possible, and paid compliments to the county's legislative ticket, saying that it was the best that had been presented to the people by any party since the war. Its personnel was W. A. Henderson for senator, T. R. Cornick, Jr., for floater, Sam McKinney for representative.

In 1894 he was made temporary chairman of the Democratic State convention. Speaking of his selection the Nashville American said:

"Besides being a studious and thorough lawyer, he finds time for recreation in purely literary work, and is an esteemed contributor to many of the leading magazines of the country. He is a fluent writer of chaste English. As a speaker he is a power, and his oratory never appeals in vain for the right. In the very prime of life he has well earned the honor bestowed upon him by the committee, and will wear it gracefully and with satisfaction to all who come under the sound of his voice. Whether as lawyer or politician he is a man one can not know too well."

In its summary of the work of the convention, the Chattanooga News said:

"East Tennessee had reason to be proud of the tact and ability displayed by Joshua W. Caldwell as temporary chairman. The unanimous finding of the convention was that he acquitted himself with distinguished honor. Indeed, despite the high name which General Wright holds worthily as a lawyer and statesman, it was conceded that as permanent presiding officer of the convention he gained nothing by comparison with his immediate predecessor in the chair."

Tennessee suffered distinct loss in that such a man was not pressed into her service in high official position. No one of her sons was better fitted. He would have made a worthy Senator. The State would have been especially honored by any service he would have been permitted to render in that august body, the United States Senate. He had the capacity to consider in a comprehensive way important questions of public policy. He had the solid culture and the gifts of speech which would have commended to colleagues his views and utterances. He would have made a noble Governor. He knew so intimately the history of State policies and administrations, he kept himself so well informed on vital questions of the hour, he lived upon such an exalted plane of thought and life, that the State would have reaped decided benefit from his accurate knowledge and broad survey of institutions, policies and needs.

EDUCATION AND THE UNIVERSITY.

As a cultural force in the State and the community he so long honored, it is safe to say that, of individuals, he was among its foremost representatives. It was as president of the Alumni Association of the University of Tennessee, as trustee of the same institution, as trustee of the Lawson McGhee library, as trustee of the Tennessee Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and as president of the Irving Club, that he best illustrated and exercised this influence. In view of his activity in the practice of law, it is remarkable

that he accomplished so much in the cultural field, however congenial to his tastes. It was this universality and this activity that caused Gov. Peter Turney, in 1895, to invite him to become the State's Superintendent of Education, an office he declined without hesitation. However, he became connected with the Turney administration, serving (1895-97) as Judge Advocate General on the Governor's staff. Likewise, when in 1904 there was a vacancy in the presidency of the University of Tennessee, he was regarded as pre-eminently fitted for the place. His love for his *alma mater* and for his State caused him to deliberate long before coming to a decision. When he withdrew his name from consideration, after carefully weighing the matter, and when the distinction was all but conferred by formal election, many felt that he turned aside from a work that would have proved thoroughly congenial and for which he was peculiarly qualified.

Apart from his intellectual gifts, his recognized position in literature and his State-wide reputation, it was his tried loyalty to his *alma mater* and his intimate familiarity with her workings that commended his fitness for the presidency. The steadfastness of the one and the thoroughness of the other are matters of record in the annals of the State and the University. Three years after graduation he was made President of the Alumni Society of the institution, and in 1879 was his own successor. After a trial of rotation in office, in 1894 he was again made president of the organization, and by annual successive elections was retained at its head until his death. Twice he was alumni orator, in 1882 and 1889. The subject of the first oration was "Lessons from the Life of a Great Man," which was published in the "Chi Delta Monthly Crescent." Emerson and the Transcendental Movement early engaged his thought and study, had a distinct influence upon his intellectual life, and inspired his whole nature in

this oration. The subject of the second address was "Americanisms," which, reworked and modified, appears in this volume under the title, "The South is American."

At the beginning of this second era as President the practice of having alumni banquets was begun. In the University of Tennessee "Record" of June, 1898, he published a "History of the Alumni Association." He says: "Beginning in 1894, the Association has had an annual banquet at commencement, and these banquets have been very inspiring, and have done much to quicken interest in the affairs of the Association and of the University." It was on these occasions that he was to be seen in his happiest and most attractive mood. As presiding officer, or toastmaster, or in response to some toast, he aroused the enthusiasm of the sons and daughters of the institution, stirred within them a deeper love of *alma mater*, and interspersed his speeches with such wit and humor as to put the banqueters in a flow of gleeful spirits. The burden of nearly all his speeches on these occasions was the duty of the alumni to the University. At times he dwelt upon the relation of the State to the University, and the duty it owed the institution in adopting towards it a generous policy. Another theme dear to him on these occasions was "The Riches of Scholarship."

Whenever the University demanded his services, he responded heartily. Within the space of a twelve-month the call was thrice repeated. In April, 1901, he was the orator of University Day, and delivered an address on "The Period of Andrew Jackson." In September following, upon the opening of the University, he delivered a memorial address on President William McKinley. The University "Record," in an outline of the address, says: "Mr. Caldwell spoke without manuscript, and his address was considered one of the most eloquent and impressive ever delivered from the University platform." In the

April following, when the Ogden party visited Knoxville and the University of Tennessee, it was tendered an elaborate banquet at the Woman's building. Again Mr. Caldwell was in demand for one of the speeches of the occasion.

In 1896 he was made trustee of the University, and soon after became chairman of the experiment station committee of the Board of Trustees. His election was in line with what he had been contending for in many meetings of the Alumni Association. He argued that the institution's welfare was dependent, in large measure, upon the management and active interest of its alumni. Both in the faculty and in the Board of Trustees he pleaded for a larger representation of its graduates. When Dr. Charles W. Dabney, one year after his installation as President, revolutionized affairs by removing all but one member of the faculty, a protest went up from the Alumni Association. The members of the faculty dropped were alumni of the institution. Mr. Caldwell introduced a resolution in condemnation of the policy of the new President, which was passed unanimously. It is believed that later he endorsed the acts of the new President as necessary for the reorganization and remodelling of the institution. As the Board of Trustees is at present constituted, the policy advocated finds its vindication. If few alumni are represented in the faculty of the University, it has been because the graduates have not turned their attention to post-graduate studies and preparation for advanced instructional work.

Mr. Caldwell's devotion to the University was not based merely upon sentiment. He believed in the institution because of its merits. In the address made at the Tennessee Centennial, in 1897, speaking on "East Tennessee in State History," he made a plea for the University which, through the years, he iterated and reiterated:

"Of the University of Tennessee, I desire to repeat here deliberately what I have said elsewhere, that a few years ago it was ex-

celled among Southern institutions only by the University of Virginia, and now I say it is excelled by none. I believe that the University of Tennessee, in the quality of its work, is superior to any other university or college in the Southern States. * * * May we not hope for the coming of a time when encouragement, and not unkindness, will be the policy of Tennessee toward this splendid institution which worthily bears her own name."

THE IRVING CLUB.

With this survey of his enthusiasm for things of the mind, it is easy to understand how the organization of a literary club, composed of kindred spirits, would contribute still further to his intellectual growth and pleasure. Herein is to be found the genesis of the Irving Club.

Belles-lettres were his never failing source of pleasure, and the Irving Club was the joy of his life. After his family it had no rival in his affections—save St. John's parish. It had its origin in his brain, and was formed at a meeting called at his office in December, 1886. He was its only President while he lived—annually chosen for several years, but for more than a decade holding the place by common consent.

How cordially and indisputably his confreres of the Club yielded to him the primacy was fittingly expressed by the venerable Col. James Van Deventer. The occasion was the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Club's existence and the presentation of a gavel made of wood taken from the famous Tabard Inn. Col. Van Deventer said:

"Mr. President: It is not necessary to tell you that we celebrate to-night the decennial anniversary of the Irving Club. During the whole period of the club's existence, it has been its exceeding good fortune to have had you for its president. But it can not be truthfully said of you, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,'—for during your official reign your rule has been so considerate, so good in all things, and therefore so lightly felt, that neither crown nor sceptre nor other symbol of authority has been needed to promote loyalty and to keep good order.

"Our past as a club has been full of good fellowship. We have come to our stated meetings at your hospitable home, knowing full well we would absorb restfulness of spirit with the air we breathed; and our labors being ended, we have gone hence refreshed by the companionship we have enjoyed.

"The decade just closed has been one of great development for the club. The little group of three or four who gathered together ten years ago in the name of our patron author to form a club has enlarged its circle, has expanded into an influential organization, has become one of the chief literary features of our city.

"Vigor has come to us with expansion. All this, sir, and more, we owe in a great measure to you. The gentle treatment which is so suited to the tender stages of existence may not be always so well adapted to the later stages of maturity. Having to deal with such intellectual sons of Anak as Ingersoll, Frazee, Elmore, Sanford, Henneman, Turner and others, it is the part of wisdom in the club to take precautionary measures by putting in your hands an instrument, the least use of which will calm turbulence like pouring oil on troubled waters.

"To this end, I have the honor, sir, in the name and behalf of the Irving Club, to present to you this gavel as an emblem of your rightful authority, and ask you to accept it, Mr. President, with the affection of the Irving Club."

For twenty years the Club's meetings, on his urgent invitation, were held at his residence. The Monday evenings occurring between the middle of September and the first of June were given to these conventions, and he has recorded in one of his choice "Chronicles of the Irving Club," that "in more than nine years it has not missed a single meeting." Indeed, so attractive were these literary social synods that in twenty years only one meeting was unattended.

Eight o'clock was the hour of assembly; and few indeed were the occasions, in this full score of years, when Mr. Caldwell was not present to welcome these chosen friends in person to his hospitable home.

These unrivalled "Chronicles of the Irving Club," jestingly described by him as "the most trustworthy and im-

portant contributions to contemporary history, adding largely to the stock of accurate public information and confirming the deserved reputation of the author for unvarying truthfulness," were introduced by "The Making of the Irving Club," a Christmas token for 1889, in which occur the following narrative paragraphs:

"The members were accustomed, during the first year, to write upon the subjects assigned them, much more than in later years. It has been demonstrated that it is best for the leaders to write. But the club has constantly recognized the fact that informality is its greatest charm. It was, from the beginning, intended that the machinery of government should be the simplest, and that every member should be allowed the utmost latitude of opinion and expression. It was believed that the character of the membership was such as to preclude the possibility of any abuse of privilege. This expectation has been fulfilled in every respect. The discussions have, as a rule, been animated, and there have always been marked divergences of opinion, but the history of the club has to this time been devoid of unpleasant incident. Nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of any meeting, or to disturb the cordial relations of the members.

"In the selection of subjects, it was resolved that no topic should be excluded except such as involved the discussion of 'partisan politics or polemic theology,'—a felicitous phrase for which we are indebted to Judge Ingersoll, and one for which he has not unnaturally manifested somewhat frequently a decided partiality. The wisdom of the limitation thus established is obvious."

At Christmas, 1895, appeared his first "Epic of the Irving Club," introduced by a page of proem, concluding thus: "The author has been at pains to indicate by appropriate words that this introduction is prose, while that which follows is not." And thus he gives an epitome of its life:

"'Tis nine years now, and more, ago,
Since 'Irving's' work was well begun.
We've traveled much and traveled far,
Found much to please, done nought to mar
Our fellowship and warm affection,

Nor cause unkindly recollection.
 No Utica pent our way confines,
 We yield to few restricting lines;
 Theology we wisely fear
 And politics we come not near;
 But these alone in thought's domain
 Can e'er restrict us or restrain.
 We have not sounded lowest deeps
 Nor climbed, perchance, the highest peaks,
 Not caring much to be profound,
 But satisfied on middle ground.
 And if we have not gathered store
 Of dry and musty pedant lore,
 One thing there is that makes amends,
 We have become the best of friends."

Although in this epic he had "invoked the frolic Muse" for personal mention of members' feats and frailties, the following verse discloses a cordial antipathy he felt for the modern pronunciation of Latin:

"I would our scholars all exalt,
 But find with some a single fault.
 We ne'er can yield our Cicero,
 Nor e'er our Hercules forego.
 In Kikero we'll have no part,
 Nor Herakles, the new upstart.
 There is a continental way,
 The fad and fangle of a day,
 Of speaking Greek and Latin, too,
 Which sober thought must sure eschew."

In the Eighth Chronicle, issued in May, 1897, after descanting with delightful *abandon* on personal traits of his fellow members, Caldwell thus summarizes the work and aims of the body:

"The club continues to be a free body held together by the bonds of cordial friendship and of a desire for improvement. It has no constitution, almost no rules, and no formalities.

"Its aim is the culture of its members and thereby the good of the community. It avoids publicity, believing that its true policy is to confine its direct work to its own members. It has always been conservative. It is not reactionary, but it is not

eager to receive and to adopt every new and fantastic theory, nor to ally itself with every movement against existing things. There is no propaganda here. It is not a dogma of the club that everything that is, is wrong, and only new things are right. In matters of faith, it has never declared orthodoxy to be synonymous with error, nor all heterodoxy to be infallibly right or necessarily wrong. It does not deny the possibility of improving orthodoxy, nor the excellence of much that is called heterodox. Its prevailing tone is conservative and orthodox. It does not seek to direct its members in these matters, but each is, as he ought to be, his own untrammelled master.

"Without being indifferent to philosophy or opposed to progress, it has not yet reached the point where it considers the universe as the smallest subject worthy of its attention. In literature, it is at once conservative and liberal. It has members who think that literary form, art, may be allowed to excuse much that others, including the writer, condemn. There are members who can not disconnect any art entirely from morality, and in that judgment the writer positively joins, but with a proper spirit of liberality the club has studied every phase of every literature, past and present. It does not believe that the relations of the sexes must necessarily be irregular in fiction any more than in fact, nor that brutalism is the only subject worthy of genius, or the only one which affords opportunity for the highest art.

"As to poetry, we have not yet reached the point of casting away all the old beliefs. We are not yet persuaded that the old metrical forms are wholly worthless, dead weights and clogs, and that a two-foot verse followed by a ten-foot verse, succeeded by a seven-foot verse, is an irresistible demonstration of supreme poetic genius.

"There are still members of the club who persist in admiring Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Chaucer, and so abject a slave to rhyme and meter as Robert Burns, even in an age illuminated and glorified by the transcendent and incomparable genius of Browning and Whitman. It may be that in the better future of art and poetry, whose advent is so enthusiastically prophesied on many sides, we shall reach and grasp the final and crowning conception that the chief end of poetry is obscurity, displayed without rhyme or meter, but we are not yet among the initiate who confidently promulgate this dogma.

"It may be that we are confused by the blinding radiance of the multiplicity of new lights of belief and of criticism that burst upon us from many quarters as the century draws to a close; but holding our minds ever open to 'new influxes of light and power,'

and doing our best in the places in which our duty falls, we may hope that in the end we too may see the truth in its glory and beauty, or if not, we must be content to have done our best, without envy of our brothers and sisters who, more gifted and better fated than we, shall be numbered among the elect."

And this exposition of corporate characteristics he thus elaborates in the Chronicle of 1900:

"The Irving Club has never been a public, but always a private institution. It has not sought, but has shunned notoriety. Without proclaiming any purpose or mission, or assuming special merit, it has stood for cleanness in literature, and for a conservative, rational and real progress. It concedes the right of all men and of all women to prophesy, and to reform anything or everything; but its mission is primarily to its own members, and it leaves to other and more strenuously progressive organizations the larger duties of general reconstruction, and the higher satisfaction of persistent public service. It did not conceive an enthusiasm for Trilby and has tacitly admitted its incompetency for the profound occultisms of Ibsen and his imitators. I am happy to say again that it has not yet reached the conclusion that the essence of poetry consists in the avoidance of rhyme and rhythm. It has not yet conceded the first place in English poetry to Walt Whitman. It is not yet wholly converted to the worship of Balzac, and hesitates to admit that his was a mightier genius than Shakespeare's. If it has not actively resisted the tendency to banish modesty and decency from the American stage, it has not openly endorsed the movement. It observes with interest the effort to exclude the masculine sex from any participation in affairs; but in this, as in all things else, it is prepared to submit to the salutary and irresistible laws of progress. It has not denied that the time is out of joint; but has not been hasty to assume the task of setting it right, seeing the readiness of many organizations and of many individuals to undertake it, and not doubting that, as there are so many reformers, the triumph of truth and right is inevitable."

The following excerpt from the Chronicle of 1901 contains autobiographical matter of interest, and charming commentary on the Club's relation to current thought:

"In the last twenty-five years we have witnessed some interesting changes in this eminently respectable, intelligent, and not

wholly unconservative community. I remember distinctly that a quarter of a century ago I imported a copy of Spencer's 'First Principles.' I think that then, and for some years after, there was no other in Knoxville. I got also a volume of Spencer's Essays, and from these, together with an odd volume of Laplace, and some essays of John Tyndall, and Darwin's arguments on the theory of Natural Selection, I constructed a graduating address which I considered a luminous discussion of, first, Evolution, second, Natural Selection, and third, the Nebular Hypothesis. Probably I would now substitute the adjective nebulous for luminous. Nevertheless, as a consequence, I had the beginning of a limited reputation for excessive heterodoxy, which was increased in intensity, if not in extent, by a purchase of the first complete set of Emerson ever seen here. I used to keep some of Tom Paine's books in a back corner of my bureau drawer, under my shirts. I hesitated to accept as a gift a copy of John Morley's fine essay on Voltaire, and later was tempted to conceal the fact that I had bought a copy of Harriet Martineau's arraignment of the Positive Philosophy. I am not sure that I was not held up to one Sunday-school class as an 'awful example,' when I made a public address on Emerson. But alas for my poor little heterodoxies, and my feeble claims to be an advanced thinker. Along with the heterodoxies were certain hereditary and stubborn orthodoxies which would not be displaced.

"We who are orthodox or even conservative, have seen large elements, male, and it may be equally large elements, female, sweep by us, exulting, self-satisfied, upon a surging tide of new, defiant, aggressive thought, wholly iconoclastic, delightful in novelty, supremely confident. The furore for newness has spread wide. Many men and women are ready to accept everything that is new. There is an immense receptivity, untrammelled by independent thinking, an unbounded, intellectual hospitality unchecked by discrimination, a mental hastiness, and a free handling of the gravest questions, hardly equalled in New England, in the hey-day of transcendentalism.

"We have seen all manner of heterodoxies and progressions; splendid and impossible altruistic theories; orientalisms manifold; Whitmanism clothed in such resplendent and high phrases as 'cosmic symphonies;' sporadic manifestations of mental science and Christian science; ephemeral Unitarianism and Universalism; metaphysics of surpassing and paralyzing transcendentality; dissatisfaction with all things existent and an eagerness, coupled with confidence, to recast the universe.

"All these we have had and many things beside; phases of

worship of the alluring goddess, Novelty, ever attractive to minds that think quickly and do not care to think otherwise. In all this the Irving Club has had no part. It has done no harm, and I think it has done much good.

"Let me say, as a final word, that every thoughtful man must realize that without progress there can be no life, individual or collective. In all the vagaries that are constantly appearing there may be elements of truth. I do not deny to any one sincerity, or rectitude of purpose. I believe that sincerity almost invariably accompanies the reform temperament, and is a sufficient cause for respect. That which is condemned is the evil of hasty change, the surrender of judgment, the failure to think, and the bigotry of novelty worship, unconscious it may be, but enormous nevertheless."

His first epic of the Irving Club concludes with these contrite words:

"And now the poet must confess
That in the effort to express
A sentiment appropriate
To every associate,
He has all laws of rhyme relaxed
And rhythmic rules most sorely taxed.
Him you must not contemplate as
Gifted with divine afflatus;
No Pegasus he doth bestride;
Drinks not from Pierian Springs,
But only what the hydrant brings;
Upon the rhymes in pain he lingers,
Oft counts his feet upon his fingers.
He now admits, as oft is said,
That poets are born and are not made.
A promise freely now he makes,
In fact, an obligation takes,
That never more he'll woo the Muse,
For any's sake, no matter whose."

Nevertheless in 1905 again he "sang in numbers for the numbers came;" and after personal mention of all members he indulges in this reminiscence:

And so we've run the gamut o'er,
The tired Muse will serve no more,

But backward turns to Helikon
And leaves the poet all alone,
Save for memories rising fast,
Recalling pleasures of the past;
The Colonel's kind and genial voice,
His essays rare and diction choice;
And Elmore, sturdy, wise and strong,
Whose papers never were too long;
Nor less the brightness that was lent
By him, our lost, lamented Kent.
Our Henneman I hear again,
Who all things did with might and main,
Forever instinct with a zeal
That colder men can never feel;
While gracious memories overwhelm
Whene'er we think of Carter Helm.
A vision comes of a winter night
In which we saw a pleasant sight:
The Doctor* dear possessed the floor,
And held it for an hour or more;
A weighty theme evoked his strength,
And also favored learned length.
The essay ran on like the brook,
Nor e'er the reader notice took
That twenty minutes long had gone
Before his task was well begun.
In faultless cadence on he read
While Somnus came with silent tread
To where the Major calm reposed,
And gently both his eyelids closed;
Then, flitting to the Judge's seat,
His soft enchantment did repeat;
Then Peyton, smiling broad and bland,
Resisted not his magic hand.
And last of all I must recite
The fall of knowledge-burdened White.
The Doctor read, and never paused
To wonder how the smiles were caused,
As we beheld the tranquil four,
And trembled at the Major's snore.
At last, 'mid well-deserved applause,
The Doctor made his final pause.
His paper, be it justly said,
Was eloquent and finely read.

* John Bell Henneman.

Soon as he stopped the Judge awoke,
 And first of all the silence broke.
 "A splendid paper—on my word,
 A better one I never heard.
 Nor less of pleasure comes to me
 Because in all I can't agree."
 Then up spoke Peyton, half awake,
 "My partner's side I surely take."
 The Major, opening slow his eyes,
 Surveyed the scene with mild surprise:
 "Your essay, Doctor, is very strong,
 And not a single word too long."
 And White, with sleepy eyes and voice,
 Declared the essay very choice.

* * * * *

So the o'er true story endeth, story of the golden past,
 Years wherein were born our friendships, growing stronger till the last,
 Old time friendships to be cherished, cherished till the final call,
 For 'tis true, though 'tis not novel, old time friends are best of all.

Add to these excerpts from divers epics and chronicles the composite chronicle of 1907, printed hereinafter among his literary remains, and Mr. Caldwell is seen at full length in his happiest mood at his own fireside entertaining his chosen friends of the Irving Club, with his joyous fancy and sparkling humor on topics of every kind that could amuse and entertain a company of gentlemen in the library of a *belles-lettres* scholar.

LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

What impressed one familiar with Mr. Caldwell's career was the versatility of his talents. Industrious and learned as he was in the law, he was widely proficient and keenly critical as a man of letters. Exhibitions of this proficiency were noted not only in papers read in the Irving Club and in numerous addresses and publications, but in the wideness of his range and thoroughness of his methods when he reviewed the literary workmanship of others. His

literary tastes were marked even in childhood and when a student in the University of Tennessee. In this formative period the love of good literature and the habit of reading became fixed. In the introduction of his paper on Goldsmith, he said:

“From my earliest recollection Goldsmith has been one of my chief sources of pleasure. I can not remember when I first read Irving’s account of him, and I know that I have read it at least four times. I can not remember when I did not enjoy *Deserted Village* more than any other poem in the language. *Moses and the Spectacles* are among the things which I seem to have known about always, even before I knew *Robinson Crusoe* and *Friday*.”

Another glimpse into this period is afforded in the paper, “*Puritan Races and Puritan Living*.” He says:

“I am fascinated by mediæval history and romance. Froissart filled my young imagination with pictures of marvelous splendor, and gave to my days and nights surpassing pleasure.”

With rare insight he roamed over the fields of knowledge, storing its treasures, culling its gems and enriching his mind. Poetry appealed to his refined sentiment. Amid his poetical revels the beauties and melodies of verse so won his attachment that he, as these pages attest, showed himself a no mean master of versification. In the higher class of fiction, he had an intimacy with its best productions, which made his criticisms of that department of literature penetrating and illuminative. With the great orators of ancient and modern times he had acquainted himself in a way which evidenced that he understood the conditions which called forth their impassioned utterances, and appreciated the arts by which they aroused audiences and convinced judgments.

It was in the historical domain of letters that he gave forth the best fruits of his training and investigation. As these pages abundantly testify, he was a devoted student of the history of his native State. In permanent form he has left

the results of his investigations. His "Constitutional History of Tennessee" and "Bench and Bar of Tennessee" have upon them the stamp of the trained student and sincere lover of his native State's institutions and of her great lawyers. Working in a new department of the State's history, wherein the sources were difficult to secure, in his own mind there was not the satisfaction he had hoped to enjoy from the results of his labors. Yet a lasting debt of gratitude is due him in that he contributed so much towards preserving essential facts, which but for him might have remained forgotten or unknown.

The first edition of "Constitutional History of Tennessee" appeared in 1895. With students of government and institutions it won immediate recognition, and was cited as a valuable authority. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Winning of the West," frequently referred to it. The lamented Dr. John. Bell Henneman, in the August, 1896, issue of the *Sewanee Review*, had an illuminating article on "Recent Tennessee History by Tennesseans." Referring incidentally to Mr. Roosevelt's volumes as indicative of a new American spirit, "American to the core, native of America, nourished under American government and developed under American conditions," he says:

"This was the inspiration of the message of Mr. Roosevelt's volumes to Tennessee students. This likewise is the spirit underlying the volume by Mr. J. W. Caldwell on the constitutional development of Tennessee. Not that Mr. Roosevelt's volumes were needed to interest him primarily. The interest was there already—deep laid by years of reading and investigation. But the spark was fanned, as it were, into a sudden blaze and the gradual accumulations were at length ordered and shaped in emulation of the spirit pervading Mr. Roosevelt's work. Not all Tennessee history should await record by non-Tennesseans, and particularly that which possibly only one, native and to the manor born, could best and most truly interpret.

"'Did I have the time and leisure from the imperative demands of the duties of life,' said Mr. Caldwell once in effect, feel-

ingly, and apart from all reference to Mr. Roosevelt's work, 'the history of the formative period in Tennessee, particularly that of East Tennessee, should be finally written.' 'Not finally,' replied his close friend and warm admirer, Mr. E. T. Sanford, playing upon the word, 'for after you had finished yours, I should then add mine.' Enough honest difference of opinion, or rather, enough different points of view exist for interests most varied. And may both of these gentlemen find the *otium cum dignitate*, or better, the relaxation amidst other professional and business pursuits to gather and sift and give that remnant of results which will prove the noblest monument to their native State and section, and to themselves and their interests and culture.

"At least the beginning has been made in the case of each, and with each in his individual way. Mr. Caldwell has given us a series of chapters on the constitutional history of Tennessee, which, as all who know the man and his zeal and thoroughness believe, excellent as they are, are but the introductory announcement to a large treatise to follow. * * * * *

"Mr. Caldwell emphasizes the importance of the Scotch-Irish element in early Tennessee history. I believe the author is right, and I do not believe he is affected by distinct personal, even if unconscious predilection for that strong and virile race of which he himself is a marked and worthy representative. * * * It is in tracing the continuity in the institutions and in the people of Tennessee that Mr. Caldwell's book calls forth sustained attention and ranks as a distinct contribution."

A second edition of "Constitutional History of Tennessee" was brought out by the author in 1907, the first edition having been exhausted. In the preface he says: "I have called it a revised edition because, while the substance of the first issue has been retained, it is presented, usually in changed form, and frequently, in different relation; and because of the large amount of new matter that has been added." To what extent it was enlarged may be seen in the fact that whereas the first edition contained only about 175, the second numbers over 400 pages. Its value is denoted by its adoption as a text book, in some of the foremost universities of the State.

It is fortunate that Mr. Caldwell gave to the public a careful revision of his Constitutional History of Tennessee.

The fresh presentation of the substance of the first edition, with the numerous authorities, make the new edition much more satisfactory. The chapters on the Wautauga Association, the State of Franklin, and Internal Improvements and the State Debt are strong presentations of interesting and important subjects. The critical analysis of Tennessee's three constitutions makes the work invaluable. His arguments in favor of a revision of the Constitution of 1870 are unanswerable. It is an excellent account of the growth of Tennessee's government. The vividness of the style imparts life to the events described. The political institutions of Tennessee are not treated as mere abstractions. They are linked with the lives of the great personages of the State in such a skillful and delightful manner as to make them appear as living things. Nor does the work deal with the petty squabbles of politicians. It is a dignified account of the development of the political institutions of Tennessee presented with accuracy and simplicity.

Mr. Caldwell's other book, "Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Tennessee" was published in 1898. The volume contains sketches of one hundred and thirteen lawyers, excluding accounts of any then living. With industry he collected his facts and, with impartiality of view, presented them. Therein are brought before the reader in vividness and picturesqueness of outline the lives of most of the noteworthy lawyers who achieved fame in State annals or acted a conspicuous part at the bar. Besides indicating the character of professional services rendered by these men and the political offices they filled, Mr. Caldwell has given some glimpses of the social life of the people among whom they practised, thus arguing wisely that men are not to be studied apart from environment and conditions. The book surveys almost the entire history of Tennessee, and is proportionately interesting as one is familiar with that history. In a

fine spirit and with pronounced success, the author did a work which merits the grateful recognition of every Tennessean who would have the annals of his State fairly, clearly and faithfully recorded.

At one time Mr. Caldwell seriously proposed to himself the task of writing the history of Tennessee upon a more elaborate scale than that suggested in the conversation quoted by Dr. Henneman. The portion which appealed to him as particularly needful of record was that from the rise of Andrew Jackson to the civil war. To him, this was the golden age of Tennessee. Ramsey and Haywood wrote only of the State's beginnings. While he placed a high estimate upon Phelan's work, he saw that the later historian had compressed into a few pages this splendid epoch. How competent he was to deal with it may be discerned from his Bench and Bar sketches and from his historical studies and addresses found in this volume. Duty to family and clients appealed to him as more urgent, and the task was foregone.

At any rate, though the larger work remained unperformed, in the years to come the volumes from his pen will testify to his faithful effort to contribute somewhat to the preservation of the rich historic material of the State. His State pride was limitless. He took a just pride in the achievements of the great sons of Tennessee, whether upon the national arena or in State councils. He felt a supreme interest in the encouragement of investigations and studies that would bring to light larger information touching Tennesseans who had played prominent parts in the State's history and had contributed to her welfare and glory. The impulses he started and his own accomplishments make his name and fame imperishable.

Other historical writings preserved in print and of permanent value are the article on "Knoxville" in Lyman W. Powell's book, "Historic Towns of the South;" the

communication in the Knoxville Tribune of June 19, 1889, on John Sevier, written upon the occasion of bringing the remains of the hero from Alabama to rest in Court Square at Knoxville; and the argument in the Knoxville Sentinel in May, 1900, showing conclusively that Admiral Farragut was born at Low's Ferry instead of Campbell's Station, in Knox County. In recognition of the merit and value of his historical contributions, he was elected honorary member of the Tennessee Historical Society and corresponding member of the Minnesota Historical Society. Also, in 1898, he was made lecturer in the University of Tennessee on the constitutional history of Tennessee, a position he filled up to his death.

As essayist Mr. Caldwell early won an established place in magazine literature. Beginning with a contribution on "The New and the Old in the South," in the August, 1889, Belford's Magazine, for several years articles of interest and value appeared from his pen in representative periodicals. In the December, 1890, New England Magazine, he had an able and suggestive article on "Our Unclean Fiction." As the article reproduced herein from Fetter's Southern Magazine shows, this was a subject which engaged his most serious study and called forth strong protests against the insidious, corrupting influences exercised upon public morals by this species of literature. This fight against impure literature he kept up to the end of his life. In this connection it is fitting to say, it was as trustee of the Lawson McGee library that he placed the community in which he lived under heavy obligation. As far as the resources of the library permitted, he made it an earnest object to provide only such books as were wholesome and stimulating. For those of questionable taste or immoral taint he had such abhorrence that, under his careful scrutiny, they were rigidly rejected.

Another article by him appeared in Belford's Magazine

November, 1891, on "The Manufacture of Dialect." In this he indicated how thorough-going an East Tennessean he was. In dignified but unmistakable terms he condemned literary work, though stamped with evidences of genius, that, in his view, misrepresented the mountaineers of his native section. In making out his case against Charles Egbert Craddock as drawing in large measure on imagination for her dialect, it must be conceded that he proved it by the evidence adduced from her work, "The Despot of Broom Sedge Cove." The burden of the article is summed up in the concluding paragraph, to-wit:

"This article is a protest against the multiplication of stories, long and short, which are of inferior literary and artistic quality, and are tolerated only because the public is amused by an absurd jumble of mutilated words, or led to believe that a spurious dialect is genuine."

It was the superior quality of these articles, in their literary finish and with their incisive touch, which called forth from Dr. Charles W. Kent, then professor of English Literature in the University of Tennessee, a richly deserved tribute. In February, 1892, Dr. Kent delivered an address under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of the University of Tennessee, on "The Outlook for Literature in the South." It was subsequently printed in pamphlet form by a committee of the organization, being worthily regarded as entitled to preservation. Speaking of the literary forces at work in East Tennessee, Dr. Kent said:

"At present our most serious and commendable literary work is being done for various magazines by J. W. Caldwell, who, in the midst of overcrowding legal duties, finds time to show his friends how much we have lost in that he did not devote his life to letters."

Mr. Caldwell made two ventures in a domain of literature of which few, if any, of his friends had any knowledge.

This was as a writer of fiction. In 1893, over the *nom de plume*, "John P. Russell," he wrote for Worthington's Magazine, published at Hartford, Conn., two stories, respectively "The 'Tater-Bug Parson" and "The Dumpling Mine." These, according to some notes left on the margin of the former, were written during a Tate Springs vacation and at odd hours later. He says, "I think I received a little less than fifty dollars for the two." The former is given in this volume not only as a specimen of his versatile talents, but for the intrinsic merit and unflagging interest that attach to the story.

In giving an exhibit of Mr. Caldwell's literary productions and scholarly activities, it remains to speak of his lectures on some of the church fathers. These were delivered before the St. Andrew's Brotherhood of St. John's Church, and in their extent cover Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, St. Ambrose and others. Church history became to him at the outset of his career a subject of deep interest. Preserved among his papers is one in his handwriting, penned April 28, 1876. The heading is "Arian, Nestorian, Etc." Introductory and explanatory is this: "I experience considerable difficulty in keeping apart—clear in my mind—the doctrines of these and other of the heresies of the early church; and to obviate this difficulty, shall endeavor to express my conceptions of them in a few sentences."

His last magazine article, entitled "A Brief for Boswell," appeared in the July, 1905, Sewanee Review. It was tendered in response to the urgent request of the editor, Dr. John B. Henneman, who was reluctant to see Mr. Caldwell's growing absorption in legal practice and the corresponding decrease of his literary contributions. His last published utterance came out after his death. It is in "The South in the Building of the Nation," Vol. VII., and was written upon the insistence of the editor-in-chief of the

volume, Dr. Henneman. The volume is devoted to a history of the intellectual life of the South, and the subject of Mr. Caldwell's chapter is "The Influence of the Bench and Bar upon Southern Life and Culture." By permission it is reprinted in this volume of his literary remains, and will rank among his best occasional pieces.

It is noticeable that during the last ten years of his life he gave far less time to productive literary work than during the preceding decade. His legal practice steadily assumed larger proportions, and he came to be employed in litigation where the cases involved vast interests. During the years of his greatest literary and historical activity he might have sat for the picture of the lawyer drawn by Maurice Thompson, who himself in his early career was a lawyer more addicted to writing sketches, stories and poems than to paying his devotions to Themis. Thompson, in his story, "The Banker of Bankersville," puts in the mouth of a farmer who admires his lawyer extravagantly, but cannot sympathize with his literary pursuits, this remark: "Colonel, you're a mighty smart man. You could go to Congress, if you'd stop writing them durn little pomes!" No doubt he had come to feel that his literary success was, in a way, an impediment to his legal practice.

ORATOR.

As an orator Mr. Caldwell was approachable by few men in the State or the South. His oratory was not of that flowery or ornate kind once more noticeable and appreciated than in these more practical days. With solid argument he united elegant diction. His periods were always well rounded. His gestures were uniformly apt and graceful. His voice was rich and rhythmical. From grave matters he could enter upon discussions of a light character with rare tact and in a captivating manner. In such

turns, his wit was sparkling and his humor infectious. In the banquet halls he could set the tables to roars of laughter. One must have been woefully ignorant who, on any occasion where he made a speech, left without being clear in his own mind of the meaning of the speaker.

Upon the occasion of his death, Mr. George F. Milton, editor of the Knoxville Sentinel, thus wrote of his oratorical gifts:

“As an orator he easily surpassed others in this region and had a reputation all over the country. His diction, even in an extemporaneous address, was of faultless English. There was a mild humor, a ripeness of thought and an ease of manner which always carried his audience with him. His ideas were lofty, and few ever heard him without wishing that he might be in the senate of the United States to speak to the nation.”

As orator and after-dinner speaker, he was much in demand. To these invitations he responded cheerfully and with as much frequency as the engagements of a busy lawyer permitted. As has been shown, there was hardly a public occasion in which the University of Tennessee was interested when he was not called upon to participate in pleasing speech. Before women's clubs he spoke with rare felicity. One of his most notable addresses was that delivered before the Ossoli Circle, the oldest of the women's clubs of Knoxville, on “Aspects of American Life and Culture.” In March, 1887, at Carson and Newman College, he delivered an address on “Americanisms.” It was a subject to which he gave serious thought and prolonged investigation, the fruit of which is to be seen in the article published in *The Arena*, entitled “The South is American,” and appearing in this volume. Addresses that left profound impressions were made before the graduates of Knoxville Female Institute, in 1889, and of East Tennessee Institute, in 1896 and in 1907. In 1901, he delivered the annual literary address at the commencement of the Uni-

versity of the South, at Sewanee. For disinterested public service in the advancement of culture, no man of his section or State has a more creditable record.

Upon patriotic occasions and before patriotic organizations, he appeared in best form and distinguished himself always. Only a few addresses delivered under such circumstances can be mentioned as indicative of the appreciation with which they were received. In 1890, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the battle of Knoxville was celebrated. Gen. James Longstreet was present. Federal and Confederate veterans jointly engaged in the celebration. In behalf of the city of Knoxville, Mr. Caldwell welcomed the veterans. He embraced the opportunity, noting the fraternal spirit existing between the old soldiers who fought on opposite sides, to urge the cultivation of a better understanding between the sections. The significance of the occasion emphasized the importance of both remembering and forgetting. Participants and sympathizers on both sides were "to remember the heroic deeds and the mighty works of the past, and to forget all else." Again, in September, 1895, he made the address of welcome at the camp fire, held at Staub's opera house, when the national organization of the Sons of Federal Veterans convened for the first time upon Southern soil. If one will read that speech, he will find it breathing and pulsating with the noblest sentiments of reconciliation and fraternity. In bringing about a better understanding between the once alienated sections of the country, he deserves to rank with other men of the younger generation, like Henry W. Grady, James Lane Allen, William P. Trent and Thomas Nelson Page.

There was manly dignity and no diminution of self-respect in the pleas he made for nationalism as separate from sectionalism. Let it be remembered that, first of all, he was East Tennessean—proud of the region of his

nativity. Next, he was Tennessean, then Southern, and finally American. There was a place for locality, State, section and nation in his capacious heart. He never failed to vindicate the acts and motives that caused East Tennessee to become divided into two hostile camps. He understood the constitution of the United States so thoroughly as to see how sections of his country could become arrayed in deadly conflict over divergent constructions of that instrument. When, therefore, after submission to the arbitrament of arms, the decision went against his native home and section, he pleaded for the acceptance of results as a finality. In the speech made at the camp fire, he said:

“Every issue of the war is dead, dead, dead. I am of the South, all Southern. My faith in the sincerity and truth of our fathers who followed Jackson and Lee is invincible, and my admiration of their devotion and their valor is unbounded. This is the sentiment of every true Southern man; but I say to you that there is not in all the South one man of intelligence who would revive an issue of the war. Those issues were obliterated, washed out in the best blood of both sections, and for them there is no possibility of resurrection.”

Possibly the two greatest speeches that he ever made were before the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, of which organization he became a member in 1894. One was before the New York Society, and took place in New York City, February 22, 1898. The other was at the triennial banquet of the General Society, and was delivered at Washington, D. C., April 19, 1902. The subject of the former was “The Patriotism of the South.” The latter, on “The South in the Revolution,” is published in this volume. Each was widely noticed in the press of the country, and elicited much favorable comment. The demand for copies of the speeches became so insistent on the part of friends that he printed them in pamphlet form. Explanatory of their publication he says:

"These speeches are printed at the request of a number of friends. The most pleasing fact connected with them is the cordiality with which they were received by audiences largely composed of Northern men. The Washington speech was in the main extemporaneous and is printed from revised stenographic notes. The New York speech is not reproduced in full, because parts of it were, in substance, repeated in the later address. Incompleteness is unavoidable in after-dinner speeches and I have made very few amendments of the two now presented."

It was in the speech, "The Patriotism of the South," that, without mincing words or cloaking views, he maintained the position and declared the policy of the South with reference to the race problem. He affirmed that the dangers imminent in the South from the presence of the negro did not compare with those confronting the North from the "vast accumulations of filth and offal" dumped annually on her shores from foreign countries. In the latter speech, addressing himself to the dangers charged as besetting Southern civilization from the great illiteracy of her population, he said:

"But you say the South is illiterate and unprogressive. I affirm that the average mountaineer of Tennessee or North Carolina, who to the Northern mind is the incarnation of ignorance and uncouthness, is familiar with public questions, loves liberty more than life, is the most independent of human beings, and is absolutely loyal to the Union and the Constitution. The South is a reservoir of Americanism, from which the republic may draw in every emergency. Its patriotism is without alloy, and its courage will never falter."

Of the Washington address, a correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution said:

"The orator of the evening was the Hon. J. W. Caldwell, of Knoxville, Tenn., one of the most cultured and fluent speakers of the South. Mr. Caldwell was at his best and before he had been on his feet five minutes he had captured his audience. His well modulated voice, his nicely chosen phrases and his easy, graceful style were as rare as they were delightfully received. Proudly did he point to the heroic deeds of those who went from

the peaceful homes in his section into the heat of battle. Throughout his address he kept pleasantly and invitingly before his hearers the great possibilities of the South in every way."

In recounting this phase of Mr. Caldwell's life and activity, two other occasions may be cited on which he shone with brilliancy. One was when he acted as toastmaster upon the tender of a banquet to Admiral W. S. Schley by the Knoxville Chamber of Commerce on February 5, 1902. The other was when, five years later, he acted in a similar capacity for the Knoxville Young Men's Christian Association. It was upon the occasion of beginning a campaign for the raising of \$60,000 for the enlargement of that organization's work. The late Senator E. W. Carmack, of whom he was a warm personal friend and political supporter, was the leading speaker of the evening.

CIVIC LIFE.

In promoting the public welfare through unselfish service, Mr. Caldwell was also active through the contributions made to the daily press. His ability to wield a forceful and graceful pen, his warm interest in current questions, and his sane views of public morals and conduct made him a valuable ally of editors in molding sound public opinion. The early years of his professional life were much given to the writing of editorials. The old Knoxville Tribune was a medium through which he reached the public. In a series of editorials entitled "Revenue Reform," he evinced careful study of economic questions. When Grover Cleveland's first administration closed, under the caption, "The Democratic Leader," he reviewed the administration with critical acumen and appreciative comment. A noted editorial was one that appeared January 31, 1888, "More Blood." A violent encounter had taken place in Knoxville, instigated

by a ruffianly spirit, and death claimed a victim. This part of the editorial utterance cannot be repeated too frequently:

“Such conduct was wholly irrational and inhuman, and men capable of it are enemies of society; and society can not too severely punish them. Such men have been the curse of this community. They have time and again stained our good name and disgraced us by acts of violence and brutalism. The interests of society imperatively demand plain speaking and vigorous action on this subject. We must have an end of violence and bloodshed. Brutalism must be put down. The law must crush these men who think themselves greater than the law. We decry dueling, but dueling better a thousand times than this. There are many who think that for every affront, every insult, every criticism of themselves, the answer must be a blow or a stab or a shot. They habitually put the law under their feet. We must put them under the law and grind them to powder. Violence is the law and attribute of beasts and savages. If we have savages in our midst, the sooner the law makes an end of them the better.”

When the Tennessee Press Association met in Knoxville in the summer of 1884, it fell to his lot to respond to the first toast at the banquet given in its honor, “The Tennessee Press.” Running through it was the delightful humor which permeated his every public utterance. At the end of his career he was associated with the press, being a director of the Knoxville Sentinel Company, and its legal counselor. One of the last plans projected by him was the publication of a series of articles on the necessity of a new constitution for the State, a subject about which, at intervals, he had written copiously and luminously for the press.

The last distinct service of a public character rendered by Mr. Caldwell was as chairman of the committee to draft a new charter for Knoxville. As an authority on constitutional and municipal law, by common consent, the work of preparing the instrument devolved upon him. He addressed himself earnestly to the task, but it had been cast only in the rough stage when death overtook him and left the work to other hands.

CHURCH AND HOME.

All the years of his wedded life Mr. Caldwell was an attendant upon Prayer-book worship, and for twenty-one years was a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church in St. John's Parish. He was constant in devotions, regular in attendance and faithful in service.

Of Presbyterian ancestry and rearing, of Puritanical inclination and culture, of Scotch-Irish fibre and grain, it is readily seen that his leanings would not be toward lax living or corporate domination. Catholic he was in sentiment and culture, but content with the name "Protestant Episcopal" and with its implications.

Indeed his tastes and habits were rather congregational or parochial, than diocesan or national. He was a vestryman of St. John's for fifteen years, and senior warden for the last twelve years thereof, down to his death; and in this office and service he found pleasure and the Church great profit. To the interest and welfare of the congregation he gave himself freely; and his constant and faithful attention to the affairs of the parish received its grateful appreciation. But though often chosen as a parish delegate his attendance on the Diocesan Conventions was occasional only; and he was satisfied with a single week at the Washington General Convention, and did not attend another.

The man was dominated by his moral and religious qualities. His habits of thought were orthodox and he was a loyal churchman of abundant labors; but his inclinations were not sacerdotal or ritualistic. To him religion was rather personal than corporate, an evangel rather than an organism.

For years he taught a large Bible Class of young women which came to be one of the features of St. John's, and attracted scores of eager students to the Church every Sunday morning to the great edification of the congregation.

He felt and thought as expressed by the great Erskine, his unconscious antetype, that there is a real connection between happiness and the knowledge and love of God; and that the object of true religion is so to present His character as that men may comprehend the divine order and feel their affections brought into harmony with it, through necessary spiritual renovation; and that Christianity, in its adoption of the principles of natural religion and its lively representation of the perfect character of God, develops in man a character suited for and aspiring to obtain true and immortal happiness, and has given to the world its best and highest civilization.

So thinking and feeling he worshiped the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Ever cherishing a lively and steadfast hope in the abundance of His mercy, he showed forth His praise not only with his lips, but in his life, by giving himself to His service and by walking before Him and his fellow-man in righteousness all the days of his life.

He was married to Miss Katherine Moore Barnard, of Huntsville, Alabama, November 20, 1883. Mrs. Caldwell is a lineal descendant of Major John Barnard, conspicuous in the Revolutionary War, and of Dr. David Moore, one of the most noted of Alabama's ante-bellum public men. Three children were born as the fruit of this union, viz: Mr. J. Barnard, and Misses Hattie and Katherine Caldwell. The other immediate surviving members of his family are a brother, John D. Caldwell, long associated with him in the practice of law, and his sister Blanche, Mrs. Samuel H. McNutt. His home life was beautiful, a model in gentle ministrations and kindly consideration. In the bosom of his family and in the recesses of his library he found his highest satisfaction and greatest joys. His health was never robust, and he rarely mingled in social events save as these partook in a measure of a public character. Whenever, at rare intervals, he was in social gatherings at the homes of

friends, his presence and conversation evoked gayety and laughter. His sparkling humor and bright repartee danced across the playful surface of things like ripples upon the sunny bosom of the stream.

THE END.

After a brief illness from pneumonia he died at his residence on Main Avenue in Knoxville, January 18, 1909. It is safe to say that no death in the history of the city was ever more sincerely and universally mourned. Various and numerous were the manifestations of public grief. The loss was felt to be irreparable. From St. John's Church, the burial service being conducted by the rector, Rev. Walter C. Whitaker, and the rector emeritus, Dr. Samuel Ringgold, the body was borne to Old Gray Cemetery to sleep the sleep of the just.

Thus in the prime of his sterling manhood, death struck low Joshua W. Caldwell. Measure him as one will, there was to be found in him the elements of well-rounded character. Uniformly in his bearing and intercourse, he presented the best type of American manhood. In his mental endowments and scholarly attainments, he was the embodiment of rigid intellectual training and of a rare culture. In his professional experience and equipment, he stood forth a living example of the high-toned, well-equipped jurist and of the faithful, zealous advocate. In his literary productions and historical researches, he exhibited talents and pursued methods which do credit to his State and section. In his oratorical ability and excellence, he will take rank with the most famous and influential orators who adorn the annals of the State. In his patriotism, there was a breadth and generosity that extended to every foot of American soil. In his citizenship, there was illustrated a catholicity and a disinterestedness which were

always ready to extend the helping hand to any cause that meant the uplift of the community. In his church life, there was unfailingly the exhibition of the finest fruits of liberal orthodoxy, and of those cardinal virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity.

The life of such a man, for its perpetuation needs no memorial of printed page or polished stone or bronze statue. Joshua Caldwell has left a name for magnanimity and for spotless integrity which will remain indelibly stamped upon the City and the State, to both of which he gave unstinted love and loyal service. Such a life is a priceless heritage. It has dignified and ennobled all who have come within the sphere of its influence. His virtues will live and shine in all the years to come, and to them ingenuous youth of Tennessee will be pointed for an example worthy of their manly emulation.

CIVIL WAR REMINISCENCES.*

I.



WHEN the war between the States began I was a very little boy, and yet I think I remember the events of my own experience of that terrible time more vividly than those of any other period of my life. My friends, often jestingly, sometimes seriously, deny the accuracy of my statements, but they do me injustice. My experiences were not important or startling, but some of them were of a kind to interest my own children, and it is for them that I am making this brief record.

My father was a lawyer in a little town in Tennessee which bore the imposing name of Athens. He was of the Scotch-Irish race, a strict Presbyterian, and a man with an undeniable gift of eloquence. His ancestors for many generations had been preachers or elders of the Presbyterian Church, and one of his brothers was the pastor of the church of that denomination at Athens. His father was the ruling elder (I use the definite article purposely) of a rural Presbyterian Church in another county. A grand old man was my paternal grandfather. His early education had been somewhat neglected, but his natural abilities were considerable; and, being fond of geology, he became very learned in that science, and discovered nearly all the mineral deposits that have since been developed in East Tennessee. As this section was then remote from the centers of industry and trade, and not touched by any important railroad, my grandfather gratified his scientific tastes without substantial benefits to himself. Indeed, he devoted to his favorite pursuit the greater part of a moderate fortune, and in after years strangers reaped the reward of his labor and expenditures. He was a strong anti-slavery man and an enthusiastic promoter of the scheme of colonizing the negroes in Liberia. If I am not in error, there is a town in that struggling republic which bears his name. I have in my possession many of his letters, copies made with his own hand, for he was a prudent and cautious, as well as copious correspondent. These letters afford me much entertainment, despite the fact that they are mainly devoted to moral and religious topics. Sometimes he writes of politics, but always from the "amen corner." His spelling is often more original than accurate, and he was

* Written for the amusement of his children.

particularly fond of writing to the President of the United States. I have not a few of his letters addressed to that august functionary, most of them relating to Liberia. Of course he was not a slaveholder, but upon one occasion it came to his attention that a negro girl was to be sold under circumstances of peculiar hardship, and he attended the sale and bought her. I remember her well. Her name was Ida and she was of the race known as "Guinea nigger." She could hardly express the commonest feeling or fact in English, and she was a marvel of ugliness. I do not think she was much over four feet in stature. She had almost no forehead, but her lips surpassed any others that I have ever seen. I am sure that each of them was an inch thick. My grandfather, being opposed to slavery, it was of course necessary for him to prove his principles by his treatment of Miss Ida. She had not intelligence enough to be given her freedom, and so she became a highly privileged attache of the family. Most negroes are good natured and so was Miss Ida at times, but as a rule she was quite otherwise. In other families negroes were somewhat positively corrected for misconduct, but my grandfather's household stood in awe of this ugly little "Guinea nigger," and to have administered to her the punishment which she frequently deserved would have broken the good old man's heart. She did as she pleased, and when the war was over she naturally refused to yield her position of advantage, and remained the tyrant of the family till the day of her death. She was the cook, but the remainder of the household were her servants. I do not know what she died of unless it was an excess of ugliness, for it seemed to me that both in temper and in appearance she grew uglier every year.

My maternal grandfather also was a Scotch-Irishman and a Presbyterian Elder, but he lived in Virginia, and was admitted, of course, to belong to one of the first families. He was at heart opposed to slavery, but he had many negroes whom he dared not set free because he knew the fate that would befall them. He lived in a beautiful valley under the shadow of the Cumberland Mountains far away from any city, and in my childhood it was a delightful adventure to make the long overland trip to his home. When we did not go in his carriage, for we could not afford one of our own, we traveled in an old-fashioned red stage coach with four strong horses that went in a swinging gallop when it was safe to do so, and sometimes when it was not safe. Then when we got there, the cold spring, the long pump logs, the forty acres of apple

and peach orchard, the hundred cherry trees, the innumerable currant and raspberry bushes, the inexhaustible pantry of preserves and jellies, the partridge nests we found in the meadows, the fresh venison the hunters brought down from the mountains, the petting and spoiling of my dear, sweet-faced and loving grandmother, all these made the old home a veritable paradise to a boy. In all the world there was no sweeter, purer Christian home. The rambling old house was redolent of peace and love and happiness. But, alas, it is gone forever, the dear grandfather and grandmother have another home now; the "old place" is the possession of a stranger.

From my Virginia grandfather I inherited a good old Scripture name. For the present we will say it was Jesse—though it was not. I remember also that he gave me a bright yellow or claybank pony, and along with it a very black negro boy who was named for Alexander the Great. I rode the pony when I was too young, and have always suspected that I acquired in that way a physical peculiarity which afterwards led me into personal difficulty with other boys who would call me bow-legged. From the negro boy I learned much that was bad. He was my senior by several years, and wonderfully versed in evil things. He called me "Mars Jesse," and was never wholly oblivious of the fact that I was his master, but his superior age and cunning made him in many things my master. I have never ceased to regret that at this early and impressionable age I came so much in contact with this vile creature. I shall tell you presently how my negro and my pony parted company with me.

We had a beautiful home in a grove of chestnut trees on a high hill overlooking the town, a sort of acropolis of this modern Athens. Near by there was a big mill pond to fish in, and even to this day my heart thrills at the memory of the beautiful sun perch and the big black perch that sometimes rewarded my impatient angling. There was no more delightful time than the early fall when the first frost came and the big chestnuts began to drop from the tall trees. Life is well worth living to a boy who can get up long before breakfast on a crisp November morning, and running from tree to tree, gather his cap full of big round delicious chestnuts. I have had some little successes in the world, but I am sure I would give them all for one more November morning under the big chestnut trees of the home of my childhood. But the childhood days are gone and the chestnut trees, too, and just the other day I saw

an ugly red and yellow modern house displaying all its hideousness of color and shape, on the very spot where the biggest of the old trees stood. What barbarism to sacrifice such a tree for such a house!

I think it was just about the time the war began that I got my pony, perhaps a little before. My father was a member of the Legislature that voted Tennessee out of the Union; but he opposed the measure. Later, however, he went with the State and was an unsuccessful candidate for the Confederate Congress.

My first recollection of the war was when our Athens brass band, equipped in brand-new gray uniforms, all be-gilt, started to Virginia. They played Dixie as they marched through the streets, and some of the spectators cheered and some did not, for many of the people of East Tennessee stood firmly by the Union. Indeed, thirty thousand of them enlisted in the Federal Army and fought well, so that for many years after the war we prospered on bounty and pension money.

The band went, and then after the first battle of Manassas it came back, but the leader was dead. He was not killed in the battle, but died of consumption, the exposure of the campaign hastening his death. The first war event after that which I can now recall is the coming of General Forrest to Athens. He was not then the famous leader that he afterwards became, and if he had been I should have paid very little attention to him, for my attention was wholly taken up by a boy who was with him. I went with my father to visit the General, and there we saw this boy. He could not have been over four feet high, but he had on a full Confederate uniform and a big slouch hat. Around his waist was a real belt and a real pistol in a real scabbard. He strutted about the room in the most lordly manner, and as he walked the cup of my envy was filled when I saw that he had two brass spurs. Now and then he was good enough to look at me in a patronizing way, but most of the time he whistled softly and made marks with a piece of chalk on his pistol scabbard. Once I heard him swear a good round soldier's oath. I do not know who he was. He vanished soon from my sight on a little bay pony, but he was immovably fixed in my memory. I am sure that in all my life no other person has so much impressed me as this boy with the uniform, the pistol and the chalk.

It was in the year 1862 that I saw this wonderful boy. It was a long time before anything else of importance occurred. I was always on the lookout for more boy soldiers, but none ever came.

I remember, however, a ludicrous incident that occurred about this time. The only railroad in East Tennessee ran through Athens, and the passing trains were nearly always loaded with Confederate soldiers; and whenever I could I went to the station to see them. I recall that the tops of the freight cars were nearly always covered with soldiers. One day when I was at the station a train load of soldiers was detained there for an hour or more. The soldiers were hungry, as Confederate soldiers always were, and people of all colors came to sell them bread and cakes and pies. Among these venders of edibles on this occasion were two very tall, sallow country girls carrying between them an old splint basket filled with pies. A soldier bought one of the pies and declared it excellent. Thereupon a purse was made up and the entire lot of pies purchased. The girls generously threw in the old basket and went away rather hurriedly. The pies were distributed with much jest among the purchasers, and the soldiers settled themselves to enjoy the unwonted delicacies. Almost immediately there was an outburst of profanity and laughter. The top pies were all right, but the lower ones had nothing in them but uncooked lima beans. There was a rush in the direction in which the girls had gone, but they were nowhere to be found. The soldiers were too much amused to be angry. I afterwards saw the girls, but never saw them sell any more pies. Evidently they were discreet as well as skillful.

It was in 1863 that Vicksburg fell. Many of our Tennessee soldiers were with the ill-fated Pemberton, and upon being paroled came home. One day there was a celebration in town, and a large crowd gathered in from the county. I was down on the square in the forenoon and saw, among others, a private soldier who was riding a spotted mustang pony, and apparently drinking freely. Some one shouted "mule meat" as this man passed, referring to the diet of the Confederate soldiers at Vicksburg, whereupon he turned and furiously cursed the speaker. A little later I went home and sat on the front fence watching the crowds that passed. Presently along came the man on the spotted horse. He was now waving a large new Confederate flag and was very drunk. Not far from where I sat he met a Confederate officer whom, as I now remember, he accused of having been one of those who had taunted him with eating mule meat at Vicksburg. A hot quarrel ensued with much noise and swearing, and I was called up to the house, where I posted myself at a window to watch the proceedings. I think

the officer was sober, while the soldier was certainly drunk. In a few minutes the two disputants, accompanied by a number of other persons, moved from the street into a vacant lot, of which I had a plain view from my window. The officer, accompanied by one man, walked a few paces ahead of the private. Presently they all stopped and the disputants faced each other. They were about a hundred yards from me and in plain view. I saw instantly now that it was to be a duel. As they raised their pistols I involuntarily covered my face with my hands. There were two reports, close together, and when I looked again the officer was walking coolly away, while a great crowd was surging around the place where the soldier had stood. A few minutes later a number of men came along the street carrying the poor drunken soldier. Fascinated by the horrible thing, I ran down to the street, but only to turn and run back again, wild with terror, for while I stood staring over the fence the man with horrible moanings and inarticulate mutterings, sounding like oaths, died, and they laid him almost at my feet. It was my first sight of death and my first knowledge of what dueling meant. For many days and nights I thought and dreamed only of this cruel thing. I saw the man die again and again, and was forever hearing his dying groans and drunken mutterings. This must have occurred in August or September, 1863. And now I began to see that things were going badly. My Tennessee grandfather had remained a Union man, while, as I have said, my father went with the South. I heard them talking at home about Burnside, a yankee General, as we called him. Before long I heard that General Burnside was at Knoxville, the metropolis of East Tennessee, fifty miles east of Athens. The negroes, of whom my mother owned a few, were much excited and were frequently out of quarters at night in bold disregard of the law and defiance of the "pat-teroll." I know now that Burnside came to Knoxville in September, 1863; that about two months later the great battle of Chickamauga was fought at Chattanooga, fifty miles west of Athens. Soon after that battle, General Longstreet, whose corps had been detached from General Lee's army in Virginia and sent to General Bragg at Chattanooga, passed Athens on his way to Knoxville; but I do not remember to have seen anything of his army. I remember, however, that one November afternoon I went home after a ride in company with my wicked mentor Alec, and found everything in confusion. Old Frank, my father's big bay horse, stood saddled before the door. Inside I found

my mother in tears, but busily packing a pair of saddle bags. My father was sorting papers and superintending the arrangement of his law library and office furniture, which had just been brought up from his office. Then it was that I first heard of General Sherman. He was following Longstreet from Chattanooga to Knoxville, where the Confederate General was then besieging General Burnside. In a few minutes a messenger came hurrying up from town and my father, receiving our tearful farewells, mounted and rode away in hot haste. He was hardly out of sight when far away on the west we saw Sherman's advance guard. I do not know how many men General Sherman had, but his army was large enough to fill my eyes and my imagination, too. By nightfall the town and its environs were brilliant with camp fires. Wherever one turned hundreds of fires met the eye. I need not say that we were excessively frightened. My mother and I were alone with the slaves until the coming of a lady friend, and this addition to our numbers did not greatly aid us to a sense of security. We sent our negro man Ned, who had all the good qualities of his own race, and of all other races, for that matter, to one of our neighbors, who was a Union man, with a request to secure a guard for us. Ned came back bringing a big man in a Captain's uniform. The Captain was friendly enough, but made us aware of the fact that he knew we were rebels. We made much of the Captain, as was natural under the circumstances, and I remember distinctly the commingling of gratitude and fear in my own feeling for him.

Our means of subsistence, now that my father was gone, consisted mainly of the contents of our smoke-house, which stood in the rear of the dwelling. The weather had been cold enough for killing hogs and the meat of such swine as we had possessed was salted away in the smoke-house.

Soon after supper, while the Captain and I were standing on the front porch looking out over the sea of camp fires that stretched away on every hand, a little negro girl came running up to us very much frightened and informed us that "Dey wuz somebody done broke into de 'moke-house." The Captain rushed into the house, seized his pistol and ran toward the smoke-house. I followed closely. As we passed the party of negroes huddled near the front of the smoke-house we heard the sounds of rapid retreat in the rear of the structure. The Captain fired into the air and we ran around the house. Two or three indistinct figures were vanishing in the darkness. The Captain tried one

more shot in the air, and then when a candle was brought we entered the smoke-house. Alas for our hopes! The rafters had been garnished with many sides and hams and shoulders, but now only one shoulder and one side remained. The marauders had dug under the back foundation of the smoke-house, and thus it was that for many weeks we lived almost exclusively on corn batter cakes.

I do not know how long it was before Sherman's army returned from Knoxville. I could look into the histories and find the time, but I am trying to write only my own recollections. I know that when the army reached Athens again my mother had a very mortifying experience. There was one of Sherman's Generals who was a distant kinsman of hers, and on returning to Athens this General sent her word that he would pay her a visit. You must know that by this time the Southern people had very little to wear, and at our house we had almost nothing to eat. My mother's best dress at this particular time was of checked cotton goods, such as had been the common wear of slave women before the war. Arrayed in this she stood upon the veranda to receive her distinguished kinsman. The General had never seen her before, and I recall with sympathy even at this time her embarrassment as he halted his suite and asked her if the lady of the house could be seen. The General was mightily embarrassed in return when she declared herself the lady in question, and while he was very cordial and called her cousin it was some time before they could enjoy a genuine laugh over the misunderstanding. The General could not remain with us himself, but sent us two young soldiers, one of whom was a corporal. I remember that his name was Jim, and that in the two or three days he was our guard we became great friends. General Sherman marched away taking my friend Jim with him, and then our hard times began in earnest. Sherman's army was not all that went away, for on the morning after its departure our own Ned came bright and early to my mother's door to tell her, as he put it: "The other niggers is all run away."

It was too true. They had gone, taking everything they could carry with them. My boy Alec made one of the party, and my pony also. To this day we have never seen nor heard of any of our slaves. We do not know where they went nor what became of them. They took our wagon and my pony, and I know not what else, and disappeared utterly.

This was the corn batter cake time. We had corn cakes week after week three times a day, and frequently we had nothing else. We made

coffee of dried sweet potatoes and sweetened it with sorghum, which at this time was famous in the South as "long sweetnin'," sugar being "short sweetnin'." We had one shoulder of meat left, and this we kept carefully for a rainy day. Together with half a bushel of sweet potatoes, it formed our reserve supply, all of which was stored in a box under the sofa in the parlor, an apartment which had become otherwise wholly superfluous and was kept carefully locked at night. An incident which occurred at this time and which is indelibly impressed on my memory, will show to what straits we were reduced.

When our slaves ran away we secured from a friend the services of a colored woman and her son, the last being about seven or eight years old. One day in the batter cake period we were fortunate enough to secure a chicken and some "middlin" meat. The family was thus able to enjoy the unspeakable luxury of fried chicken. It so happened that I, being ignorant of the important event thus occurring at home, was late for dinner. My mother saved me that piece of the chicken which contains the breast bone. It was placed on the table, the sole tenant of the big dish which I had not seen before in many days. As children often do, I determined to save the chicken till the last. That is to say, I ate my corn cakes first. The little negro boy was waiting on me while his mother was in the kitchen. The boy behaved himself with great propriety until I was in the very act of helping myself to the piece of chicken, and then, before my astonished and indignant eyes, and from under my outstretched arm, he seized the chicken with his hand and like a ravening animal that he was, devoured it in a twinkling and then began to cry. I sprang to my feet with the impulse to strike the boy who had both cruelly and impudently, as I construed it, robbed me, but child as I was, the humor of the proceeding overcame me and I broke into a loud laugh. I have rarely been so disappointed as when I lost the fried chicken; nor have I ever seen anything so ludicrous and yet pitiful as the boy gnawing the chicken like a wild beast and at the same time blubbering in anticipation of punishment. My feelings were a little modified when I learned that my mother's sense of equity had previously allotted him a drumstick, so that he had two pieces while I had none. It was for that reason that my serenity was not disturbed when half an hour later his mother, having heard of the tragic occurrence, took him behind the kitchen and gave him a most vigorous thrashing with an old bridle rein.

Athens now became part of the debatable territory. Sometimes the Confederates held it and sometimes the Federals. At one time there was a Federal garrison in the courthouse, and one day while we were at dinner a company of ragged Confederate cavalymen charged into the square surrounding the temple of justice. We heard the rapid firing and ran out to see what was the matter. We were nearly half a mile from the square and high above it. Presently we heard a queer, sharp singing sound and then another like it, and then a loud rap on the side of the house. By this time we discovered that we were in the line of fire of the Confederates on the opposite side of the courthouse, and we made haste to get under cover. Ere long we were joined by a number of our neighbors who were Union men and were keeping out of the way of the Confederates. The zip, zip of the big musket balls continued until the Confederates were repulsed. Then I went down town with some of our friends and had an attack of the shivers. The first thing we saw in the square was a huddle of old rags and an old slouch hat. When we went up to this we found a dead Confederate soldier. And to be convinced that there was no romance in war it was necessary only to look at the poor fellow. I have in these later days seen many tramps and beggars; duty has now and then called me to the abode of the most abject and squalid poverty; but never have I seen a human being so ill clad, so utterly unwashed in person and in dress as this dead soldier. As we stood looking at him, a musket was fired from the courthouse and our party retreated with much more rapidity than dignity.

A school was started in our neighborhood, to which were sent the children of most of the Southern sympathizers of the town. I went, of course, and recall now the sense of pride that I experienced when I was considered worthy of promotion to McGuffey's Third Reader.

We were not very lonely at home, for we had many friends and they made our house a gathering place, so that not infrequently the corn cakes and the potato coffee ran painfully low. We had one young lady friend of great vivacity and strongly inclined to elocution. Her favorite recitation was "Lord Ullin's Daughter," which, as I now recall, was one of many gems of poesy collected in the McGuffey Readers. I do not think I have ever read the poem, but in the years 1863 and 1864 I heard this lady recite it so much, and I doubt not, so badly, that it was not until recently that I forgot any part of it.

I went home from school one afternoon and found two big army

wagons at the front door. They were loaded with my father's books, and I did not fully comprehend the nature of the proceeding, even when I was told that the weazened little old man in charge was a confiscation agent. I heard his men call him Mr. Homer, which was his real name, for I knew his sons in after years, and somehow or other he got into the place in my mental storehouse where I put the Greek Homer; and I cannot for my life keep from picturing the author of the Iliad (if there was an author) as this little old confiscation agent gone blind.

I do not know whether it was because the corn cakes and the potato coffee were giving out entirely and we were likely to become objects of public charity, or for some other reason, that in the spring of 1864 we were suddenly ordered out of the house and out of the Federal lines. There was a considerable party of us. We went by rail to Knoxville, and the adventure of riding on the cars almost consoled me for the loss of the home which I have never entered since that day. At Knoxville we were told by our friends that at the station, sixteen miles away, where the Union outposts were, we should all be searched and deprived of our valuables. Now, the valuables possessed by my mother and myself were my father's watch and a ten dollar gold piece. These were bestowed about my person and the most obtuse observer would have had no difficulty in discovering them, for I am sure that I did not at any time allow thirty consecutive seconds to elapse without feeling to see whether I had lost them. When we came to the searching place, which was a crazy old wooden house, which in this year of grace 1896 is still there, and apparently not more crazy than it was thirty-two years ago, the ladies were met by two very unprepossessing persons of their own sex, and conducted to the interior to be searched. One of these searching ladies remarked as she disappeared that she would "search that young 'un in a minit." The offensive term "young 'un" indicated myself and caused me no little indignation. The other boys of the party were searched by men, and I mentally determined to leave nothing untried to escape the threatened indignity and to save my valuables. And so when the ugly woman again appeared I fled. The woman made some hasty steps in pursuit, but soon gave out and called on some lounging soldiers to seize me. I recollect that the soldiers only laughed at her and made some remarks which were not elegant, and from which I inferred that the lady was not very highly esteemed by them.

Having saved the watch and the money I awaited the coming of our party and got into the ambulance with my mother.

This ambulance was rather a luxurious vehicle. It was brand new, with shining curtains and soft leather cushions. A very black man with a new uniform and very bright buttons was the driver, and displayed great and just pride in the two big black mules that carried us along at swinging trot.

I asked the driver where we should meet the Confederate flag of truce which we understood had been sent to receive us. He replied that he reckoned it would be at "Painter Springs." And sure enough at Panther Springs we met our friends, beholding them with much embarrassment and dismay. I had supposed that we were to go from one ambulance to another equally as good. When the black driver said with a grin, "Yanner come de Rebel ambulance," I stood up to look for them. There they were sure enough. I looked in open-eyed amazement while the driver chuckled and grinned. The first of the Confederate "ambulances" may be described as representative. It was what we called in East Tennessee before the war a "mover's wagon." It was partly covered with an old mildewed and muddy tilt which was too short, and drooped and flapped between the first two hoops. It was drawn by a big bony horse and a little bony horse, the last lacking at least a foot of the stature of the associate. Both horses appeared to be in the last stages of starvation, and both carried their heads as nearly between their legs as possible. The harness was tied in many places with rags and leather straps, the first to protect the bones of the poor beasts and the last to hold the decaying contrivances together.

Beside the little horse walked a long, thin man expectorating with absolute and incessant regularity. He had an old slouch hat, no coat and but a single yarn suspender or "gallus," and when I became intimate with him, I found that this "gallus" was fastened at each end with a long thorn. There was a brindled cur dog under the wagon, keeping company with the tar bucket that swung from the coupling pole.

With the usual courtesies, I suppose, we were transferred to the custody of our friends. My particular party was consigned to the front wagon. It is not necessary to say that it had no springs and no cushioned seats. We sat on straw in the wagon bed, and bumped along at a rate hardly exceeding two miles an hour. It did not take me long to tire of this, and so I craved and received permission to get out and walk with the driver. I do not think it ever occurred to the driver to get into

the wagon, indeed I do not think it would have been possible for him to do so without doubling himself up.

We walked and talked together many miles during the succeeding days of travel. I have tried to remember something that we said or that we talked about, but cannot. I only remember in a general way that we reached terms of considerable intimacy, that there was a genuine intellectual fellowship and equality between us, and that it became one of my chief ambitions to wear a single suspender fastened with thorns.

At last we got to Bristol on the Virginia border, where I bade farewell to my long friend the driver, whom I have never seen since that day. My mother having heard that my father was with General Early's army in the Valley of Virginia, we went by train to Lynchburg. There we found no trace of my father and could hear nothing of him. The letters informing him of our expulsion had not yet reached him. Not knowing where else to go, we went back to Abingdon, where some relations kindly received us.

It was great good fortune for us, when a few weeks later my father's command was ordered to Abingdon. He was able to secure for us many comforts which we had theretofore sadly missed. Indeed, we were very close to starvation more than once. On our trip to Lynchburg and return I had only one meal in two days, and that consisted exclusively of a big hot, buttered roll. I have no hesitancy in saying that it was by long odds the best meal I ever ate. That unforgotten roll was given me at the old mountain house. The house is still standing, I think, and the place is now known as Blue Ridge Springs.

We were at Abingdon several months, and then we went on a visit to a great aunt of my mother's in Henry County, Eastern Virginia. We went first to Lynchburg, where I saw the old Nouval House, which I regarded as the finest hotel in the world. Thence we went by the deliberate Confederate trains to Burkeville Junction, where we saw long and melancholy rows of sheds called hospitals, and where we heard some faint and muffled rumblings which they told us were the reports of the big guns at Petersburg. From Burkeville we rode to Danville in a freight car, riding part of the way over a strap road—that is, a railroad without iron rails, but with wooden sleepers laid like rails and protected for about half their width on top, with iron straps or bars. It was on such roads as this that the snake heads so frequently wrought havoc. Fortunately we encountered no snake heads. At Danville we took a stage and went some twenty miles to the great aunt's house.

I was not old enough to be much interested in the country, but certainly it was very different from the mountains and ridges of East Tennessee. It was in the flat lands where tobacco was almost the only crop.

My aunt's home was an old-fashioned brick house in a big grove. Behind it was a village of negro cabins. I am distressed because I cannot remember more of this visit. I can recall my aunt as an old and not very tall lady who carried a staff of ebony with an ivory top. The staff was a little taller than my aunt. Then there were my cousins, her granddaughters, three or four very active and bright girls. The first thing that impressed me about them was that they all made their a's very broad. And I may say in passing that I have never heard the Virginia broad elsewhere without a suspicion of affectation. These young cousins were all great riders, and, as a pony was furnished me, I rode much with them, having no trouble, except with the gates. Wherever we went we were sure to find gates, and I remember falling off, at least once, in trying to open one of these gates.

A few incidents of this visit I remember distinctly. One of the most pleasant of these is the sorghum making. My aunt had a great many slaves, and the sorghum making was a notable event with them. Out in front of the slave quarters there were two long parallel rows of big iron kettles, and it was in these that the sorghum was boiled. When the fires were once lighted, they were kept going until the sorghum was made. At night the scene was strikingly picturesque. The great fires, constantly fed with fresh fuel, had the most beautiful effect, and at the same time gave me a creepy sensation. The negroes were constantly flitting among them, and the picture thus made was not unlike the idea of the bad place that I had gotten from the negroes at home, and from some of the fervent white preachers whom I had heard. My childish imagination easily made of the fires the flames of everlasting torment; the kettles were filled with boiling sinners, and the negroes with their shining faces and grotesque garb and actions, were the fiends torturing the condemned. This was the negro notion of hell, and is even now their notion. However, when I ventured near the scene, I saw the well-known faces, heard the familiar voices and received all sorts of kindly attentions, and enjoyed myself as much as my sable friends. The pleasantest part of all was the singing. You know that the negroes all have rich, round voices, and that in the singular minor key in which all their music is set, they are the sweetest singers in the world. Imagine, now, the great roar-

ing fires lighting up the darkness of the night for many yards around, the negroes running to and fro, stirring and ladling, laughing, shouting, and "every now and then," as they say in the country, breaking out into one of the old plantation melodies. One voice would raise the tune and then hundreds of others would join in it. I am sure I never heard sweeter music, and I am sure, also, much as I dislike the institution of slavery, that there was never on earth a more contented lot of people than those negroes at sorghum making time.

Occasionally some one would begin to "pat Juba," and for ten minutes the clapping of hands and patting of knees, all in perfect time, was almost deafening. I was completely fascinated by this wonderful "Juba" music and tried to join in it, but the art was beyond me. My room overlooked the sorghum yard, and long after I had been, almost by force, put into bed, I lay awake listening to the singing and the patting.

That was a glorious time which I shall never forget. I remember, also, that on one occasion I was allowed to eat supper with one of my most intimate colored friends in his own cabin; and then for the first time I partook of the delights of that incomparable dish, "possum and sweet 'taters." It is a dish of much richness, too much indeed for the ordinary palate and digestion; but for the negro, it is the most delectable of all. And then you know a boy's appetite is equal to almost anything. I recall the crisp browned possum, and the big brown yams all immersed in a little lake of the rich oil of which the "possum" is principally composed. I am sure that the feast was attended by no injurious results, because I was forever begging to go again, and grieving much because I was refused. My parents did not approve of it.

Another incident that I remember is, that there came to my aunt's during our stay, a very aristocratic and peculiar lady, who was a connection of the family. I shall call her Mrs. S. This lady was a daughter of one of the Presidents of the United States. Her husband had filled some important office abroad, and to the stateliness and stiffness which must have been natural to her she added a good many peculiarities that she had acquired in Europe. She was not ill-natured, far from it; but she completely over-awed me, and I shunned her, and am afraid that my conduct frequently fell below her standard. One of her peculiarities gave my aunt no little distress and caused me so much amusement that I got into trouble more than once on account of it. Like many other ladies, she was addicted to pets, and her favorite was a little black terrier

dog. Her affection for this favored animal was carried so far that she would bring him to the table and put him on it close beside her plate. As I remember he was, like most favorites, very selfish and sometimes exacting and ill-natured.

My aunt held all dogs in abhorrence, and her conduct upon the first appearance of the terrier upon the table caused me to laugh out-right, and this impropriety brought severe punishment upon me. The good old lady, with her old-fashioned notions of hospitality and etiquette, made heroic efforts to conceal her disapproval, and I do not think that Mrs. S. ever dreamed that she was very severely testing the courtesy of her hostess.

I was jealous of the dog, for Mrs. S. gave him much more attention than my parents thought it proper to bestow on me. I was vastly amused one day as I sat with my aunt looking at some pictures. The terrier had in some way escaped from his mistress and wandered into the hall where we were sitting. As soon as he came in reach my aunt seized her ebony staff, and exclaiming: "Ah, you nasty little brute," gave him a sharp rap. The astonished favorite fled with loud and continued wailings and my aunt was in great apprehension for some days, lest Mrs. S. should learn of her conduct and be offended.

We remained with our kins-people till nearly all the chestnuts were gone, as I now recall. From that day to this I have never seen one of the household. But in the year 1894 I bought at Brunswick, Georgia, a copy of the "Ladies Home Journal." Your mother and I had seen some very exclusive people at the Oglethorpe Hotel, and I had been reminded of Mrs. S. and had been telling what I have written here about her. Looking over the Home Journal as the train was leaving Brunswick, I saw an article on the "Old Ladies Home," established at Washington, by Mr. Corcoran. The article was illustrated, and among the illustrations was a portrait of this very Mrs. S. It seems that she had lost her fortune and was compelled to rely on the charity of the great philanthropist who did so much for Southern women. No doubt she was a most excellent lady, and I have not intended to speak disparagingly of her, but only to relate what I saw of her.

From Eastern Virginia we returned to Bristol on the line between Tennessee and Virginia. Thence we came to Jonesboro, Tennessee, in December, 1864. My father was still attached to the brigade of General John C. Vaughan.

Not long before Christmas, General Stoneman of the Federal Army

made a raid into upper East Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia. His force was much larger than General Vaughan's, and we made haste to retreat as soon as we heard of his coming. Unfortunately we were somewhat late. Bristol is some thirty miles from Jonesboro, with which it was then connected by a much worn and unsafe railroad. Stoneman, when we first heard of him, was approaching Bristol from the Northwest, and was nearer that point than we were. A train of flat cars and coaches was hastily made up, and about one o'clock in the morning we started for Bristol. The flat cars were loaded with munitions of war, and the coaches with a mixed company of soldiers, women and children. My father accompanied us. It was almost daylight when we reached the suburbs of Bristol. There the train was stopped for a moment, and then moved very slowly on. I was half awake and half asleep when a sudden stop of the train threw me against the seat in front. Instantly there was a sound of firing and a loud voice cried: "Come out of there, you rebels."

I remember distinctly that my father was wearing a big blue overcoat that had belonged to a Federal soldier. We had been told that the Federal authorities had issued an order that all Confederates captured while wearing these overcoats should be shot. This was because it was impossible to distinguish the Confederate soldiers, thus clad, from their own men. I saw my father hurriedly remove his overcoat, wrap his pistol in it and dash the bundle through one of the car windows. Many of the soldiers jumped from the car and in the darkness and confusion managed to escape; but my father, my mother and myself were captured. The night was bitter cold, and we were none too warmly clad. My father was marched off to an extemporized prison, while my mother and I were allowed to go to a hotel, where our baggage was sent to us. This is the time that I remember best of all.

We were coldly received at the hotel, for it was not hard to tell that we were not in opulent circumstances. But we were not turned away.

The next morning my father was allowed to visit us. I remember that he came guarded by a soldier who carried no weapons, but had a big spur in his hand. We bade my father a tearful farewell, and he was marched away on foot to Knoxville, a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. He told me afterwards that when he got to Knoxville his boots were worn out entirely and that his bare feet were on the ground. You will remember that it was late in December.

General Stoneman remained in Bristol the day following our capture, and the succeeding night was the most distressing one I have ever known.

Immediately in front of the hotel were two large depots, in which were stored large quantities of weapons and ammunition. Then there was a long passenger shed. On one side of the hotel and distant not more than a hundred yards, were some large frame warehouses. On the opposite side were blocks of brick buildings. I do not know whether it was by intention or by accident that these were destroyed, but soon after night-fall they were all ablaze.

In the hotel, crowded with women and children, all was confusion and consternation. On three sides this terrible conflagration was raging. In the depots, cartridges and shells were incessantly exploding, so that it seemed as if a battle were being fought. Above the roaring of the flames could be heard from every side shouting, shrieking, and the wailing of women and children. We stood terror-stricken beside the little bundles of our goods that we had made, for we could get no help to carry our trunks. We looked every moment for the hotel to take fire, but fortunately it had been raining and we escaped that disaster, though for hours there was imminent danger of it. We were deafened by the tremendous noises, choked and blinded with smoke, trembling with fear. And then while the flames were roaring, the shells exploding, the people crying and moaning, there came a great burst of noise such as we had not heard before. Along the soaked and muddy street in front of the hotel came marching regiment after regiment of negro soldiers, cavalry or mounted infantry. As they marched they sang, discordantly: "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave." Under the glare of the great fires, with their shining black faces, their gleaming white teeth, their appearance was demoniac. To my young and terrified imagination they were as "fiends hot from Tartarus." They pounded on through the deep mud, shouting, singing, rattling their arms and crying out against "Jeff Davis" and all "rebels."

You must know that above all things the Southern people feared and disliked negro soldiers. To me there was nothing more terrible. And at no time during the war, or in all my life, have I been so much frightened as during that night when Bristol was burning and Stoneman's negro soldiers were marching by. As I could see no end of the flames up or down the street through which they passed, it seemed as though they were marching out of the fire and then into it again.

The next day a little incident occurred that impressed itself on my memory. There was a long hall on the upper floor of the hotel and about

midway in the ceiling was a small trap door. My mother had sent me up to her room for something, and just as I reached the head of the stairs I saw one of the ladies of our party come from one of the rooms, stop directly under the trap door and deftly toss a paper parcel through the opening into the attic. I was not too young to know what this meant, and was not at all surprised when, afterwards, my mother told me that two Confederate soldiers had taken refuge in the attic, and were provisioned by the ladies of the party in this way. I knew one of the soldiers very well, after the war.

We were not able to remain at the hotel, and as soon as possible we secured board and lodging in a private family. We were almost destitute and were very unhappy. I had but one suit of clothes and that was made entirely from an old blue army overcoat. We were living with some distant relations, and our treatment was far from cordial. The condition of the poor relation is always an unhappy one. When Christmas came my mother had no money except some paper bills of the Confederacy. You will know how much this money was worth when I tell you that I had twenty-one dollars of it for a Christmas gift, and that I bought a quarter of a pound of maple sugar for twenty dollars, and three little sour warty apples for one dollar.

It was not long before we had spent all of our stock of this worthless money, and were entirely dependent. Then my mother made application to return to Tennessee, where my father's brothers were willing to support us.

We were sent across the Federal lines under a second flag of truce. This time we had a genuine hero in our party. His name was Keeler, and he was a teamster. He had become famous in East Tennessee by his heroic defense of a bridge across the Holston River at Strawberry Plains against a party of bridge burners. Keeler was a very small man, not educated, and not in any way calculated to impress one. One of his arms had been amputated at the wrist, and his health was not good when I knew him. He had been made watchman at the Strawberry Plains bridge by the Confederate authorities early in the war. The loyalists of East Tennessee, with a view to obstructing the Confederacy as much as possible, organized small parties to burn the bridges along the line of the single railroad that then traversed the valley. It was at midnight that the attack was made on Keeler. He was sleeping at the time in a coffin like box upon the high abutment on the east bank

of the river. I do not remember how many were in the attacking party, but they made a large company. In the desperate fight that ensued, Keeler slew several of his assailants and was himself frightfully mutilated with bullet and knife wounds. As I now recall, he was fighting at the last with nothing but a bowie knife. He succeeded in saving the bridge. Soon after our return to East Tennessee I visited the scene of this tragedy, having Keeler's recital fresh in my memory, and saw as I was told, the box where he lay. There were dark stains in the box and on the timbers of the bridge, under and around it, which they told me were blood stains.

During this trip from Bristol we were in constant fear of bushwhackers, and more than once our escort was under arms to defend us, but we were not attacked.

We were cordially received by my uncles in East Tennessee and remained with one or another of them until about March, 1865, when we moved to Knoxville, then, as now, the Capital of East Tennessee. I remember distinctly the day when the news came that General Lee had surrendered. I was playing in a stable loft when I heard a furious cannonading. From the door of the loft we could see the high University hill. The University buildings were occupied by Federal soldiers, and a large battery was planted on the campus. We could see the commotion among the soldiers, and the roar of the big guns was deafening. Running to the house to find what was the cause of this, we found the ladies in tears, and were told that General Lee had surrendered.

We had until about this time been in ignorance of the whereabouts of my father, who was still a prisoner of war, but we had finally ascertained that he was confined at Camp Chase in Ohio; and the next thing I remember is his return. He had been exchanged just before the surrender and was on his way to rejoin his command when that event occurred.

And now began another very trying time. You must remember that the people of East Tennessee were much divided in politics. There were more Union men than Confederate sympathizers. When the Confederates were in power they had not been too lenient and now as the discharged soldiers of the Southern army began to return to their homes, the opportunity for retaliation came. I do not mean to say that all the Union men cherished enmity against the Confederates. By far the greater number of them did not, and many of them incurred personal danger in the effort to protect their late antagonists. There were, however, a large number of the more violent, and not a few who had been

harshly dealt with by the Confederacy, who were eager for revenge. The less intelligent were the more illiberal.

Southern sympathizers were assaulted sometimes on the street and more than one homicide occurred in Knoxville. As many of my father's family were Union men, he had less cause for apprehension than any of his comrades. Nevertheless we were very uneasy. I recall that one day I found my mother very much agitated, and eagerly inquiring for my father. In a little while he came home, and soon afterwards a number of his friends came to the house and held a long consultation. My mother, who was still very much alarmed, told me that that afternoon a Union man had met a returned Confederate in the court house and had attempted to cane him. The Confederate had done his best to escape, but when finally driven to the wall, had shot and killed his assailant. He had been arrested and imprisoned and the dominant element was clamoring for his life, and no Southern man could feel safe so long as the excitement lasted. That night there was a general ringing of bells throughout the city. We were all dressed ready to fly at a moment's warning, but we were not molested. In the morning we learned that the Confederate prisoner had been taken from the jail by a mob and hanged. The situation was unpleasant for many days. The dead Confederate had many friends in the town, but they were all Southern sympathizers, and therefore helpless. They took down the body, however, and made preparations to bury it. Immediately they were warned that any public demonstration would be followed by unpleasant consequences. The only minister in the city, who was a Southern sympathizer, was forbidden to officiate at the funeral, but being a man of fine courage, he disregarded the prohibition, and I am happy to say, suffered no harm. Whipping preachers, by the way, was not an uncommon occurrence at that time in the back counties. In the more intelligent communities I do not think anything of the kind ever occurred.

As time passed the asperities caused by the war gradually subsided. But now and then the Southerners received an unpleasant reminder of their position. We were living just opposite the home of one of the most prominent Union men in the South. Indeed he was deservedly one of the most distinguished men in the country. He was both a very able and a very good man. The balcony of his house was a favorite speaking place for the orators of his party, and at election time there was speaking almost every night. One night the crowd was unusually large and

enthusiastic. A vehement speaker was denouncing the "rebels," when a returned Confederate, who was almost drunk, and who was standing on the outskirts of the crowd, shouted "Hurrah for Jeff Davis." There was a mighty roar of wrath from the crowd, and in the twinkling of an eye the street was deserted. The entire audience leaving the speaker in the midst of a sentence, went thundering down the street after the offender. Fortunately they did not catch him, or I believe there would have been another lynching.

No fact of this period is so deeply impressed upon my memory as the one I am about to relate. Many of the East Tennessee regiments of the Federal army were disbanded at Knoxville; and at the times when the mustering out was going on, the town was crowded with soldiers. One day the regiment commanded by Col. D., a man much esteemed and respected, was being mustered out. The regiment was paraded in front of a large government warehouse. On the platform in front of this building were sentinels who were negro soldiers. Col. D. having occasion to enter the warehouse, was accosted by one of these sentinels and forbidden to proceed. He waved the soldier aside and went on, whereupon the soldier shot him dead, in full view of his regiment. Instantly the regiment broke ranks and rushed towards the murderer. He fled, and for some hours was successfully concealed by his friend. Meanwhile a furious mob of soldiers was raging through the town hunting him. Late in the afternoon, when some of the searchers, despairing of finding the culprit, had started to their homes in the country, a cavalryman came galloping down the principal street crying: "They've got him! They've got him!" They had indeed found the wretched offender hidden in the barracks of the negro soldiers. The news spread as if by magic. The men who had started home came trooping back into the town, and a yelling, hooting, swearing mob had possession of the main street. If I had been older I should not have ventured into such a mob, but caught in the general excitement, I found myself, child as I was, in the thick of the throng. By common consent the gathering place was in front of the office of the Freedman's Bureau, a flimsy little frame structure, painted an ugly yellow color. The wretched negro was dragged with a rope around his neck to the front of this building; the door was broken open and the rope thrown over the transom. A dozen eager hands seized the rope and gave it a furious jerk, tearing out the door frame and almost demolishing the front of the house. Hav-

ing failed here, the mob rushed down the street still dragging the black soldier by the rope around his neck—now he was on his feet, now prone in the muddy street hurried on by his ruthless captors. Once or twice he managed to utter a shriek of agony, and all the time he was making frantic, pitiful efforts to loosen the deadly clutch of the rope. He did not speak, but the distorted face told the terrible story of his fear and suffering. Once I was close to him, as the mob surged by the spot where I was standing, and so long as I live I shall not forget the sight. Anything more dreadful the imagination cannot conceive. At last the mob came to a beautiful yard full of shade trees; the enclosures were thrown down, a man was hoisted into one of the trees, the rope thrown to him, and in an instant the victim was swung into the air and literally choked to death. Fascinated by the horror of it all, I stood gazing at the writhing body, while even the mob was silenced for the moment by the sight of the frightful torments it was inflicting. Then pity and terror overcame my boyish curiosity, and I ran home as if the mob were after me; and for months afterwards I would not go alone into a dark place, for in every dark place I saw the staring eyes and the frothing mouth of the dead negro.

The incident that I have just related is remarkable on account of the fact that both the lynchers and their victim were of the same political belief, and all of them were, or had been recently soldiers in the Union army.

I shall content myself with relating one more incident which is illustrative of the conditions of the time immediately succeeding the war.

As soon as he was able to do so, my father sent me to school. For nearly two years my education had been sadly neglected, and I was behind nearly all the boys of my age.

The school to which I was sent was conducted by Professor P., who was a young man fresh from Yale, an aspiring man with a gift of conversation, but withal a very competent teacher. There were about seventy-five of us in the school, and our favorite amusement was sling fighting. This was a result of the war. The boys all played at fighting in some form, and a more dangerous form than sling fighting can hardly be conceived. The streets were macadamized and on the commons, indeed everywhere, stones abounded. We fought one another when we could find no common enemy, and I remember that the big boys who were very expert, were fond of fighting the little boys who were

not expert. If we happened to be where for any cause slings could not be used, we contented ourselves with throwing stones with our hands, and my own indulgences in this last tamer form of the sport cost me two years at school, and made me lame for a longer time.

Our school was on one of the principal streets of the town, and a block and a half from it was an old Methodist church which was used as a school house for colored children of both sexes. The teachers were two or three maiden ladies from down East. Their school was large; I am sure that they had not less than three hundred pupils, and their boys, as well as ours, had slings. For a long time we were on the verge of war with this colored school. The race prejudices on both sides were strong, and I suspect that the ladies teaching the colored school were not always discreet in their conversation.

We had a scout whose name was Ed Snow, and the negroes had one whose name was Frank McNutt. Ed was a slender, active, daring little fellow, while Frank was a grown man, tall, slender, very powerful, and by far the best slinger in the town. One day the two scouts were exchanging shots, when Frank threw a minnie ball and struck Ed on the ankle, inflicting a serious wound from which I do not think he ever fully recovered. This was more than our white blood could endure, and so we gathered our forces and charged up the street towards the colored school house. The enemy outnumbered us largely, but though some of them fought bravely, most of them fled as soon as we came to close quarters. One big yellow fellow, I remember, threw a cobble stone at me and if his aim had been a little better I would not now be writing this history of the battle.

Our superior fighting qualities quickly carried the day for us. We drove the enemy from the field, some into the school house and others into neighboring yards and streets. As soon as the field was ours, we gathered in front of the school house and gave three times three vociferous cheers. I did not quite finish my cheering, for in the midst of it, a hand was laid rather heavily on my shoulder and I turned to find my father gazing upon me with no very amiable countenance. He made us a short speech and told us to get back to our own school house at once, and we obeyed just in time. Our teacher met us with a wrathful countenance and promised our leaders a good threshing, but the course of events saved them. For the roll had hardly been called when we heard a tramping, and before we knew what it meant the school house was

surrounded by a cordon of negro soldiers commanded by a white officer. We knew the soldiers, especially as they were colored, would not fire upon a lot of boys, and so we determined to fight again rather than be captured by negro soldiers. Whether we would have fought or not I cannot say, for we were not put to the test. Our teacher went out and had a long talk with the officer, with the result that the soldiers were marched away, and we were left to our studies.

I have now written for you an account of such incidents of my childhood as I think are likely to interest you. I have not attempted to embellish the narrative, nor to write an entertaining story.

If I have misstated any facts it is because my memory has failed me. I have not sought so much to be historically exact as to give my own impressions. Some friends who have heard me speak of seeking General Forrest at Athens, as I have related above, say that I am mistaken and that it was General Wheeler. I may be wrong, but I state the impression I received at the time and have retained ever since.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT.*



It is the purpose of this paper to consider something of the history of the origin and development of our distinctively American literature. To discuss not American writers, or American letters, but the genesis of our national literature, or of nationalism in our literature.

It was not very long ago that through the efforts of one man of genius, Lessing, German literature ceased to be imitative and mongrel, and became independent and national. The position of the great transcendentalist, Emerson, in American literature, corresponds closely to that of Lessing in the German.

It is a fact of which we may be justly proud, that the first settlers in America were friends of education. This was true hardly less of the first Virginians than of the New England Puritans. In her earliest days Virginia had not a few writers, Captain John Smith being of the number. The latter half of the seventeenth century, however, was an unfruitful period of her intellectual life. The establishment of William and Mary College in 1693 marks the beginning of a new era, and this was the first important work of the cavalier or aristocratic element, which prior to that time had been of comparatively little weight in the colony. Almost fifty years before the founding of William and Mary, the New Englanders had laid the foundation of their Pharos, Harvard College. It was apparent from an early day that the conditions of New England were more favorable than those of other sections of the country to the growth of letters. During the whole of the eighteenth century, however, Virginia was a worthy rival of Massachusetts. These two dominated the councils of the thirteen colonies, and of the infant republic. The superiority thus manifested was in large measure the reward of their devotion to education. If we seek the causes of Adams and Hancock, of Jefferson, Madison and Marshall, we shall find them in Harvard and Yale and William and Mary.

No sooner had the Constitution of the United States been adopted than a tremendous struggle arose over its construction. To this contest the Southern States, being from an early period in the minority, were compelled to devote all their energies and abilities. For this and other reasons letters did not flourish in the South, and while at the end of

*An Irving Club Paper (1892).

the eighteenth century Virginia, the leading Southern State, would have denied the palm of scholarship and literature to New England, there could have been found forty years later ten writers of distinction and merit in Massachusetts for every one in Virginia, or perhaps in the whole South. It is to New England with its theologic mind and theocratic institutions that we must look for the beginnings of American literature, and for the influences to which it owes its distinguishing characteristics. A type of the early New Englander is Cotton Mather, who was unrivalled in pious fervor and power, or in fruitfulness, in an age unparalleled for discourse and controversy. A worthy successor was Jonathan Edwards, in whom is found the origin of the influences, the impulse, to which after more than a century of secondariness and imitation, we owe the rich beginnings of a truly national literature. He cannot be called a reformer. He was no less a Calvinist than preceding New England theologians. Indeed, he was the strictest of Calvinists, and yet in a sense the most liberal, and was the forerunner of William Ellery Channing, upon whose beautiful life and character the marks of his influence are plainly to be seen. Between him and his predecessors in the leadership of the Church in New England were differences of vital importance. They had been theologians pure and simple. They had convicted and saved sinners by syllogisms and the terrors of damnation. He was the people's friend, was interested in affairs and was the steadfast advocate of social improvement. But, most important for our present purpose, is the fact that he was in a very special and unusual sense an idealist. The great religious teachers have from the nature of things belonged to this school of philosophy. But President Edwards was more than a religious teacher. He was the dominant thinker of his time in this country. His influence upon New England can hardly be overestimated. America has not produced his equal in theology or metaphysics. He is the fixed and definite source of modern idealism in New England, although by many he has been strangely misconceived as a follower of Locke. After him came Channing, a man almost without an equal for beauty and nobility of character. Differing widely from Edwards in important respects, he was nevertheless his disciple. His influence, except in theology, was in the same direction, and in the main along the same lines. His theology also was upon the earth and not in the clouds. Since the death of Edwards no man had filled so large a space in the intellectual life of New England. He was a social reformer and an ideal-

ist; the connecting link between the liberalized Calvinism of Edwards and the transcendentalism of Emerson. We thus reach, historically, the period of our declaration of intellectual independence; and here fair treatment of the subject demands consideration of certain writers who were not of New England.

Professor Tyler, in his excellent work on American literature, divides the colonial period into two epochs; the first extending from 1607 to 1676, and the second from 1676 to 1776. In the first the authors of such books as were written in America were immigrants. In the second they were native Americans writing after foreign models and controlled by foreign influences. This latter state did not end with the War of Independence. For the first half century of our national life our writers were born in America, but wrote for Europe. The condition is almost reproduced in the relations of our own North and South of the present day. There are many Southern writers, but as a rule they are writing for the North. The reading public is at the North. Seventy-five years ago it was in England.

It was in 1820 that Sydney Smith made himself odious to Americans by his famous question: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? Or goes to an American play? Or looks at an American picture or statue?" This was eleven years after the appearance of "Knickerbocker," the very year that Irving gave the "Sketch Book" to the world, and one year before Cooper's "Spy" was printed. Irving and Cooper were the first American authors who attracted the attention of European readers. Irving is by some affectionately styled "the father of American literature," and yet in the sense in which the term is used in this paper, very much of his work is not American at all. He was a student of the literary style and methods of the "Spectator." The humor, often super-refined, the sketchiness of "Bracebridge" and others of his books, the literary partnership with Paulding, all remind us of Addison and Steele and the customs of their day. The witty couplet with which Lowell concludes his description of Irving is well known, but is worthy to be repeated:

"You'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee, just Irving."

The following ferocious criticism of Irving comes from the Edinburgh Review: "He gasped for British popularity, he came and found

it. He was received, caressed, applauded, and made giddy; natural politeness owed him some return, for he imitated, admired, and deferred to us. . . . It was plain that he thought of nothing else, and was ready to sacrifice everything to obtain a smile or a look of approbation." Genial "Kit North" was a more kindly critic. He said: "His later books are beautiful, but they are English. . . . As he thinks and feels, so does he write, more like us than we could have thought it possible an American could do, while his fine, natural genius preserves in a great measure his originality." It may not be denied that Irving did defer to English taste, and crave English approval. Indeed, how could it have been otherwise? His reading, his studies of style, his readers, and the traditions of his profession were all English. Nevertheless, many of his books are as genuinely American in subject and in treatment as the most extreme nationalism could demand. This is notably true of "Knickerbocker," the "Sketch Book," and "Washington."

The Rev. Sydney Smith did not know when he propounded his uncomplimentary question that there were alive at that time such persons as Irving, Cooper, Poe, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, Hawthorne and Harriet Beecher Stowe, all of whom were destined to write American books which would be read and praised the world over, and all of whom would be honored, no less than himself, in "the four quarters of the globe." Of these, Irving was first in point of time, but he had nothing of the radical in his composition. He was essentially conservative, and had not the independence, nor in truth, the intellectual force, to lead a revolt against foreign domination. He served the cause of American letters most, by proving to the world that his country afforded the materials of literature, and thereby greatly stimulating native production.

Cooper's first story, "Precaution," was essentially an English novel, and if his subsequent tales were, many of them, devoted to backwoods life and adventure, it was not on account of the author's Americanism, more than of the fact that the novelty of the theme made them popular in Europe. That Cooper was intensely American is well known, but it was political Americanism. In his dissertations upon the greatness of his country, and her future, he dwells at great length on material aspects, and has the fewest words for art and letters. The unfortunate differences which arose between him and so many of his countrymen, in his later years, were not calculated to make him hope-

ful or even desirous of a distinctively American literature. I can find no positive evidence that he participated in the desire so strongly expressed by some of his New England contemporaries for the establishment of "the American sentiment" in literature. That his services in that direction were very great, though perhaps unconscious, must be thankfully admitted. He was, and has perhaps continued to be, the most popular of American writers in Europe, especially on the continent, where his books have been more generally translated than those of any other of our writers. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no doubt, surpassed his works in Trans-Atlantic popularity, but no such favor has been granted any other of Mrs. Stowe's books, while nearly all his novels have been translated and widely read. The extent of his influence at home is indicated by the number and standing of his imitators. Among these may be mentioned, as the most prominent, Wm. Gilmore Simms, John P. Kennedy and Bret Harte. The multitudinous and sanguinary Indian dime novels are "counterfeit presentments" of the "Leatherstocking Tales."

Conceding then to Irving and Cooper important parts in the advancement of literature in America, it remains true that neither of them was the avowed or the actual champion of our intellectual independence. For the origin of this sentiment and movement, we shall look in vain unless we turn to New England. It was somewhere between 1820 and 1836 that the great intellectual revival of New England began. Its chief product was called "Transcendentalism."

It is a notable fact that American writers who treat of the origin of transcendentalism, almost without exception trace it to foreign sources, ranging from Buddha and Plato to Swedenborg and Carlyle. It has been tacitly conceded that these foreign influences seized upon the Yankee mind and moulded it after their own fashion. Unquestionably, every one of the great ideal philosophers, from Plato downward, had part in the creation of transcendentalism, but it is not necessary now to seek farther than the proximate causes. For these we are not compelled to study the Platonists, the Neo-Platonists, Swedenborg, Coleridge, or Kant. The idealists who were most influential in causing and in shaping and directing the New England mind and therefore the transcendental movement, were Jonathan Edwards and William Ellery Channing. The mantle of Channing fell upon Emerson. These three represent as many distinct, and, in some respects, antagonistic phases of thought.

These phases are connected stages of progress, for better or worse, from the severest Calvinism of theocratic times to transcendentalism, which was the ultimate refinement of idealism. There was a general awakening in both Europe and America, a profound thought movement. Nowhere was the activity more profound than in New England, where it was essentially a revival of idealism. And Edwards and Channing were the husbandmen who had prepared the soil and sown much of the seed. There is no need to go to Europe when we can find such good and sufficient causes at home. There was not a little sentimentalism, mingled with transcendentalism, if we accept Lowell's definition of it. Brook Farm is a conspicuous instance. Lowell, writing wittily, thus describes the time: "The nameless eagle of the tree Ygdrasil was about to sit at last, and wild-eyed enthusiasts rushed from all sides, eager to thrust under the mystic bird that chalk egg from which the new and fairer creation was to be hatched in due time. . . . Every form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. . . . Everybody had a mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody else's business. . . . No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes!" Elsewhere he writes less wittily, but not less truthfully: "It was simply a struggle for fresh air. . . . There is only one thing better than tradition; that is the original and eternal life, out of which all tradition takes its rise. It was this life which the reformers demanded with more or less clearness of consciousness and expression, life in politics, life in literature, life in religion." Emerson puts it thus: "The general mind had become aware of itself. Men grew conscious and intellectual. The swart earth spirit which had made the strength of past ages was all gone, and another hour had struck. In literature there was a decided tendency to criticism, and young men seemed to have been born with knives in their brains."

Colonel Higginson, in his "Life of Margaret Fuller," declares that: "What is called the Transcendental Movement amounts essentially to this: about the year 1836, a number of young people in America made the discovery that in whatever quarter of the globe they happened to be, it was possible for them to take a look at the stars for themselves. This discovery no doubt led to extravagancies and follies; the experimentalists at first went stumbling about like the astrologer in the fable, with their eyes on the heavens; and at Brook Farm they, like him, fell into the ditch. No matter, there were plenty of people to make a stand

in behalf of conventionalism in those very days; the thing most needed was to have a few fresh thinkers, a few apostles of the ideal, and they soon made their appearance in good earnest. The first impulse no doubt was in the line of philosophic and theologic speculation, but the primary aim announced on the very first page of the 'Dial' was *to make new demands in literature.*" It was of the intellectual activity of this period that a genuinely American literature was born. The correctness of assigning an exclusively foreign origin to transcendentalism, considered as a philosophic movement, is questioned. It was through the philosophic that the literary movement came. They were two phases of one substance. In regard to the latter, as well as the former, there has been a mistaken tendency to look abroad for causes. The period was marked, both in Europe and America, by an extraordinary activity in every department of thought and endeavor. It was the beginning of the new era of invention and scientific progress. America shared in the world's advancement. New England was the first settled and most thickly populated section of the country. It had progressed further toward the conquest of the soil and was socially established. Having measurably solved the problems of politics and affairs which had in the beginning demanded all their energies, the people had more leisure as well as more taste for philosophy and literature. They had reached the point where they had prepared to break their leading strings and go alone. They were unwilling that others should longer furnish them opinions. They would try to think for themselves. Colonel Higginson declares that: "As Petrarch gave an impulse to modern European literature when he thought himself reviving the study of the ancient, so the transcendental movement in America, while actively introducing French and German authors to the American public, was really preparing the way for that public to demand a literature of its own." The comparison is not unexceptionable, because the transcendentalists were not unconscious of the work they were accomplishing, but were upon the contrary loud and persistent in their demands for a literature of our own.

It is to be noted that the eminent author, last quoted, speaks of the transcendentalists as "introducing French and German authors." This is the correct statement of the case. The study of foreign literature was the effect and not the cause. The primary cause was the intellectual growth and alertness of New England, and not the importa-

tion of books from Europe. Transcendentalism in its literary as well as in its philosophic aspect was essentially home-made. This is true, as far as it can ever be true of such a manifestation anywhere. But whatever the causes may have been, wherever the sources are to be sought, it is certain that to these New England idealists we owe what we have of a distinctively American literature. That there was any necessary connection between their achievements in literature and their peculiar philosophical doctrines will not be believed readily by those who are less prone than the present writer to regard the idealists as the leaders of the world's thought and progress. It is to be remarked, however, that the lofty morality of the transcendentalists gave to the literature of this country the high tone and character for which it has been distinguished. Of this, more anon.

The following facts and quotations are offered as proofs that I do not overestimate the merits and services of this school:

In his famous address on the "American Scholar" in 1837 Emerson said: "Perhaps the time is already come, . . . when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids, and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close. The multitudes around us that are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves." It was in 1836 that Robert Bartlett said in his address at Harvard: "Is everything so sterile and pigmy here in New England, that we must all, writers and readers, be forever replenishing ourselves with the mighty wonders of the old world? . . . We are looking abroad and backward for a literature. Let us come and live, and know in living a high philosophy and faith; so shall we find now, here, the elements, and in our own good souls, the fire." It was in the same year that Thoreau wrote: "We are, as it were, but colonies. True, we have declared our independence and gained our liberty, but we have dissolved only the political bonds, which connected us with Great Britain. Though we have rejected her tea, she still supplies us with food for the mind. The aspirant for fame must breathe the atmosphere of foreign parts, and learn to talk about things which the home-bred student never dreamed of, if he would have his talents appreciated or his opinions regarded by his countrymen." Theodore Parker is quoted as saying that: "The cultivated Amer-

ican literature was exotic and the native literature was rowdy, consisting mainly of campaign squibs, coarse satire, and frontier jokes. Children were reared from the time they learned their letters on Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Trimmer, whose books, otherwise excellent, were unconsciously saturated with social conventionalisms and distinctions quite foreign to our society."

The first subject discussed by the "Transcendental Club" was: "American Genius, the causes which hinder its growth, giving us no first rate productions." The "Dial" has by eminent authority, already much used in this paper, been declared to have been the first thoroughly American "literary enterprise." Greatest among the transcendentalists was Emerson, and to him more than any other, are we indebted for the development of a national sentiment in our literature. Lowell gives him all the credit, saying: "We were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought till Emerson cut the cable." George Willis Cook, in his excellent biography, pays Emerson this high tribute: "As Lessing raised his voice against imitation of the French, and called for a genuine German literature, founded on national sentiment, so has Emerson protested against foreign models, and in favor of American literature. His influence has been as healthful and powerful as Lessing's, creating in this way, as Lessing did, a national literature."

Thus American literature was born in New England and nurtured by a lofty idealism. Its beginning was upon a high plane. The character which was imparted to it by its founders has been maintained. If the tremendous growth of foreign population and influence appears of late years to have lowered its tone and to have debauched the public taste, we have every reason to believe that the manifestation is ephemeral and unimportant, although it may be ridiculous and offensive.

From what has been said it will be seen that the word "transcendentalism" is used as the most convenient name for the New England revival of letters. Perhaps the choice was an unhappy one, even misleading and inaccurate. It is true that in our studies we have considered especially the extreme, the excessive aspects of the movement, for which we have developed but little sympathy. This is natural and in a measure right, for in certain respects the ultra transcendentalists deserve richly, not only disapproval, but the most positive condemnation.

It is unavoidable that every strong movement intellectual, moral or political should produce extremists and run into extravagancies. Of

all the great things of modern times, the reformation of the sixteenth century was indisputably the greatest, but no one condemns Martin Luther because Protestantism produced so absurd a creature as Praise God Barebones, and If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned Barebones. And as we can now laugh at the Barebones family record, so we can smile at Brook Farm, at Thoreau's pinchbeck Buddhishm, at Alcott playing tinker and feeding his family on the ultra transcendental winter diet of apples, and at a thousand other extravagant and fantastic sayings and doings, and at the same time know that the movement, out of which all these absurd things sprung, was founded in high principles, directed to noble ends, and productive of not a few beneficent results. It was in a positive and actual sense the first conscious and general American espousal of that noble philosophy, which may not contain the whole truth, but which to my mind holds the better part that was taught in Greece by Plato, in Germany by Kant, in England by Coleridge and Carlyle, and which is in varying forms the basis of every great religion.

The transcendentalists, and especially Emerson, have been criticised for exaggerating the importance of the individual and of self-culture. On this point I cannot refrain from quoting Frothingham, with whom I agree fully in this instance. "It has been objected to that it made self-culture too important, carrying it to the point of selfishness, sacrificing in its behalf sympathy, brotherly love, sentiments of patriotism, personal fidelity and honor, and rejoicing in the production of a mountainous '*Me*,' fed at the expense of life's sweetest humanities, and Goethe is straightway cited as the transcendental apostle of the gospel of heartless indifference. But allowing the charge against Goethe to rest unfuted, it must be made against him as a man, not as a transcendentalist; and even if it were true of him as a transcendentalist it was not true of Kant, or Fichte, of Schleiermacher or Herder, of Jean Paul or Novalis, of Coleridge, Carlyle or Wordsworth; and whoever intimated that it was true of Emerson, who has been one of the most industrious teachers of his generation, and one of the most earnest worshippers of the genius of his native land." Again he says, after commending Parker, Channing and others: "By '*self-culture*' these and the rest of their brotherhood meant the culture of that nobler self, which includes heart and conscience, sympathy and spirituality, not as incidental ingredients, but as essential qualities. Self-hood they never identified with selfishness."

So much is deemed proper and fair to say, seeing now too late that

in assigning the topics for the present series of discussions we have unduly emphasized the ultra and least attractive and excellent features of the transcendental movement. In concluding this digression, the conviction is reaffirmed that, considered with reference to its real spirit and purposes, no uninspired movement in thought or morals was ever purer in quality, or aimed higher than the transcendental movement. This is said despite total dissent from Emerson's most important religious teachings, the conviction that Thoreau was largely absurd, the lukewarm admiration of Margaret Fuller, the inability to admire Ripley at all, the belief that Dana was a brilliant, ill-balanced, unsafe and truculent fellow, and many other dissents, disapprovals and dislikes of transcendentalists and of parts of transcendentalism.

A book on the poetry of transcendentalism has appeared, showing that these poets, male and female, were forty in number. Of the better known literary persons directly connected with the movement all the men and women may be included who thought and wrote in New England in the first three quarters of the last century, especially in the second and third quarters. Bancroft represents it in history, Hawthorne and Harriet Beecher Stowe in fiction, and Emerson, Whittier, and in less degree Longfellow in poetry. It has touched and influenced more than any other single force, the moral and intellectual life of the whole country for the last seventy-five years. The anti-slavery agitators, Garrison, Phillips and Sumner, were its immediate products, and the kinship between these and the Eastern anti-imperialists, Atkinson and others of today, is apparent at a glance. It is true perhaps that essentially the movement was ethical rather than literary or purely intellectual in purpose and quality; but in its literary results only it has been the most influential, if not in fact the only real literary movement, we have had in America. Emerson is unquestionably the foremost man of the movement, not that he was the greatest or best American writer, but that he was among the first in literary skill and achievement, and indisputably the first and the most influential in promoting the independence of letters in this country.

THE SOUTH IN THE REVOLUTION.*

ADDRESS AT THE TRIENNIAL BANQUET OF THE GENERAL SOCIETY OF THE
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 19, 1902.

MR. JOSHUA W. CALDWELL: MR. President and Gentlemen: It is exceedingly kind of you to applaud before you know what is coming. I have, long ago, reached the conclusion that whenever it becomes necessary, I shall ask my audience to begin with a little applause. I know of nothing that gives the speaker a better send-off. I am a little bit embarrassed by the position that I occupy on the programme tonight, for a good many reasons. I think that for my own good, I come a little too early. It is all very well for my distinguished and eloquent friend, Mr. Cabell, of Virginia, to come first, because he is one of the First Families of Virginia. (Laughter and applause). He is also one of the first orators, wherever he may be; but I am additionally embarrassed, and somewhat complimented also, and pleased, by the fact that I take this evening what one of my friends calls "*precedence*," and the other calls "*precedence*" (applause and laughter) over certain other distinguished gentlemen. I think this is the first occasion on which a plain, an exceedingly plain, American citizen, surrounded by his fellow-citizens of the same general description (laughter), has ever taken *precedence* or *precedence* over the †Ambassador of the French Republic. (Laughter and applause.) I am sure, also, that it is the first occasion where such *precedence* has been granted to an American Citizen over the illustrious ‡head of the American Navy; (applause) a gentleman who immortalized himself in the Bay of Manila, and between the two acts of his immortality enjoyed the most renowned breakfast of which history gives any account. (Laughter and applause.)

I precede, also, the illustrious §commander of the American Army. (Applause.) The unconquered and unconquerable Army; (applause) and the army to which I never belonged, (laughter) but which I induced a great many of my fellow citizens of Tennessee to enter during the Spanish war. (Laughter and applause.) And I beg leave to say for myself, gentlemen, that whatever may have been the conduct of the

*Stenographer's report.

†M. Jules Cambon.

‡Admiral George Dewey.

§General Nelson A. Miles.

soldiers in the field, there was no man, in my part of the United States, at least, who uttered more sanguinary sentiments than I did, at the time. (Laughter and applause.)

There is another gentleman present here whom I am embarrassed to precede, and that is Mr. Wetmore. (Applause.) I have somewhat against Mr. Wetmore. I appeared at the banquet with him four years ago. I do not say that your champagne is the reason of the President General's limiting it to two years, because it was four years ago, Mr. President, and Mr. Wetmore made a much better speech than I did. The only consolation that I have is that he made a better one than anybody else. So, you see, that I labor under all these various and accumulated embarrassments. I labor, also, under the embarrassment now, gentlemen, that I have taken up nearly all the time that I have allotted to me, and I see no way of approaching, with propriety, the subject which has been assigned me. It was exceedingly kind in the Committee, or in the Secretaries, because this Society is mainly composed of its two Secretaries; (laughter) the two Secretaries, who have added to their secretarial reputations in the last two days, that of being the best caterers, in Washington, at least, (applause). I say, it was very kind of these two gentlemen to allow the South to be heard at all, even through so unworthy a representative, upon an occasion like this, and upon a subject, in regard to which he has the right to be proud. (Applause.) The South, you know, and I take it that this is the same kind of audience that had me make a semi-Confederate speech in New York, and I am going to take all sorts of liberties with it, as I have been taking with my subject—the South is in a state of pupilage, you know; and has been, for a long time, receiving liberal, wise, and, apparently, inexhaustible instruction in public morality. I am inclined to think that in Greater New York, the religious and moral energies of the people, at this time, are divided, almost equally, between two very commendable enterprises. The first is, the enlightenment and conversion of the South; and the second is one that, to me, as an enthusiastic, if not a good Episcopalian, appeals especially; that second purpose seems to be the illumination and the conversion of Bishop Potter. (Laughter and applause.) I have great hopes that the Bishop of New York has in him the making of the kind of man that the people want him to be, up there, and there is a prospect of his being reclaimed from his vicious ways. If the persistency so offered to redeem him should be anything like that to redeem the South, there can be no doubt of the result.

But, approximating my subject a little more. We, down South, have had our moral, and intellectual, and other inferiorities, so forcibly presented to us that we have grown a little sensitive on the subject, and we naturally like to feel ourselves at liberty to say anything—and we naturally like to avail ourselves of the opportunity to say anything good about ourselves, so that this evening I am sure I can hope for your indulgence, if I manifest in my representative capacity a little of that quality which is becoming, since the battle of Manila, the prominent American characteristic, and indulge in some expressions of self-satisfaction.

The South lives in the hope that it may become, after awhile, purely a geographical section, and not a political section. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, that is about as trite a thing as any one can say, and you are exceedingly obliging in applauding it; nevertheless, I feel what I say, and I mean what I say; there are certain things that we can do. Now, I told one of my friends that I was going to say this, and he said that I had better not do it; but I am going to say it, all the same. I say we will become a geographical, and not a political, section. Certain things will help very much to that end. If the South—if we in the South—can abate the summariness of our method of public execution, if I make myself clear; (laughter and applause) and what is more important, even than that, and, at the same time, obviates the causes of that summariness, and if our friends in the North can, upon their part, abate a little of the copiousness and the readiness of their philanthropy and benevolence, or will even divert a little of those admirable sentiments to the white people of the South, we may hope for much. (Applause.)

The South, I venture to say, and I am pursuing my announced policy of speaking well of ourselves—the South, I venture to say, is more forgiving, and more tolerant, than those of our fellow citizens dwelling in more Northern latitudes. (Applause.) I think that we forgave you for succeeding in the Civil War, or the great American War, before you forgave us for failing in it. (Laughter.) I think, also, that we are more tolerant in this. Whenever a race riot takes place in Ohio, or Illinois, or under the shadow of the Cooper Institute, where crusades against race prejudices are eloquently and enthusiastically preached, we do not utter any denunciations, nor do we send you any missionaries. We recognize in you a virtuous and well-disposed people, and we think that you are entitled to enjoy the pleasures of an occasional aberration. (Laughter.)

Now, Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen, on the last occasion on which I made a public speech, the gentleman preceding me, as there was an hour and five minutes to be divided between us, allowed me the five minutes, (laughter) and I am a little bit in danger of allowing these distinguished gentlemen the five minutes, although I take it that none of them would be so opposed to violating the Sabbath as I would.

But, I make this suggestion, that the Spanish War taught some very admirable lessons to all of us. I suggest, further, that if the President of the United States will come South occasionally, and repeat his Charleston speech, or make other speeches like it, the tide of good feeling will rise so high in this country that it will obliterate every vestige of sectional lines and sectional feeling. (Applause.) The fact is, gentlemen, we have forgotten all about it ourselves.

THE SOUTH IN THE REVOLUTION.

If any gentleman imagines that I intend to offer any addition to the Washington eulogies he is mistaken. I desire to say as respectfully, and as seriously, and as earnestly as any one can, that the South rejoices in the fact that George Washington, who occupies absolutely the foremost and the most enviable place in the world's history, was one of her sons. (Applause.) I mean all that I say. I do not believe that there is a man in the sound of my voice, who, if he had his choice of all the names and all the fames in history, would not take the name and fame of George Washington. (Applause.) Because he is, above all others, and will be, so long as histories are written, and men shall live, the champion of liberty. (Applause.) There are certain other men in whom we have great pride. We say that John Marshall was the foremost jurist that this country has produced; many of us believe that Thomas Jefferson was the foremost political philosopher that the country has produced, and I believe that James Madison was the greatest constructive statesman that this country has produced; but, of all these great Southern men, I have nothing to say, tonight, beyond what I have already said. There is an opinion in the South which, if erroneous, is also harmless, that the Revolution and the Constitution, were the work of Southern men. I do not, for myself, unqualifiedly, assert this; nevertheless, the South has every right to be proud of her part in the Revolution. There are certain minor, and less-known, aspects of the great struggle to which,

as a matter of personal and of sectional pride, I should like to call your attention for a few moments. Enough has been said, I suppose, of the Cavalier ancestors of my distinguished Virginia friend; and I desire to ask your attention, just for a moment, to the part taken in the struggle for independence by another race, to which I have the honor to belong myself; I mean the Scotch-Irish. (Applause.) Until the last decade, a reader of American history, which was written mainly in the higher intellectual atmosphere of New England, would have supposed, naturally, and not without some justification, that all the good and the great things in American history had been done by New Englanders. Since the revival of the interest in the Scotch-Irish in the South, practically the same claims are made for that race, so, in the years, we have become actually to believe almost that the Scotch-Irishmen did it all. The Scotch-Irish are of two classes, I will say, in passing; and I say it because, like the other things I have said, it is not at all apropos to my subject; the sweet and the sour Scotch-Irish. The sour Scotch-Irishman has what Carlyle calls the sardonic taciturnity, and a generally sour disagreeableness; the sweet Scotch-Irishman has all the virtues in their perfection; but, whether a Scotch-Irishman be sour or sweet, he is two other things; he is a dictionary-democrat, and a Presbyterian. (Laughter and applause.) They came over to this country late. If they had had equal opportunities with the New England Puritans, they would have possessed New England, and would have built New York City. As it was, they came to find the coast-line occupied; all the better places pre-empted. Consequently, they were driven into the Piedmont country; into the mountainous regions, and they have settled in the Holstein Valley, and in the upper part of East Tennessee, at the time of the outbreak of the Revolution, and they established, gentlemen, in the State of Tennessee, alone, four distinct and independent republics, I think, before any others existed in this country. (Applause.)

In seventeen hundred and eighty, at the time when Lord Cornwallis was perfecting his arrangements to wind the folds of his military Anaconda around this country, to crush it to death, he sent one Major Pat Ferguson westward towards the mountains, and Major Ferguson sent word over into my country, where my ancestors then lived, that he was coming, and that the people must make settlement. Instead of that, they mustered, Shelby and Sevier from the Virginia and Tennessee settlements, and they gathered upon the Wautaga River, and they had a draft-

ing, but the drafting was not to determine who should go to fight Ferguson, but who should stay at home. Such a drafting, I venture to say, was never known upon the earth before. They crossed the mountains, they met Cleveland and, at King's Mountain, they annihilated Ferguson's army; Mr. Jefferson said that the battle of King's Mountain was the joyful enunciation of that turn in the tide, towards success, which stamped the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence. There was not a commissioned officer; there was not a uniform; there was not a regulation sabre or musket in the American army at the battle of King's Mountain; that was in October, 1780. Not long before that, General Gates had been defeated at Camden. It was a disaster, and we contemplate it with regret; but it seems to have been the traditional method of retiring General Gates from the army. Not long after that General Green came South to hunt the remnants of General Gates' army, and, in North Carolina, he discovered a few of the remnants, many of them composed of good material; he confirmed the arrangement that Gates had made at Camden, and allowed Daniel Morgan to have one wing of the army, saved from the other. I wish I had the time to pause and say it. Daniel Morgan is, to my mind, the man of all men, in the patriot army, who has received the least justice from history. I am inclined to believe that, after Washington, the fame rests between Green and Morgan for the best soldiers in the American army. Morgan was a Pennsylvanian, from Virginia, and Green was a Rhode Island Yankee, who finally was captured by the State of Georgia. He has been buried once there, but I hope it will be done well again, by one State or the other.

Meanwhile, the battle of Cowpens occurred. To me it is one of the most pleasant events of the Revolution, because Tarleton there received the thrashing which he deserved better than any soldier of the British army. In the South, at least to this day, no British soldier has so odious a reputation as General Tarleton—Colonel Tarleton.

I must pass on rapidly. At the battle of Guilford Court House, General Green, who had executed the most masterly retreat of the war, met Cornwallis. Green had forty-four hundred men, of whom three hundred were veterans, and one thousand, or more, were recruits, and the remainder were raw militia men. These raw militia men did not win renown, and the most assiduous and sympathetic friends and local historians have accomplished a very imperfect rehabilitation of their reputation. Cornwallis had twenty-three hundred men, the best of

his army. Green was defeated, and retreated, but only three miles. Almost immediately afterwards, Cornwallis, having contemplated, with mingled dismay and pleasure, a victory where his men had accomplished a prodigious failure, and where they left more than one-quarter of their number upon the field, retreated to Wilmington. Green became the pursuer, but his course was to the South, and Cornwallis was headed to the North; and he proceeded north, where, in due course of time, he received the attention of a gentleman who was known to the Britishers of that period as a Mr. Washington, of Virginia, in company with certain distinguished gentlemen and friends. General Green proceeded South, and his subsequent career is very entertaining and interesting. At Hobkirk's Mill he was defeated; in the South he was unsuccessful and the utmost that can be claimed for the battle of Eutaw is that it was a drawn battle; so that his record is this: he was defeated at Guilford, at Hobkirk's Mill he was repulsed, and he retreated at the same time that the British retreated at Eutaw; but there was this singularity about all Green's defeats and repulses; immediately after each of them, the British retreated, so that, at the end of a long series of defeats and repulses, Green had driven the remnant of the British army into the City of Charleston, and cooped them up there; that is the only record that history gives of a series of unbroken defeats and repulses resulting in the most satisfactory success. At the end of the war, General Green received the thanks of Congress, and deserved them. He also received magnificent gifts of land in the South, and made his home in the State of Georgia. Many other excellent men from the North have come to the South to live, but General Green is conspicuous among the number, by reason of the fact that he is the only one of them who ever refused a public office. (Laughter and applause.) It is only fair for me to say, gentlemen, in that same connection, that I do not know any compeer of my own who has ever refused an office of any kind.

Now, I must pass on. I have said all that I have to say about the South in the Revolution except this: the battles of King's Mountain and Cowpens, and Guilford Court House were the prelude to Yorktown, measured by the result, and the individual efficiency; possibly, I believe that General Green must be declared as the next man to George Washington among the American soldiers. (Applause.) I do not believe that we can over-estimate his importance, and this I say, in conclusion, upon that subject: that the tools with which General Green wrought

were, every one of them, soldiers from the Southern States, and most of them Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. (Laughter and applause.) I have discovered that General Green has five descendants in my immediate neighborhood, upon this platform; I understand they are all descendants of General Green.

Well, now, gentlemen, let us say just one word more. I do not concede that all the goodness and greatness of the South is in the past. I am somewhat intolerant of the phrase, "The New South," because, so far as I know, there is nothing new in the South particularly except the large establishments that we have induced you to come down there and open up for the manufacture of our cotton. There are, also, certain very large tracts of land, large and unimproved tracts of land, which are designated as cities (laughter) in local nomenclature, which are the result of more successful efforts on our part to recoup ourselves for the disasters of the war. (Laughter.) I am going to do like my friend upon my right, omit the best of my speech, and I am going, with deliberate purpose, to endeavor to be serious for a moment and to repeat something that I said in New York four years ago, because it is a great pleasure to say to people, "I told you so." I said, speaking of the question which is eternally before us in the South—you know, we hear race, and race problems talked in the South, until we are almost ready to die when we hear the word mentioned. We live and move, and have our being, so far as the public prints are concerned, and largely, so far as public speeches are concerned, in race problems—problems that are in the paradoxical condition of being easiest solved by those who know the least about them. Now, when I was up in New York, four years ago, I said something, and in regard to that, I really think that I may say "I told you so." I said to my friends up there, and they were good enough to applaud it, whether from sympathy or approval, I do not know—I said to them, "You have your race problem up here, which is a more difficult and a more dangerous one than ours is." I tell you, my dear friends, that not only do we get along with our colored citizens down South, but we are the only people that can get along with them. (Applause.) Now, I say, that we are always receiving instructions in public morality; but, to my mind, the greatest danger that besets our moral body is indiscriminate foreign immigration. Now, the South is full of faults and does a great many wrong things, I know, but contrast the great Northwestern State of Minnesota, one of the most progressive and best States

in the Union, against which I have nothing to say, of course, with its fifty per cent of foreign-born population, and the State of North Carolina with less than two per cent of foreign-born white population. With us the immigration seems to follow other lines; it has not come South. We have no pauper immigration in the South, except a little in New Orleans, and that has been somewhat summarily treated, as some of you may remember. We have had almost none of it. I remember, that at the time of the great riot in Chicago, I saw a picture which I have never been able to forget. The artist had represented a little band of United States soldiers marching down the railroad track, and a mass upon either side of them, great armies of men and women with foreign faces. Foreign faces are not bad. We welcome every good man and every good woman to our country; (applause) but those were besotted and brutal foreign faces, and the legend that the artist had put under the picture was this: "To hell with the Government of the United States." And when President Cleveland sought, by pacific means, to quell the riot, it became necessary for him, I think, to print his programme in seven different languages. We receive, every year, dumped upon our shores, or rather, upon your shores, vast accumulations of the filth and the offal of the great cities of Europe, brought over here to ballast the great ocean steamships, and cast upon our shores, to rot and fester, and to breed assassins. We are charged in the South, not with fomenting, but, in a measure, with tolerating the crime—mark you, I call it a crime—of lynching. Suppose, my fellow citizens, that we had in the South anywhere an established, permanent organization for the promotion of lynching, what would you say? I call your attention to the fact that you have in your midst a well-known, organized establishment for the promotion of anarchy, and I have sometimes regretted that you did not send it down South, to learn how we deal with such things there.

Now, gentlemen, let us be just and fair, one with the other. I have one word more to say before I submit to the execrations of these gentlemen, whose pardons I beg all that I can, and that is this, that we must learn to respect and trust one another. The Southern people are of the same blood that you are; they are of the same language that you are; they are of the same political principles that you are; (applause) they are of the same religion that you are; they have your traditions; they have your love of liberty; and they have your aspirations for their own success in the future, and for the success of our country. What shall

we do, standing and confronting, as we do today, the most difficult and the most dangerous social question ever presented to a people? We confront it, not without fear, but not without hope. We know that there is but one way in which we can deal successfully with that question, and that is, to the best of our ability, and with every effort that we command, to deal with it rightly and justly. It is my own belief that the people from whom Washington, and Marshall, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Lee, and Andrew Jackson, and Andrew Johnson, and James K. Polk were sprung, are not so perverted in their morals, and not so lost to every principle of decency and of civilization, that we can with deliberate purpose, malicious and foul intent, mistreat the colored race, who are our wards. (Applause: A voice, "Never.")

No: Any indictment of any great section of the American people, in any part of the country, is necessarily a false indictment. (Applause.)

Now, I say, as my last words, the only way that we can deal with this question is the right way—the just, the honorable, the honest way; and, in the presence of our fellow-countrymen, and of all mankind, and of Providence, we intend to deal with it in that way, and that way only; and, finally, I say, recurring to my announced policy, that is my judgment that whatever the future may bring for our country, the best hope and the strongest assurance that we have that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth, is in the sturdy Americanism of the people of the Southern States. (Applause.)

GOLDSMITH.*



IT would have been difficult to assign me a subject more to my liking. From my earliest recollection Goldsmith has been one of my chief sources of pleasure. I can not remember when I first read Irving's account of him, and I know that I have read it at least four times. I can not remember when I did not enjoy the "Deserted Village" more than any other poem in the language. Moses and the Spectacles are among the things which I seem to have known about always, even before I knew of Robinson Crusoe and Friday. When I avow my affection for the "Deserted Village" I do not, of course, mean to affirm that it is the best or the greatest poem in the language, but only that to my untutored taste it is the sweetest. I have never been able to rise to critically correct judgments in literature, or indeed in anything else, but have acquired the bad habit of preferring what I like. Therefore I get more enjoyment out of the "Deserted Village" than from reading even Lycidas, or any other of the greater English short poems preferred and exalted by persons of more critical and of better judgment.

I have had always a sympathy for the two reputed fools of the Johnsonian epoch, Boswell and Goldsmith. In the case of Boswell, it is a mild sympathy combined with a moderate dissent; in that of Goldsmith, cordial sympathy, positive dissent, affection, and no little admiration. I have never been able to find in Boswell anything to which the affections could in any wise attach themselves, but with Goldsmith it is different. There are many faults, but we can not despise men because they have faults. Both Boswell and Goldsmith have been the victims of epigrams, and the butts of envious satire; Goldsmith even more than Boswell, certainly more unjustly. It was witty to say that Goldsmith wrote like an angel and talked like a parrot, and it sticks in the memory. I have heard men quote it who, I am sure, never had read a word of Goldsmith's works. Beyond question Goldsmith was one of the most graceful and happy writers, in prose and in verse, that the English speaking countries have produced, and it is not less true that, comparatively, his powers of conversation were strikingly inferior. But we exaggerate the difference, and what is more true and far more important, we draw excessive inferences. Let us not forget that Johnson, who is credited

* Irving Club Paper.

with certain of the sharper sayings about Goldsmith, declared, *post mortem*, that he was a "very great man." I think that the plain facts of Goldsmith's history give a clear insight into his character, and explain the striking inferiority of his conversation and conduct. I trust that I shall give no offense by the prelusory suggestion that the Irish nation, which has produced many of the most brilliant men of modern times, as well as an unlimited number of ancient and mediaeval monarchs, from whom no doubt several of us claim descent, has a certain intellectual headlongness which is very apt to be displayed in the unreserve of conversation, in the fervor of public speech, and in conduct under sudden or strong impulse.

Goldsmith had this peculiarity in a pre-eminent degree. Inability to foresee the consequences of any course of action, or, apparently, of anything else was a congenital quality; an incurable prodigality marked him from childhood; an intensely emotional nature afforded every opportunity to these peculiarities, and the conduct of his whole life was a series of blunderings followed by hard falls. If you will read his more thoughtful and aspiring prose writings you will see that he was as philosophical as Bacon or Plato in his mental habit, although indisputably less profound. His writings in serious vein are those of a learned and thoughtful man, his conduct that of an exceedingly thoughtless one, his conversation, frequently undignified, even trivial. Let us recall how he began to stumble and tumble through life and how he kept it up.

Oliver Goldsmith was born Nov. 10, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, or Pallasmore, County Longford, Ireland. Irving says that his family was one of those that "seem to inherit kindness and incompetency, and to hand down virtues and poverty from generation to generation." Oliver's father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, married very young and very poor, and whether or not he really felt "passing rich with forty pounds a year," he seems to have been put to the necessity for a time of maintaining a family which increased, with regularity and persistency, on an income which appears not to have exceeded that sum. About two years after Oliver's birth, however, an aunt of his mother died and a farm of seventy acres at Lissoy in the County of Westmeath fell to the family. Here Oliver's youth was passed, and there seems to be no doubt that Lissoy was the deserted village. At the age of six the future poet, having passed through the infant seminary kept by one of the village dames, was, for further instruction, committed to the guidance of one Paddy Byrne, who is described most delightfully in the poem of the "Deserted Village:"

“A man severe he was and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn’d to trace
The day’s disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.”

This pedagogue seems to have had a character not unlike Oliver’s in some respects, and among a large number of accomplishments of a minor kind he possessed a knack of rhyming with which the lad by whom he was to be immortalized was much taken. And so Oliver, while still in the lisping period, turned to numbers, much to the delight and pride of his mother, his first critic and confidante. The small-pox suspended his rhyming and separated him from Byrne. After his recovery he was placed under a preceptor, who bore the portentous name of Griffin, under whom, nevertheless, he made no particular progress. Mainly by virtue of his rhymes, however, he came to be looked upon as the genius of the family, no family being complete then, as now, without a genius, and therefore was regarded as especially fitted for college training. The family resources were not yet without limit and he was fortunate in evoking for the first of many times the generosity of an uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine. Thus aided he was sent successively to a school at Athlone, and to one at Edgeworthstown, in both of which he continued to display capacity, indolence and carelessness. The last of the places named was twenty miles from his home, and an incident of his final homeward journey is at once an entertaining and important part of his history.

The journey was marked by certain unwonted dignities, among them a horse and a guinea. These unusual features turned the head of Oliver, who was himself just turned sixteen, and he decided to make the most of his opportunities. Instead of completing the journey in one day, as he might have done, easily, he tarried for a night in the village of Ardagh. Calling upon the first person he met for directions to an inn, “the best house,” he was directed to a family mansion, his informant being a professional jester. The house was owned by a Mr. Featherstone, who was somewhat taken aback when this young and by no means imposing gentleman rode up, peremptorily ordered his horse to be taken to the stable,

took possession of the parlor and imperiously required supper, but being an Irishman and not averse to his joke, he gave his guest full scope. At supper Oliver invited the landlord and his wife and daughter to join him, and, still further condescending, ordered a bottle of wine for their common edification, and having finished gave special directions for a hot cake at breakfast. In the morning he was enlightened and we cannot doubt that he was properly confused and dismayed, but we must congratulate him upon the admirable use to which he puts the incident in "She Stoops to Conquer."

Not to go too much into details of his early life, I mention that at the University of Dublin he was a sizer, or poor scholar, with free board and tuition, rendering such compensatory and indisputably valuable services as sweeping the courts, and carrying the dishes up from the kitchen at meal times. His teacher was devoted to the sciences and hard work, and he to the classics, and indolence. Clashes were made the more certain by the tutor's temper, which was one of the quickest and worst. Goldsmith's father died in 1747, and the unsatisfactory college course was prolonged with great difficulty by his uncle's charity, aided by occasional commerce with the pawnbrokers and the writing of street ballads. The climax of his college woes was reached upon a certain occasion when in violation of the rules he was feasting some friends in his room, a portion of these friends being ladies. The hilarity of the party attracted the attention and provoked the ready wrath of his tutor, who raging in upon the scene of the festivities first, after the good custom of the time, thrashed Goldsmith and then effected the contumelious ejection of his astonished and indignant guests. Humiliated beyond measure, poor Oliver sold his books to raise money to carry him to parts remote, but could not forego the delights of Dublin until his funds were reduced to a single shilling. With this ample provision he started. For three days he subsisted upon his shilling, and then revealing his forlorn condition to his brother, was prevailed upon to return to the University, where he remained two years longer. In 1749 he received the degree of B. A. and reluctantly consented to prepare for sacred orders, which he did by doing nothing for two years. In due time he presented himself to the Bishop and was rejected, some say on account of the scarlet breeches in which he affronted the Episcopal dignity. He then became a private tutor, and held that position until he quarreled with his employer. Then having bought a horse and having

in his pocket the unheard of sum of thirty pounds, he again started out to see the whole earth. A few weeks later he appeared at home without a shilling, and reduced from his steed to a "sorry little pony," bearing the undignified name of Fiddle-back. The several occurrences above recited were regarded by the family as demonstrating an aptitude for the law, and his Uncle Contarine gave him fifty pounds with which he started for London and which, having progressed to Dublin, he lost to the last penny in a gambling house. It is related that the family now became disheartened, and, that some of them even manifested symptoms of impatience.

Soon after this escapade one Dean Goldsmith, of Cloyne, the official head of the family, visited Uncle Contarine, and with a perspicacity worthy of his high reputation discovered in Oliver the capabilities of a doctor of physic. Thereupon, the Dean furnishing the advice, and Uncle Contarine the money, Oliver hied himself in 1752 to the ancient city of Edinburgh, where he attended lectures, squandered his money, cultivated conviviality, and, I am sorry to say, gambled a good deal. Having spent two winters in Edinburgh, he concluded that the proper development of his talents required a course in a Continental University. The unfailing uncle again became his banker, and aiming at Leith, in Holland, he landed at Bordeaux, which, everything considered, was for him an unusually accurate result. Thence he contrived to make his way to Leyden and the resumption of his studies in physic. Here he remained a year, in an unvarying state of extreme impecuniosity. Then he borrowed money to go to Paris, but it was the time of the tulip mania in Holland, and strolling one day in a garden he remembered that Uncle Contarine was a lover of tulips. Thereupon he bought a choice bulb, without asking the price, and was compelled to pay for it all the money he had borrowed. Having no hope of borrowing more he set out for a tour of the continent on foot, in February, 1755, being equipped for the undertaking with two shirts, one guinea and a flute. Undoubtedly he now became the philosophic vagabond of the Vicar of Wakefield. Somehow he got to Paris, where he attended lectures on Chemistry, and not less diligently went to the theatre. Thence he went to Germany and Switzerland, and possibly, from Geneva, sent his brother a sketch which was the basis of his poem the Traveler.

For two years he wandered footing and fluting over the continent, returning to England in 1756. There he first appears definitely strolling the streets

of London, and then as an usher. In this last position he was very miserable, and apparently for good cause. Surrendering it in disgust he secured employment as a chemist's assistant. A little later he met Dr. Sleigh, who had been his tutor at Edinburgh, by whose advice he attempted to practice medicine. The scarcity of patients drove him to the pen, and finally he was introduced to Richardson, the publisher and novelist. He was afterwards principal of an academy at Peckham for a while, but from his appearance at London his drift was toward literature, and the result is well known. Into his literary life with its alternating successes and failures, plenty and poverty, joys and sorrows, renown and miseries, I shall not enter in detail, for want of time. The facts which have been related are sufficient to show what manner of man he really was and to furnish the basis for a just judgment of him. It would be pleasant to me to carry the narrative further, to tell how Johnson sold the manuscript of the *Vicar* for him to pay him out of an arrest for debt; how the comedy of the *Good Natured Man* was played and failed; how *She Stoops to Conquer* was applauded into success on the first night by a claque headed by the greatest of all English moralists; how everybody fell in love with the poems as soon as they appeared; how Goldsmith became a professor without a salary; how he compiled histories of many nations, and wrote a grammar, and finally "expatiated free" over the whole field of animated nature; how he was lampooned, and suffered under it; how he became angry and attacked one of his critics with a club; how he wantoned in luxury to-day, and wept in penury to-morrow; how he could not resist the gaming table, any more than an appeal from any source whatsoever to his liberality. It would not be pleasant, though, to tell how he died ten thousand dollars in debt by reason of his ill-ordered virtues, no less than his vices.

I have recounted none of the incidents which show his generosity and his tenderness of heart, nor have I quoted from the rich store of his humor, but why prove what everybody knows? I append an incomplete list of his works:

The Vicar of Wakefield, 1766.

The Citizen of the World, 1760-1762.

Essays, 1758-1765.

Present State of Polite Learning, 1759.

Life, Bolingbroke, 1770.

Life, Thos. Parnell, 1768.

Life, Voltaire, 1759.

Life, Richard Nash, 1759.

The Traveler, 1764.

Deserted Village, 1770.

The Hermit (ballad), 1776.

Retaliation, 1774.

Good Natured Man, 1768.

She Stoops to Conquer, 1773.

History of England, —.

Short Survey of Experimental Philosophy.

History of Philosophy.

English Grammar.

Roman History.

Animated Nature, and a host of minor publications.

Did ever author do things of so many kinds, so well?

Johnson was a poet, but a very inferior one, a novelist before the full day of the modern novel, but not nearly so good as Goldsmith; an essayist, but his essays are now without readers; a dramatist, but a most prosy, ponderous and unsuccessful one. Goldsmith wrote the two best poems, the best story, and one of the best comedies of his age, was one of the most skillful compilers the world has ever seen, and certain of his original essays still hold high rank. I have never known a man or woman who had read anything that had not read the Vicar of Wakefield, I have never known anyone who cared for poetry that did not love the Traveler and the Deserted Village. She Stoops to Conquer will continue to be a favorite of play-goers until Salome and Sappho and their congeners monopolize the stage. These greater works of Goldsmith are beyond the need of history and criticism. The Vicar of Wakefield has entered into the very life of English speaking peoples, almost as much as the King James translation of the Bible. It is a part of England and the English, of America and the Americans. We think and talk it unconsciously. In preparing for this paper I have tried to go beyond the better known works, and to extend my own knowledge. Having in my library three volumes, not much read, of his miscellaneous prose works, I have dipped into them, so far as time allowed, and have been well repaid. In literary quality they are equal to the best that we have seen from the author elsewhere. There are the same purity, felicity, and accuracy of diction, and a surprising thoughtfulness. You discover that the writer has read widely, and thought not a little; perhaps it is the kind of

thinking that comes from the activity of the logical faculty in writing rather than the fruit of habitual meditation, but it is very good, however engendered. We were, or, at least I was, so long accustomed to think of the Vicar, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the *Deserted Village*, as abnormal productions, somewhat of the order of Blind Tom's compositions in music, that it is extremely instructive and corrective to read Goldsmith's original essays. In the first few pages of the *Polite Learning* I found a suggestion of Buckle's dogma about the effects upon races of men of "Climate, food, soil and the aspects of nature," and a more remote suggestion of Comte's arrangement of the stages of human progress. I mention these things only as proofs that Goldsmith was not a fool with lucid intervals, but was really a man of learning and thought, whose few more famous writings are not the products of abnormal conditions, but are, instead, the natural and legitimate products of a genius of a high order, not of a gift of writing or expression, without any power of thought, but of a keen and cultivated intelligence with an almost unsurpassed faculty of utterance.

These are pretty strong statements, and it may be that they are unnecessary, as you may not have received the impression that Goldsmith was an inspired fool, which was forced upon me by many readers and teachers of English in my youth. But was not he fool, after all, on one side? The theory of the simplicity and unworldliness of genius will not quite meet the demands of the case. Let me say first that his faults have been exaggerated. A Johnson, a Macaulay, a Carlyle, always puts things well and strongly. What they say is the strongest and most effective statement. It is the finished rhetorical view, always to be distrusted for accuracy, and rarely admitting any of the qualifications, or displaying any of the tolerations that we of necessity and justice manifest in actual life. Again Goldsmith was a very conspicuous and much envied man, and it is altogether possible that while we know more of his faults than of those of less prominent men, he did not really have more than the average sane and prosaic man. Not less probable is it that jealousy has had something to do with the matter. If I say that Johnson had a hypochondria that amounted almost to insanity you will reply, "yes, but he did not say or do so silly and childish things as Goldsmith did." I am not clear as to this proposition. However, I will not traverse it, but will admit that Goldsmith lacked dignity, and was over-impulsive, but we must not forget that the Great First Consul of France

played prisoner's base, and with the very same headlongness and failure to see obstacles and consequences that characterized Goldsmith, ran so fast and heedlessly that he was constantly breaking his consular shins and getting most unconsular tumbles. But Goldsmith was vain of person and apparel. Well, who is free from vanity of either kind? Napoleon was the best dressed man in France, and the resistless Murat the most splendidly arrayed. Washington was of resplendent raiment, and Caesar was a sybarite in personal taste and habits. Plutarch will convince you that no man can be vainer than Cicero. Goldsmith was jealous, but less so than most men of renown, and his jealousy was evanescent, died in a moment. He lacked self-control, but that is one of the customary and tolerated peculiarities of genius, and especially of the poetical, and idealistic temperament, and it was much less conspicuous in him than in Shakespeare, Byron, Shelly, Keats or Poe. These are some of the more effective palliations for indisputable weakness that occur to me now. Their sufficiency may be questioned, but I trust that you will not consider them as entirely without validity.

As this section of our studies is devoted to novelists, let me say a little more as to the Vicar of Wakefield in conclusion, and in technical fulfillment of my assignment. I assume that everyone knows the book, and has read it several times. I do not know to what extent, if any, it is going out of fashion in the present sophisticated generation, but to my generation and the one preceding it, the Vicar was next after the Bible. No contemporary or elder of my time but knew Dr. Primrose, his piety, his patience, his loquacity, his pedantry, undeniable, but inoffensive; his pride of learning and of family, his charity, and finally his overwhelming and undeserved, though ultimately, well rewarded woes. It is very clear that the clever but uninventive Goldsmith was making use of Job, when he portrayed Dr. Primrose, clothing the man of Uz in eighteenth century clericals. The origin of the incomparable Doctor is the more manifest in the fact that in the beginning he was that rare phenomenon, a rich preacher. But his riches, like Job's, took wings and flew away; the commercial achievements of Moses, his son, depleted the pitiful residue, and his own gullible kindness completed the waste; fire destroyed his house; a villian ran away with his daughter Olivia; the same villian had put him in jail for debt; then he was told of the death of the erring but repentant Olivia; in the jail he worked wonders of benevolence and reformation, then he heard of the kidnapping of his other daughter, and finally

his first born son was brought to the jail in chains. Then it is that, like Job, he reaches the limit of endurance, and happily also the turning point of his fortunes. The real hero of the play rescues the kidnapped daughter, his son is cleared, the dishonored Olivia, supposed to be dead, re-appears, and a reformed villain reveals that she was lawfully married and is an honest woman. The hero, who has been masquerading as a poor man, proves to be a rich baronet, of much renown, and marries the rescued daughter. The lost fortune is found, all the girls in the book are happily married; virtue is richly rewarded on every hand; vice is condignly punished; joy is unconfined, and it was not less true of the Vicar than of Job, that his latter end was blessed more than his beginning. Hear him say: "I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for; all my cares were over; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity." The dear Doctor is not made perfect. I have learned not to class pedantry, in its milder forms at least, as a failing, but then the Doctor had also temper, though not much, and vanity, though in amiable manifestation, and was not without recognition of the importance of wealth and social position. His wife was a weaker vessel, though a sound one. Her social aspirations, her maternal maneuvers, are not, however, so much reprehensible as entertaining, and, upon the whole, while she shed "some natural tears," like her mother Eve she "wiped them soon," and played the part of the spouse of her afflicted Job fairly well. The girls are all amiability and sweetness, not without weakness, and so soon as we find that Olivia was really married we readily forgive the elopement. That Sophy should marry the disguised baronet is most acceptable. There is nothing that people enjoy in a book so much as the marriage of a good and beautiful heroine to a brave and rich hero. Such a union is the only proper or even tolerable ending for a novel, and I join most heartily with that large and intelligent element of society which demands that all novels end happily. So far as the realities of life are concerned, we cannot have our own way, and many bad endings are inevitable, but your novelist is your genuine magician and can make his own endings, and he is a wilful, perverse and morbid nuisance if he allows them to be bad. Sometimes he says his art requires the death of his hero or heroine, and the omission of the wedding, but for my part I say that such miscarriages and fiascoes can result only from the want of art. Given a hero and a heroine of marriageable age, the wedding is

the only natural, proper or permissible finale. Goldsmith gives us two weddings and reveals a third. This is a good measure and a grateful public has applauded him accordingly for a hundred and fifty years. Burchill, the concealed baronet, is a fine fellow, and plays well the part of Prince Bountiful. Moses I love for his trading. My affections extend to Dick and Bill, and indeed, embrace most cordially all the Primroses. To a man or woman who likes the atrabilious books of Mr. Hall Caine, or the artificial problems and philosophic dabbings of Mrs. Humphrey Ward; or the esoteric exposition of the warfare of the sexes and the tentative marriages of Mr. George Meredith; or the filthiness which Mr. Thomas Hardy calls purity; or who kow-tows and then kow-tows again when Balzac's name is named, and demands clamorously for the author of the Droll Stories, the place so long held by the unworthy author of Hamlet; this simple, little and hopelessly clean book, a redressing of the age-old story of Job, with a little of the crude art of the mediaeval novel, and of the cruder art of the fairy tales, must of necessity be a very trifling affair. And yet it lives—lives lustily, with reasonable promise of living always. I do not attempt to explain its immortality, but am content with the fact.

It gives me great joy to believe that Mr. Thomas Hardy's essays in lubricity, heralded with loud trumpeting, supremely excellent from the critical point of view, and of assured immortality, have lapsed into comparative obscurity in a decade, while Dr. Primrose has outdone Job in respect of living. For Job, after his troubles, lived 140 years, while the Doctor now lives in the hearts of millions of readers, after almost 150 years. One more heterodox remark and I pass on. I profess my total inability to see why there is not as much human nature in the Vicar as in that famous and much praised story by Balzac, wherein a father forwards the happiness of his daughter by aiding her in the most shameful courses. At the same time I do not claim to know much of the middle class human nature of Paris, and I suppose there is no use denying that the ugly things in human nature alone are worthy of the novelists' attention.

I see that I have strayed pretty far from my subject, and so returning, let me say of the Vicar that it is a good story; one that interests the reader, which I make bold to declare the first merit of a story. It has a plot well worked out. It is not devoid of incident, but it is not a story of action. It is rich, opulent in humor; it abounds in sentiment, of the right kind, and without excess. It has an elopement, but the breaking of the

seventh commandment is not the predominant theme, as it is in so many of the most approved novels of our time. It is a decent, clean story. Our children read it, and ought to read it. It is written, as all of Goldsmith's works are, delightfully. It has been one of the most popular books in the world, ever since it was published, and it deserves all its popularity. It may be taken as certain that Dr. Primrose is a free-hand, but not irreverent or unfilial sketch of Goldsmith's father. If it be true that Mr. Micawber was drawn from the father of Charles Dickens, it must be conceded that Goldsmith was a much more respectful son than Dickens, for the good doctor is a very fine and lovable character. Moses has so many of Oliver's own traits that the connection between the two is, to me, very apparent. Commercially Moses is indisputably Oliver.

It seems to be true that in all his imaginative writings Goldsmith drew constantly on his own experiences and therefore there is a sort of photographic verity in his portrayals of incident and character very exceptional in such works. He holds the mirror up to nature in a very real sense, and I think the capacity which he displays constantly to idealize and adorn the actual and the commonplace, without any sacrifice of essential truth, is the first and highest quality of a novelist. It seems to be a maintainable generalization that the poems and novels that deal thus with the actual life in all its details, are the most favored and admired, as well as the most valuable. Is not this the cause, in large part, of the high esteem in which the Homeric Epics are held? Possibly the remark will apply to the intellectual, as well as the natural life, and will explain in part the vitality of the Divine Comedy by its fidelity to the intellectual life of the middle ages. However, I will not press the proposition too far. It should be remembered that while Goldsmith's ability to work over the incidents of actual life for literary uses was one of his conspicuous virtues, the extent to which he carries the habit indicated also a deficiency. That he lacked invention, or did not often employ it, can hardly be denied. His use of the things he had seen and done was very like the use he made of other men's works in his compilations. As it is difficult to see how an Irishman could have been entirely without invention, we may attribute this reminiscent habit, in part, to indolence, in which we know Goldsmith was not lacking.

I am willing to admit that in his work in verse and in prose, there is an equality, or, to put it badly, a sameness. Uniform excellence is a characteristic. It may not be claimed that it is the highest excellence, but it is

excellence. The heights which Shakespeare trod are far beyond him as a poet; he has none of the passion of Shelley, and his melodies do not soar like those of Burns, but flow gently in minor tones, always affecting, pleasing, restful.

I have heard in a great harmony, whose highest excellences were beyond my comprehension, a soft, subdued contralto, inaudible at times when the sopranos were soaring heavenward, the tenors trumpeting, and the basses roaring, but in unstressed intervals sounding sweetly on its melodious way. I do not wish to mix figures, or to forget that the alto is a feminine voice, but I will risk saying that in the mighty chorus of English song Goldsmith is to me like this sweet unaspiring voice, singing its almost unvarying song, its simple melody, and I do not hear a sweeter one.

With renewed apologies for these unwonted and inexpert figures of speech, I reaffirm in plain words my love of Goldsmith's poetry, my joy in the Vicar, and my cordial affection for the author.

PURITAN RACES AND PURITAN LIVING.*

In this time of unlimited and apparently illimitable reformation, when the old maxim is reversed by many wise men and wise women, who say that whatever is wrong, it is an invidious undertaking to discuss something which has not only the fault of existing now, in modified form, but which is burdened with the additional, and even graver infirmity of having existed heretofore.

The word Puritan is applied in English and American history to the religious society that became prominent and powerful at the period of the great revolution of the seventeenth century in England and furnished the first settlers of the New England States. The name is now confined to the Calvinists; but the first English Puritans were of the Church of England, and wished to remain in it.

I give to the word, for my purpose this evening, a much wider application. The peculiarity from which the name arose, was a literal interpretation and acceptance of the teachings of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, and a rigid conformity of life to them.

It is my intention to consider briefly certain facts in the histories of the more important associations of men that have thus accepted the Hebrew Scriptures, and to point out some of the results accomplished by them. I shall consider the Puritan polity as a scheme of living in the world, directing attention especially to practical results. I shall invite your attention to the Jews, the Dutch Puritans, the English Puritans, the Huguenots, and the Scotch Covenanters. My purpose is, chiefly, to inquire what Puritanism has done for the world, and not whether the Puritan Theology is sound or unsound. In showing what Puritans have done, I do not mean to deny that others have likewise done much good.

I call the Jews the first Puritans, because the Mosaic law was made primarily for them. It was to be observed literally by them and was so observed by them, in the most excellent periods of their history. The story of the Jews is the most wonderful thing recorded of the human race. It is reasonably certain that the Decalogue was the law of the Jews more than three thousand years ago. Even German criticism concedes it to be twenty-five hundred years old; and today it is

* Delivered at Forefathers-Day Service, Pilgrim Church, Knoxville, Tennessee, December 21, 1897.

taught to our children, as the essence of the ethics of this modern and most enlightened time. Modern civilization rests on the Decalogue. The Exodus of the Jews was perhaps the most important event in human history before the coming of Christ. Their leader, Moses, was one of the greatest and wisest of men. At that time the great power in the world, the most cultured and refined nation, was Egypt. But the Jews did not get their law from Egypt. At the highest point in Egyptian history, religion was degraded by the most absurd and cruel superstitions. Great gods resided in gross animal forms. Crocodiles, cats, all manner of vermin were sacred. Religion was a conglomerate of horrors and absurdities, and yet not without lofty spiritual suggestions. The Egyptian polity, with its rigid and crucial laws of caste, its degradation of the great mass of men and women, its heartless brutalizing system of slavery, accomplished some splendid material things; but for the people at large, a worse scheme could not have been conceived. It was at the end of centuries of bondage, in that country, that the Jews received from Moses, a man born in Egypt, and possessed of all its learning, a system of law as different from the Egyptian, as light is from darkness, as witness the larger outline of the system. A conspicuous fault of the Egyptian, as of all ancient societies of men, was the subordination and debasement of the common people. The Mosaic system was an agricultural democracy, whose earthly rulers were the Judges and Elders, and whose head was Jehovah. The laws of Moses affected all Jews alike. There was no King. There was no nobility, no privileged class, save the priesthood; and to the priests, as to the people, the law applied in all its force. Thus for the first time in the world's history was the dignity and the right of the individual declared and maintained by law. The first Democracy was proclaimed by Moses, the Jew.

The great overshadowing, pervasive and destroying crime of ancient times was lubricity, a crime that more than all other influences eventually corrupted, degraded, subverted empires and civilizations. Against every form of brutalism, the Mosaic law proclaimed the severest penalties. In this respect, Jewish civilization stands above all others of ancient times, as high as the heavens are above the earth. Other nations worshiped many gods, the sun, the stars, the moon, the generative power of nature, the beasts of the field. The Hebrew worshiped one God, who was a spirit, the embodiment of all goodness, all wisdom, all power.

For every department, every aspect of life, the laws of Moses wisely and thoroughly provided. We are told that the Jews were an unruly, headstrong, fickle and ungrateful race. So they were. And so have been all other races of men. We must bear in mind the fact that, at first, the Jews were not a highly civilized people. The times of their early history were rude and barbarous. We who believe in an over-ruling and beneficent Providence do not assert that God seized upon these people and miraculously enlightened them by a leading-string, guiding them in every act of their lives, and vainly endeavored to perfect them instantly. We believe that in His plan for the uplifting of the race, He committed to them the essential truths of religion, as depositaries for the benefit of all men. But when this was done, they were not instantly lifted above other people. They were not to be miraculously perfected. They were to rise, by slow degrees, as other men. Nevertheless it is true that the Jews not only had the true religion, but were within a few generations after the Exodus the most enlightened, moral and righteous people of ancient times.

Much can be justly said against them, judged by the standards of our own time; but if we contrast them with the peoples about them their history is a line of dazzling light, shining through many ages in the midst of black, awful, unrelieved darkness. For instance, every reader of the Old Testament will know that, in a sense, there was a rivalry between Baal the false, and Jehovah the true God. This Baal was the god of Babylon, of Phenicia, of Carthage, of Philistia, and, under other names, of probably all races who were neighbors of the Jews. Baal was the masculine element in the generative power of Nature, and Ashtaroth—or Astarte, the female. The twain were worshipped together, and this religion, from one point of view, was a brutalism so gross, so utterly disgusting, so abominable, that in contemplating it, the imagination is aghast and horrified, and decency paralyzes the tongue that would describe it.

The enemy of the Bible condemns the laws of Moses and denounces the Jewish civilization as narrow, harsh, and cruel. Let him study to know the facts. If he turn to Babylon, with all her splendors, he will find the honor of women the most grateful offering to Baal and Astarte. In Philistia, in Moab, in Edom, the same abomination existed. In great Tyre and Sidon, twin leaders of Phenician civilization, were temples dedicated to this infamous Astarte. I wish that all critics of

the Hebrews might read in Flaubert's awful novel, *Salamambo*, the story of the sacrifice of babes to Baal-Moloch. I shall never rid my mind of its horrors. I see the great brazen image of Moloch towering above an innumerable company of worshipers. In its bosom glows a furnace more than seven times heated. The priests surround the god, shouting, leaping, screaming, lashing their bodies with cruel whips, or brandishing knives, that reek with their own blood. In the bosom of Moloch, the fire burns even hotter and hotter; the shouts of the devotees grow louder and louder; they bleed until the sacred place is a shamble, while sickening perfumes poison the air, which is electric with excitement and terror. The scene surpasses any that Dante imagined. Many worshipers fall from sheer exhaustion, they lie scattered or heaped before the glowing Moloch. Others come bearing burdens in their hands. These burdens are children, their mouths bandaged so that they may not cry aloud when the god shall take them to his bosom! They are cast down before Moloch, scores—it may be hundreds—of innocent babes, bound with cords and stifled. The mighty arms of the god are made to rise and fall by an ingenious mechanism. The work of propitiation, of sacrifice, begins. Behold the love of this great Moloch for little children! The chains clank, the brazen arms reach down, the great hands are empty, but as they rise, they are filled with little children. Higher and higher they rise, till at last the living load is cast into the consuming fire that burns in Moloch's breast. The trumpets clang, the great drums roar, every instrument of music sounds loud, the priests shout, the multitude screams frantically to drown all other noises, for not always can the god prevent the sounds that seem like screams of agony, even though they come from the bosom of Moloch; and not every mother gives her child to Moloch without a pang. The hands of the god move swiftly, the clanking of the chains is incessant, and the frenzy of the crowd waxes, as the terror of the awful scene pervades it more and more, until one inconceivable, universal, overwhelming madness and delirium possesses it, and the scene becomes one that would shame and revolt the nethermost hell itself! And so this frightful thing, this maddened rout, rages and raves, and ever the hands of the god are filled, until at last the heart of Moloch is gorged, the fires overfed and stifled; and then is great Moloch appeased, literally glutted with the victims whose scorched but unconsumed carcasses fester in this horrid embrace!

Such was the worship of Baal in its most cruel form, but not the most degraded! And Baal was the mighty god of nearly every people with whom the Jews came in contact before the conquest of Cyrus. You may say that, though the religion of the Jews was free from the abominable obscenities and horrid butcheries, it remains true that the laws of Moses were cruel. I affirm that the Jews were the most humane people, and their laws the most humane laws of ancient times; and they may be justly judged only by the standards of their own time. Say what you will of the Jew, in that ancient time, he was an angel of light, when compared with the men who lived about him, and his superiority he owed to the law which was a part of his life.

The immeasurable superiority of the Jewish law and religion is shown in results. We have in the book of Judges the history of a period of more than four hundred years. The superficial reader will think that this period was one of incessant strife and bloodshed. But in fact, the disturbances cover less than a hundred years; so that from the Conquest to the Monarchy, were three centuries of peace and prosperity, of intellectual and moral growth. The real history of these years was not in the Homeric narrative of Judges, but in that beautiful pastoral, the book of Ruth. And never, I believe, was the ideal of human society more nearly approached than during those tranquil, halcyon years, when the God of Israel was the Ruler of an obedient people. There is no more charming picture of peaceful, simple and happy life in all literature than the book of Ruth. In this era the Jews were Puritans indeed.

The stormy period of transition, from the Theocracy to the Monarchy, ended with the establishment of the throne of David. This was the crowning period of Jewish history, a thousand years and more before Christ. Greek civilization was not yet born. Legend even does not place the Trojan war so far in the past. Five centuries were to elapse before Greece could procure an *Æschylus*, but, mark the height to which the Jews had risen! Who has attained a higher spiritual development than David the Jew? He had grave faults, and suffered for them; but intellectually and morally, he stands among men unsurpassed. He was a scholar, a soldier, a poet, a philosopher, a statesman and a prophet. He organized, from discordant elements, a compact kingdom, and led its army to many conquests. He restored the purity and re-established the strictness of the true religion. He was a Puritan of the

Puritans. He was a poet, and his songs have been sung for thirty centuries. They are the fittest vehicle of the highest and noblest aspirations of the human heart. For beauty and grandeur, they have never been surpassed. The human mind can show no nobler products. This was the flowering-time of a splendid civilization. David was not the only poet. The Psalms are not all his. There were other poets, scarcely less gifted than he. There was a noble national literature, much of which has perished, though much remains. There were poets, prophets, seers, historians. I dare say there was as much intellectual and literary activity in Jerusalem, in the time of David and Solomon, as there was in Athens in the age of Pericles; and this was five hundred years before Pericles. This was a result of Puritanism, of Bible living. Disobedience and decay followed the death of David. Centuries later, after the captivity, there was a new era of prosperity. The high spiritual quality of the national mind, begotten by right living under right laws, was not extinguished, and hence it was that, in the time of Christ, there were men like John and Luke and Paul, with the spiritual strength and insight to grasp the full meaning of the sublimest of all religious teachers. Whatever may have been the condition of the race as a whole, at that time, it produced the religious leaders who revolutionized the world; and it cannot be denied that these men were the legitimate products of the spiritual and intellectual life of the race in preceding centuries. The religion of the Jews has remained always a part of the life of the people and of each individual. Among no other people has religion so saturated and shaped character. Eighteen centuries have passed away since the nation was destroyed, and yet the race survives, strong in numbers, in wealth and intelligence. Never has it been so powerful as it is today. Never was it more intelligent. Never was the race-character more clearly defined. Never were the Jews more distinctly separate from other men, than they are today.

Departed though they are from their ancient standards, in many ways they reap still the legitimate fruit of a persistent adherence to the letter of the law of Moses. If there are many who despise them, if heartless persecutions of centuries have warped and degraded them, it is not the fault of their system. Rather it is by virtue of it, that they are still unmixed, a powerful race despite sufferings, wrongs and persecutions, such as have never been visited upon any other race of men. However little we may see of cause and effect in the things I have

recounted, it is certain that the first real civilization, the first in which moral and spiritual elements were dominant, was that of the Jews; and that no race has survived so long, nor outlived so many misfortunes, as this first Puritan race. Abraham came out of Chaldea, but for four thousand years there has been no Chaldea. The Jew saw the pyramids built in Egypt; and the Jew and the pyramids still survive, while Egypt is only a name. The Jew was the captive of Assyria; but the Jew lives, while Nineveh was obliterated twenty-five hundred years ago. The Jew was a slave in Babylon; and today a Jewish antiquarian may delve into the rubbish heaps, that for twenty centuries have covered the site of Babylon. The Greeks subdued the Jews; but there are millions of descendants of Abraham, and probably not one Greek of the pure blood. And there is a single Jew who is a mightier power than all the hybrid race who bear the name of Greek. The Roman laid his iron hand on the Holy City, and destroyed the temple; but the Jews are mighty upon the earth, and there is not one Roman left. Every Christian nation, except our own, has persecuted the Jews; but now the crowned heads of Europe tremble at the frown of the Jewish bankers. While the Jew lived according to the law, he surpassed all other men, and centuries of bad living have not overcome the results of this good living. Puritanism still bears fruit. The point I seek to illustrate is not so much the inherent and indisputable superiority of the Jewish code over all others of ancient times, as that this superiority was demonstrated in practical results. Whether it was divinely given or not, it proved to be the best of all laws of ancient times to live by. Above everything stands the fact that from this first Puritan race we derive the religion that has revolutionized and conquered the earth, and built up a civilization, beside which all others are insignificant, and which promises the fulfilment of the best and highest aspirations of mankind. The Christian says the Jews were the trustees from the beginning of the one true religion. All men must admit that from them has come the ethical element of our modern civilization, the excellence, the glory of that civilization. I do not doubt that the Jews, if they had been Christians, would have led the world from the Christian era. Their civilization is two thousand years older than ours, and all the misfortunes of the race in Christian times have resulted from their rejection of the Truth, first revealed to them—rejected by most of them—but imparted to other nations by a few of them.

Passing over many centuries, let us consider the Puritans of modern

times. A saying of John Fiske's concerning the New England Puritans applies to all modern Puritans: "The impulse by which they were animated was a profoundly ethical impulse—the desire to lead Godly lives and to drive out sin from the community—the same impulse which animates the glowing pages of Hebrew poets and prophets, and which has given to the history and literature of Israel their commanding influence in the world." It should be understood, without saying, that there have been multitudes of Puritans who have not borne that name. The great Augustine, whose intellect dominated Christian theology for many centuries, was a Puritan. Bernard of Clairvaux, whose purity of life, sublime piety, matchless courage and invincible force made him one of the grandest leaders of men, was everything that the word implies. And so was John Henry Newman, the Roman Cardinal, who proved that even in this age men may rise to the ideal of Christian character and living. But my attention must be confined to the compacted bodies of men who are known as Puritans. In no other way can I so clearly connect causes and effects.

There is no country of modern times whose history contains more to justify pride than Holland. This little people led the way to the enlightenment of modern Europe. The Dutch were the first real bankers in Europe; the first to understand the principles of political economy; the first to systematize trade; the first to establish a satisfactory system of exchange; the first to realize that in commerce the thing most essential is honesty; the first to develop agriculture, and among the first to attain excellence in art. They were the leaders of modern democracy. They made the first written constitution to bind men together in free community. They made the grandest fight for liberty that is recorded in human history. The struggle between the Netherlands and Spain is, I believe, the most tragic, the most cruel and relentless on the one hand, the most heroic and admirable on the other, that ever occurred. And this was a struggle of a handful of Puritans against the dominant world-power. The Dutch revival was a Puritan revival. The Dutch civilization was a Puritan civilization. And if we turn from these great and heroic things, to commonplace affairs, we shall find ourselves in these also deeply indebted to the Dutchmen. We read in history and in romance of the field of the cloth of gold, of the tourney at Ashby, of gorgeous coronations, splendid pageants—and we think of the Middle Ages as a time of gallant knights who glittered in armor,

of stately dames who rustled in velvets and brocades, of queens and kings in dazzling jewels and gorgeous robes. We fail to realize that behind all this barbaric show and glitter there is a sordid and squalid background—a seamy-side to the cloth of gold. Cleanness was not in the calendar of mediæval virtues. The frightful plagues that swept away from Europe, with equal hands, the clouted peasant, the belted knight, and the crowned monarch, were the natural and inevitable consequences of unclean living. It was filth and not the “Wandering Jew” that brought the plague. The Dutch Puritans were the first people in Europe to be clean, and the first to be comfortable. The traveller from England or France to Holland, three centuries ago, was impressed with nothing so much as the cleanness and the comfort of the towns, the houses and the people. A street in London or Paris was a sewer as well as a thoroughfare. In Antwerp it was a clean and stately avenue. The dining rooms of the grand castles in France and England were strewn with rushes, into which were cast the bones and meats from the table, there to remain until the dogs found them, or necessity compelled their removal. The Dutch-woman’s floor was scrubbed and immaculate. Her utensils dazzled the eye. The Dutchman’s house was glazed. The Frenchman’s window, like the Englishman’s window, was a hole in the wall. And from Holland went out a gradually widening wave of cleanness and comfort, at the same time that the Dutch were teaching Europe the principles of finance and trade, establishing common schools and universities, proclaiming the principles of international law, leading the way to liberty of thought, of speech, of religion, and proving by the example of their matchless courage and fortitude, that common traders and artisans could not only be patriotic and unselfish, but as brave and chivalrous as any paladin that ever rode to battle.

I admit the excellency of the institution of chivalry. I am fascinated by mediæval history and romance. Froissart filled my young imagination with pictures of marvelous splendor, and gave to my days and nights surpassing pleasure. I love all the heroes of chivalry—real or unreal—Roland, Arthur, Bayard, Richard of the lion-heart, Ivanhoe. But truth compels me to say that all the deeds of all the knights are as dust in the balance, when weighed against the achievements of these brave Dutch traders, tanners, and blacksmiths. While the Dutch Puritans were so bravely fighting for their principles, their fellow religionists in England were growing steadily in numbers

and in power. The day was drawing on when the singers of Psalms would deal to royalty a blow from which it would never recover. We know these English Puritans best, and they are the best abused of all. They lived in this world only as preparing for a better. Life was a responsibility not to be lightly treated. They believed in the direct and constant supervision of affairs by the Creator. They were confident of the efficacy of prayer, and bowed frequently and long at the throne of grace. Accepting literally all that the Bible said, they mortified the flesh, and sought opportunity to show contempt for worldliness. They regarded themselves as the chosen people of God, no less than the Israelites. By fasting, prayer and meditation on the future state, they wrought themselves to a high pitch of nervous excitement and saw visions, denounced judgment and punishment, and uttered prophecies. Display in dress was an abomination, and they clad themselves in garments of somber color and sober cut. Their music was the Psalms of David, stretched, not unfrequently, on racks of doleful melody or awful discord. Having the vision of eternity ever before them, they made their faces long and sober, and often sour. They affected Scripture names along with others of pious suggestion, that the most friendly must call absurd. By reason of his unique name, "Praise-God-Barebone," and his brother, "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-Damned-Barebone," have fame almost as wide as Oliver Cromwell. The lives of these Puritans, to us of these soft times, were hard, their morals severe, their manners, save to the initiate, extremely repellent. For all these things the gay and gallant cavaliers ridiculed them till a certain time.

This is the Puritan considered superficially. But beneath all this oddity, exaggeration, cant, absurdity if you will, there was the substance of grand and noble character. There were hypocrites and demagogues, of course, but with few exceptions they were what they claimed to be—men who feared God, and Him only. A more upright, honest, God-fearing race of men never lived on the earth. If they were indifferent or opposed to the pleasures of life, as we esteem them, they were faithful to every duty. They were as fearless, as faithful, as sternly virtuous, as Samuel, or Nathan, or Elijah, their ideals. It is only just to say that the hardness, the roughness of their natures, have been grossly exaggerated. In the struggle for civil and religious liberty, against prerogative and tyranny, they were all, with one accord, on the side of liberty. Then it was that the plumed and swaggering cavaliers learned the equality

of the Psalm-singers. Before the wars were ended, the Puritans had organized an army, which, I do not hesitate to say, was the best that ever went to battle. When the sword had settled the dispute, it was the Puritan alone that had the courage of his convictions, and dared follow his logic to its conclusion. If ever the people had felt that they were greater than the king, the growth of prerogative under the Tudors, had stifled the sentiment. The king was the captive of the Puritans. What should be done with him? At the very suggestion of punishing him, all Europe stood aghast. But the Puritan held steadily on his way, and the world beheld the awful spectacle of a king beheaded, by common men, under form of law. In that age it was the Puritan alone who would have dared to shed the sacred blood of royalty. The execution of Charles Stuart by the Puritans marks an era in which men began to be free in very truth. In this time, overshadowing and dwarfing all other men, appeared one Puritan who embodied all the virtues and strength, and it may be, all the faults of his kind. Among the three or four greatest men of action of modern times there is no more unique or impressive figure than Oliver Cromwell. If the course of events made him a monarch, in fact, though not in name, it is nevertheless true that he was one of the most powerful instrumentalities in the hands of Providence for establishing human freedom. No race but the Puritans could have produced such a man, and none but the Puritans would have upheld him. For centuries obloquy obscured his name, but at last the world is admitting the truth that this Puritan was one of its greatest statesmen and administrators, as well as one of its greatest soldiers.

The English Puritans were, as a rule, from the middle classes, the most conservative and the best educated—the substance of the nation. But I must not omit to say that in all England there was not at this time a more outspoken friend of liberty than Richard Hooker, the English churchman, the author of the great book which, after the King James Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, is the noblest monument of English prose in that generation.

Another Puritan body of great historical importance was the Huguenots. They were also Covenanters, as their name—"Oath-Brothers"—implies. Like all Calvinists they were Democrats, and in the day of their strength, made in France the beginnings of free institutions, modelled upon those of Holland and Switzerland. They, too, were principally of the middle class. Before their persecution by Louis XIV.,

they numbered two million souls. They had seven hundred churches. Never have the higher qualities of human nature been more beautifully manifest than among these French Puritans. They loved liberty, loved their fellow men, and loved God. They excelled in learning and in all useful and elegant arts. They produced such men as Bayle, Scaliger, the unsurpassed scholar, the great Cuvier, and Ambrose Pare, the father of modern surgery. It is estimated that by the stupid bigotry of Louis XIV., one million of them were expelled from France. Of one thousand Huguenot preachers, six hundred were driven into exile, and one hundred more sent to the galleys. Louis XIV. did not exterminate the Huguenots, but he destroyed more than half the commercial and manufacturing industries of his kingdom, thereby confirming his title to the appellation of "le Grand Monarque!" Wherever the Huguenots went they established honesty, industry, education, morality and piety. They helped the cause of freedom in Holland, and gave invaluable aid to the industrial growth of England. Many came to America, and in the Revolution such Huguenots as Francis Marion proved the quality of the race. In an article entitled "The distribution of Ability in America," but apparently intended to prove that it is not distributed at all, Senator Lodge admits that in proportion to numbers, the Huguenots have produced more men of ability than any other element in our American population.

Turning now to the Scotch Puritan movement, we find it essentially an uprising of the people. It is typified and represented by its great leader, John Knox. He was a man of the people and fitted to be a leader of the people. His courage knew no limits. He withstood persecution with unflinching fortitude, served as a galley-slave for the sake of his convictions, and, recovering his freedom, resumed his work with unabated zeal and energy. The fascinating Queen of Scots had no charms for him, and he did not hesitate to denounce her sins to her face. As strong in his convictions as it is possible to be, he approved, in his zeal, things that we, in our sober judgment, must condemn. But the Scotch Covenant was a covenant of righteousness.

Andrew Melville, who succeeded Knox as leader, was the real founder of the University system of Scotland. The authors and scholars who made the Scotch name illustrious in the eighteenth century were mainly Covenanters, and the intellectual movement which inspired them was of Covenanter origin. In Scotland, as in England, and in Holland, the

cause of enlightenment and of liberty rested for a time mainly on the Puritans. The Scotch intellect owes its development and its splendid achievements to the Covenanter impulse.

In the course of time, a great colony of Covenanters was planted in the north of Ireland. These people found their new home a waste, but in a few years made it one of the most productive and attractive regions in Europe. And to this day Ulster thrives as no other part of Ireland. The political and religious opinions of these Scotch-Irishmen and their prosperity aroused persecution. They resisted strenuously, but in the end many sought refuge and freedom in the wilds of America, whither presently we shall follow them.

But first we turn to another Puritan Exodus. It was in the year 1621, that the first English Puritans came to America. In a few years forty thousand had come. They were "a picked company." They were of good repute, and nearly all fairly educated. About the middle of the second quarter of the eighteenth century the Scotch-Irish began their migration to America. Landing mainly at Philadelphia, and at Charleston, they sought homes on the frontier, especially of the Southwest, and led the way to the conquest and civilization of all that region. According to our distinguished townsman, Judge Temple, there were not less than six hundred thousand Scotch-Irishmen in America in 1776. Thus the Covenanters and the Puritans made nearly one-half the white population of the colonies. Add to these the people of Dutch descent in the middle colonies, and it is reasonably certain that half the people were of Puritan extraction.

The Puritans were Democrats. They believed in equality, and hated every form of oppression. Democracy is a corollary of the Puritan faith. That the Scotch Covenanters were the most pronounced and persistent in their democracy, I believe to be true. Buckle says of Calvinism: "It is an interesting fact that the doctrines, which in England have been called 'Calvinistic,' have been always connected with a democratic spirit." Fiske refers to John Calvin as the spiritual father of William of Orange, Coligny and Oliver Cromwell.

I do not wish to claim too much for the Puritans. I remember Washington and a multitude more of patriots who were not Puritans. I wish to show that the principles of the Puritans led them to espouse quickly, and to uphold steadfastly, the cause of liberty. When Independence had been established, these two races—the English and Scotch

Puritans—were dominant influences in their respective sections. At the present time there are fifteen million descendants of the New England Puritans in this country; and I believe there are as many descendants of the Scotch-Irish. That is to say, one-half of our people have in their veins one strain or the other of the Puritan blood. Until a few years ago their enemies said that the Puritans claimed to have done everything in this country. This accusation was not wholly free from exaggeration. But it did not require a wholly censorious mind to discover in it elements of verity. When Douglass Campbell wrote his book, he claimed practically everything good for the Dutch; and not long ago there was a revival of race pride among the Covenanters, who began to speak and write for themselves and their ancestors, and now it is said that they claim everything good in America. I shall not assume the responsibility of charging either race with an excess of modesty. Consider for a moment what the Puritans have accomplished in America. The great lighthouses of education, Harvard and Yale, were begun by them, and in the dawn of our history. The rich libraries of the East have been gathered, and popular education established and constantly advanced. The literature of America belongs to New England. If we omit from our annals the names of Edwards, Channing, Motley, Bancroft, Prescott, Parkman, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, how little remains! How ill could our political history afford to lose Samuel and John Adams, Otis, Webster, Choate, Sumner, Wilson, Hale, Hamlin, Pierce! And how many names of the history of the Northwest are Puritan! Immense tracts, as for instance the Western Reserve of Ohio, were peopled, almost exclusively, from New England. For a long time the East has controlled the policy of the country by the aid of her colonies in the West. Wherever the American free school system may have originated, it was developed and improved most in New England. The average of education and of intelligence has always been higher there than in any other part of our country. That the Covenanters, if settled in compact communities, would have equalled the New Englanders in this respect, I do not doubt, for stauncher friends of education never lived; but conditions in the South and West were such that the Scotch-Irish schools could only be established in widely separated communities. By thus training the mind, as it trained the morals of its people, New England became not only the most intelligent, but also the most influ-

ential portion of our country. She produced the greatest of our writers, and fifty years ago had grown in intellect so that she was able and bold enough to make a declaration of intellectual independence. These were direct and indisputable evidences of the good results of Puritan living. The New Englanders are not entitled to credit for fomenting the anti-slavery movement more than were the Covenanters; but the abolition crusade was mainly supported by them and by their colonies in the West. In the face of these facts it is difficult to see how any one can deny the excellence of the system under which these Puritans lived. They were clean livers, physically and morally. They have prospered and they have multiplied also. The old strictness of living, carried to excess, it may be, caused a revolt after awhile and now there is much free thinking. But I affirm that what the New England people have done at home and in the West is the result of the Old New England living.

When I read the exquisite sentences of the most celebrated atheist of this time, and hear of his amiable and admirable personal traits, I see in these things convincing proofs of the excellence of the system which, for many generations, trained the minds and hearts of his ancestors. The blood of old Jonathan Edwards runs in the veins of Col. Ingersoll; and the more brilliant the great rhetorician is, the more does he prove what generations of Godly living may do for the human intellect and talents and character. Col. Ingersoll attacks the Bible, but in his own charming personality and fine genius, is a living irrefutable proof that Bible-living produces great men. He has gone far from the faith of his fathers, but he is as much a Puritan product as Jonathan Edwards. I am not arguing in behalf of any religious opinions, but only showing what Puritan-living can accomplish.

If we turn to the Covenanters, we find them doing in the South, so far as conditions have permitted, the same things that the New Englanders did in the North. In Scotland and in Ireland they had been an educated people. All their preachers were school teachers. In America they were no less the friends of education. The memorials of the Scotch Presbyterian preachers are found in almost every institution of learning in the Southwest. Princeton was their first great work; and as they came South and West, their land-marks were the log colleges that sent to Princeton a steady stream of sturdy, pious men, who returned to the wilderness to civilize it. These Presbyterians founded Washington and Lee University, Washington College, the University of Ten-

nessee, (or its germ, Blount College), the Southwestern Presbyterian University, Maryville College, Davidson College, Transylvania University, Greeneville College, Tusculum College and a multitude more. Wherever they went they carried knowledge and religion. In our immediate neighborhood they furnished such teachers as Doak, Carrick, Craighead, and Anderson. In the catalogue of the great men of our nation, are the Scotch-Irishmen, Jefferson, Jackson, Polk, Lincoln, Calhoun, Sam Houston, Patrick Henry, Hugh Lawson White, the Breckinridges, McKinley, Bryan, the Prestons, and the great inventors, Morse, Fulton, and McCormick.

The Scotch-Irish led the way to the settlement of the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, and much of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. They possessed also Western Pennsylvania, the Valley of Virginia, and Western North Carolina, and found a foot-hold in every Southern and Western State. Wherever they went it was as Presbyterians, until, early in this century, the Baptists and Methodists had made heavy inroads upon them. At the present time probably the majority of the Scotch-Irish are not of the old communion. But whether they be Baptists, Methodists, or Cumberland Presbyterians, the race characteristics, as developed in the old Covenanters, are still strong and prominent, and the Methodists and the Baptists are just as much Puritan Bible-lovers as the Presbyterians.

And so we have in America fifteen millions of the English Puritan stock, fifteen millions of the Covenanter stock, and I should say, at least two millions of the Dutch and the Huguenot stock together. These races have, so to speak, projected solid bodies of influence into affairs, and have thus afforded large and indisputable proofs that it pays, mentally, morally, socially and financially, to live according to the Puritan plan. They are "healthy, wealthy and wise." What they are, they became by right living.

You cannot deny that in ancient times the Jews surpassed all nations in spirituality; that the ethical inspiration of modern civilization came from them, and that the ethical impulse transmitted by them is most conspicuously and positively manifest in the Puritans, because of their coherence and compactness. Emerson says that "the evolution of a highly destined society must be moral." I do not dispute the truth of this saying, but I would go farther and say that the evolution of a highly destined society must be religious! This is, in one sense, the argument of

Benjamin Kidd in his admirable book on Social Evolution. He says: "The organic growth, it would appear, must be the social system, or type of civilization, founded on a form of religious belief." If we believe that mankind is to be regenerated, then the regeneration must be by religion, and not by mere intellectual development. If, on the other hand, we reject the doctrine of regeneration in favor of evolution, then I say the evolution must be religious. So Kidd says: "The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character." I believe this to be true; but I have not set for myself the large task of proving it. I am content to affirm, upon facts of history, that the highest excellence of nations, as well as of men, is religious and not intellectual; that the hope of the race lies in religious development; that the best practical results have been accomplished by Christian living and Christian doing; and that, as a rule, the most important and beneficent achievements of the Christians in every line of effort have been made by those Christians who have strictly interpreted and observed the laws of God as given in the Bible. If the Bible be false, then falsehood has done more for the good of men than all the truth in the universe, and I say—"All hail such falsehood!" I do not care to argue in behalf of the Bible. My proposition is that Bible-living is shown by the experience of mankind to be the best living for this present world. To me nothing is more wearisome and offensive than the prevalent cheap criticism of the Old Testament. I have for years been a diligent student of it, with the aid of the best modern authorities; and day by day my reverence for it has increased, and shame has grown upon me that I so long failed to realize its grandeur, its sublimity, its unspeakable variety. We are told that it is a cruel book; and yet I dare say that in all the remainder of the world's literature there are not so many actual instances of love and of forgiveness. It is denounced as narrow. Yet from it legitimately and naturally grows Christianity, whose breadth knows no limit. The very essence of Christianity is in the old Hebrew prophets; its charity, its gentleness, its all-embracing and all-enduring love. If you doubt it, turn to the pages of the noble prophets Hosea, Amos, Joel, and Jeremiah. It is false, we are told, because it relates stupendous, impossible miracles; and yet no man of moderate intelligence will deny that from it sprang originally every influence that has contributed to the ethical superiority of western civilization, the life and soul of that civilization.

What made the Jew, spiritually, the superior of all other men of ancient times? Not the fact that he was of the Semitic family, for that was one of the great races whose branches populated all Southwestern Asia! Not his training in Egypt, for in Egypt he was a slave! Not Greek culture nor Roman law, for the Jewish character was developed before one stone of Athens or of Rome was laid! For myself, I accept unreservedly, and with absolute conviction, the explanation that the Bible gives. But there are many who do not believe this; and to them, I say, explain it otherwise if you can. At least you will not dispute the facts!

Old and New Testament alike are all from the Jews. Christ was not born of a tribe of Australian savages, but just where the human reason would say He should have been born, of the race which had reached the highest spiritual and ethical development. I believe, also, that the Jews were then, as for centuries before, intellectually the strongest, and physically the purest race upon the earth. Bible-living, Puritan-living, and that alone, made it possible for the Redeemer to be born of that race. The Puritan, like the Jew, lived according to the Bible, and therein lies the secret of his strength and success. Paul and all "the glorious company of the Apostles" were Puritans; Jerome, immured in his cell at Bethlehem; Athanasius, many times exiled for the faith; Chrysostom, denouncing the all-powerful Empress to her face, and dying a cruel death in the wilderness—all these were Puritans, and their Puritanism, aided by the Puritanism of that "noble army of martyrs" who were thrown to the beasts in Roman arenas, and burned as torches in Nero's gardens, conquered the world.

Let no one say that I claim everything for the Puritans. I only wish to show what they have done. I wish to show the good results of Bible-living. I do not affirm that the Puritans have done all the good in modern times. I do not even say that they have done the most of it. I only attempt to indicate some of the things that they have done; I would not and I could not take from other men the credit for the good things that they have done.

In conclusion, permit me to say frankly, that in these general and somewhat disconnected statements I have intended to signify an emphatic disapproval, not only of the tendency, begotten of the vast intellectual conceit of the times, to abandon Christianity and worship ourselves, but also of the excessively liberal and emasculated Christianity that is preached from many pulpits. Conscious that no process of rea-

soning would be efficacious, I have sought to show from history, the benefits of strict Bible-living. The facts are indisputable, however we may differ as to the causes.

Born of Covenanter stock, with strains of Dutch and Huguenot blood in my veins, I honor my earnest-living, God-fearing ancestors; but the time for wrangling over question of doctrines has passed. Every truly Christian Church is right and good. If you ask me, whom, of all men, I think the most unworthy, I answer: The man who, calling himself a Christian, speaks ill of another Christian—because of differences of doctrines!

Bigotry has done no good. It has done only harm in the world. But Bible-living has made modern civilization; and I appeal to history for proof of the assertion, that the best results have come to mankind from strict Bible-living! Though an adherent and devoted lover of a Church from which many of the Puritans and Covenanters departed, I should hail with joy any evidence of a tendency, in my own or in any other Church, to the faithful, vigorous intense Bible-living which wrought the characters of the strong, the invincible men and women, who in former centuries, have led the march of liberty and of civilization.

As a final word, permit me to say that the popular conception of the domestic life and of the habits of the Puritans of New England, Old England, Scotland and Holland, is most erroneous. We hear much of the "Blue Laws," and many do not know that they are mythical. The notions and the laws of the Puritans were strict, but it is far from true that their lives were joyless. I doubt not that they enjoyed life as much as we do. I have in mind the conventional picture of a Puritan maiden, gowned in soberest stuffs, erect, precise—even formidable! The modern young man shudders at sight of her. The modern young woman returns thanks for the improvement of fashions. But the picture fails in justice to the Puritan maid. In the first place, a handsome woman is made handsomer by the Puritan garb, and it is only ladies whose charms need the re-enforcement of modern art, who need to fear its severe simplicity. And then—the maid herself! We do not see the health that suffuses her cheek, the brightness of her eye, nor the smile that lurks therein; we cannot see the purity of soul that speaks in every lineament, neither can we hear the soft voice that can whisper accents of love, Madam, no less fervently than your own! She was very human, this Puritan maid—although she was very good. She went to church, even when

it rained, which is remarkable. It may be she sung psalms only, but she sang them divinely. She did not dance all night, but the roses lingered the longer on her cheeks. She did not say "Halloa" to young men on the streets; she was not addicted to décolleté toilettes; she read the Bible and did not read "The Quick or the Dead;" she did not permit young men to clutch her arm and thus propel her through the streets of Plymouth or Boston Town; she would not have enjoyed the ballet, but would have shared Thomas Carlyle's opinion that it was unbecoming for human beings to make manx pennies for themselves. She was not without faults; but chiefly her failings leaned to virtue's side. She grew up in health, in innocence, in purity, in godliness. As matron, she reared her children in virtue, and in piety.

As I think of the Puritan Mother of Old England, of New England, of Holland, of France, of Scotland, there comes to me ever the vision of what she has done for the world. I see her, by the hand of her son, the mighty Cromwell, break down the prejudices of ages, strike off a tyrant's head and set a people free; I see William of Orange fight gloriously for liberty and then die for it; I see the cruel sacrifice of Coligny; I see her love of learning in the great universities of Holland and of Scotland, in our own Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Washington and Lee, and in the free schools of this great Republic; I see her industry and thrift making the greatness of France, and her children exiled by heartless and insensate bigotry, carrying their unsurpassed skill to enrich and to enlighten many lands; I hear her proclaim liberty in the glowing words of Patrick Henry, of Sam Adams, of Thomas Jefferson; I listen to the greatest senatorial debates of modern times between her sons Webster and Calhoun; I see her inventive genius manifest in the marvelous discoveries of Morse and Edison; I admire the subtlety of her intellect in the metaphysics of Jonathan Edwards; I am stirred to the heart's depths by the noble idealism of Emerson; I hear her sing, in the verse of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Bryant, of Whittier; in the greatest war of modern times I see the military genius of her sons, Ulysses Grant and Stonewall Jackson; and finally I hear the whole earth resound with the praises of her martyred and immortal son, Abraham Lincoln! These are some of the jewels in the crown of Puritan womanhood! Shall the womanhood of these days, or of any days to come, wear a brighter diadem?

CHANGING CUSTOMS.



NOXVILLE is an old city, and the writer is not one of its younger inhabitants, he confesses, nor yet one of the oldest, he affirms. To one of an observant turn, the development of the city and the changes of manners and customs during the last forty years have been full of interest.

When the war ended there were perhaps five thousand people here, nearly all native, and nearly all related. Most of them were of the good old Scotch-Irish stock, religious, moral, and of unlimited positiveness. The Scotch-Irish are one of the two great American races; champions of religious and political liberty, and rich in all the militant virtues, courage, strength, tenacity, aggressiveness. If these "rougher virtues," as Mr. Roosevelt calls them, pushed aside some of the finer ones, the compensation for the loss was ample, and the finer ones are coming on, as they are needed and have opportunity. Staunchest of partisans were these sturdy, strong opinioned Covenanters, with convictions, and, sometimes, prejudices as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. All in all a fine, sound stock. They gave to the community a tone which it has never lost, making it moral, religious, conservative; perhaps too conservative, but who can say so positively? They made it also critical; but in free communities criticism, indisputably one of the inalienable rights, is frequently so salutary that it may almost be classed among the duties. But neither conservatism nor criticism has prevented changes, and a few of the minor ones may be named with profit—possibly.

Forty years ago we were satisfied with conditions. There was but little extreme poverty, and social ambitions and rivalries were hardly known. The descendants of the older settlers, connections that had grown rich in commerce and by the increase of land values were tacitly allowed social precedence, but did not assert it offensively. There were very few foreigners, or persons of immediate foreign descent. The extent and the variety of kinships was confusing, and no words were so much in use as those denoting collateral relationships. "Cousin" was the hardest worked of all words, and any well-dressed person passing along the street bestowed it graciously at every step upon other well-dressed persons.

General conditions were, if not primitive, at least unpretentious. We

had gas, and policemen, and a volunteer fire department equipped with engines, hand-pumped and supplied from cisterns in the streets. Some streets were macadamized, but many were not; and in rainy seasons the macadam was submerged in two or three inches of black semi-liquid mud, while the unimproved thoroughfares produced from six to twelve inches of rich, yellow mire that first yielded to vehicles and pedestrians and then attached itself to them in liberal quantities and invincible adhesion. We had not many fine houses, and in personal expenditure there was a praiseworthy economy. Sunday was strictly observed, and even necessary luxuries, such as cigars and soda water, could not be bought anywhere on that day. The multi-colored and mysterious soft drinks, which are ravaging the modern stomach, had not then been devised. Our amusements were distinctly primitive. There was no theatre; but two or three halls held small, but intensely, appreciative audiences for such aggregations as the Gilbert Sisters and the Swiss Bell Ringers. It can hardly be believed by the present generation of young people that their fathers and mothers in their youth actually enjoyed the "Swiss Bell Ringers" and such inane, moral and sermonizing plays as "Ten Nights in a Bar Room;" but they must recall that "Sappho" and other high grade strongly seasoned plays of that kind, and the almost equally admirable and æsthetic lighter productions, such as "McFaddens Flats," are results of advanced intelligence, liberality and sophistication. We held in those days that there were, even then, plays that young people ought not to see, and books that they ought not to read, an opinion which the improved intelligence of this day has entirely discarded. Our babes of this day are not fed upon the insipid milk of moral tales and proper little plays, but upon the strong meat of the Balzac novels and the Sardou plays. We went to dances at half-past seven, while now we go at half-past ten. Most startling of all is the indisputable fact that many fathers and mothers of that day objected to round dances, and barely approved the now long forgotten square ones. The "german" fought its way to parental acceptance with infinite difficulty.

Our manners were old and formal. Young men solicited engagements, now called "dates," with young ladies, by somewhat elaborate notes, containing an invariable expression of the writer's very formal but always genuine compliments, a method conspicuously inferior to the present one of off-hand salutation over the telephone, ignoring forms, and without any suggestion of compliment. The boys called all the

girls "Miss," and always raised their hats to them, which, it must be conceded, requires much more exertion than to say "hello" without more, as sometimes occurs now. Men did not smoke when walking with the other sex; but this has been changed for the better, or at least made optional, and cigarettes, or even cutty pipes now and then parade the streets with ladies; and, really, an unprejudiced mind will hardly deny that since the invention of amorphous flat hats for young men, and the introduction of cuffed trousers of indefinite expansibility, cigarettes and pipes are not only admissible, but by comparison ornamental. It must be admitted, however, that there are still a good many young men who have not adopted the innovations here commended. Another conspicuous improvement of the present time is in the fundamental matter of foot wear. The beau of the last generation, or the last but one, bestowed his foot, if his means permitted, in a pump soled boot, which had a reductive effect, whereas his more cultured successor of this generation affects a thick sole of cuneiform outlines, which magnifies the foot, and, most important and desirable of all, makes him pigeon-toed. Upon the whole it would seem that the pigeon-toed shoe is the most extraordinary product of contemporary culture and genius.

But let us not be intolerant or deny the young people all reasonable liberty. If they should do only the things which their fathers and mothers did, there would be an end of progress, and we should become another China. The world grows steadily, both wiser and better, and a degree of independence in children is not incompatible with filial duty, and mistakes seem to be essential to success. We of the passing generation also had our little absurdities, and frequently went counter to the proprieties as our elders conceived them; and it is so with every generation. Forty years ago there were certain elaborately mannered elderly men who were called "gentlemen of the old school." Now these are all gone, and those who thus described them and admired them without imitating them always are, in turn, "gentlemen of the old school;" and ere long the boys who now wear peg-top trousers and pigeon-toed shoes will succeed to the name and fame though, probably, in other kinds of trousers and shoes. All men become conservative at about forty years of age, and are more or less intolerant of new things, large and small; but the world goes on changing despite their disapproval, and the net result is substantial progress. The orators, poets and preachers of each generation are prone to describe the present as degenerate. It was so of old

and is so now. The greatest writers and speakers of all ages have lamented the degeneration of the race, so that it would seem that the world has been going always from bad to worse, whereas exactly the opposite is true. Let us not conclude hastily, however, that every change is for the better, or that novelty and progress are identical.

Many new things do not last and ought not to last. As to manners, if the new ones stand the test of use, they will supersede the old ones, and will be respected and admired as manifested by the "gentlemen of the old school," who are now growing up. We may assume positively that men will always respect and protect good women, if the women will submit to be protected. Good changes endure, bad ones do not.

We are proud of the honorable history of Knoxville and attached to its traditions of conservatism and respectability, but we must submit to constant changes and in manners, fashions, and everything else, concede much to the rising generation, which in a few years, must control affairs in their turn.

EAST TENNESSEE IN STATE HISTORY.*



AT the outset, I am driven to the confession that I was born in East Tennessee without the extenuating circumstance of proximity to the Watauga river. The same misfortune having befallen several generations of my ancestors, it is natural that I should be an apologist of that section.

East Tennessee is physically isolated. The great mountain ranges that gird it not only shelter it from the storms that ravage the coast lands and the cyclones that devastate the West and the Northwest, but likewise divert travel and, in a measure, impede contact with the world. But while there is little experimental knowledge of it, there is much secondary and even intuitive knowledge. I have heard the phrase "Typical East Tennessean" from persons who had never been within five hundred miles of Tennessee. The East Tennessean who does wrong is promptly declared "typical." As a result of the fact that political harmony has not prevailed between the grand divisions of the State, East Tennessee has become typical of all political error. Persons engaged in the invention and manufacture of impossible dialect for literary uses select it as the scene of dialectic and impossible romances, and, therefore, it has become typical of uncouthness of manners and of speech. If these statements be exaggerations, they are at least not without elements of truth.

I ask your attention to a brief review of East Tennessee history in the hope that we may find in it some relieving circumstances.

The first decade of our history belongs absolutely to East Tennessee. During that time the settlements on the Watauga and the Holston arose, flourished, and banded themselves together as a republic, the first established anywhere by men of American birth. In state history and in national history the Watauga Association is recorded among the most important things of that time. It will remain forever one of the pleasing and signal proofs of the sturdy manhood and independence of our ancestors.

One hesitates to touch a subject so well worn as King's Mountain, and yet it is the right of the mountain people to have it named. There are today in the hills of East Tennessee thousands of the descendants

* An address delivered during the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville, on Knoxville Day June 17, 1897. (141)

of the East Tennessee pioneers who followed Sevier upon that memorable expedition.

Four years later the free men of the mountains hastily, it may be, but bravely and with worthy purpose, established another government of their own, and this too has become a noted fact of American history. The state of Franklin proved the aptitude and the capacity of the people for self-government, and, if its history be lacking in heroic incident, it records the intelligent and patriotic self-restraint of the people of both factions, under the most trying conditions. The first legislature of Franklin, obedient to the sound influences that dominated the people, passed an act for the promotion of learning, the first of its kind west of the Alleghanies.

I am not of the number who find no influence but the Scotch-Irish in our first history, but certainly it was dominant. We can never forget the services of Doak, Balch, Craighead, Cumming, Carrick and Houston, preachers of the truth, pioneers of education and civilization. Doak established in East Tennessee the first "literary institution" in the Mississippi Valley.

In 1794 the legislature of the Territory south of the River Ohio chartered Blount College, the first purely non-sectarian college in America.

With the establishment of the territory came to Knoxville that most gracious and imposing personage, William Blount, and his yet more gracious and admirable wife, Mary Grainger Blount. Knoxville for almost a quarter of a century was the capital of the State and the center of its political and social life.

The most conspicuous figure was Sevier, the prince of pioneer leaders, not a perfect man nor infallible, but endowed with every quality to fit him for leadership in such times, and to command the devotion and admiration of the people. No man of his time surpassed him in public favor or public services, or had a larger part in shaping the institutions of the State and the tastes and character of the people. None save Andrew Jackson has so powerfully impressed himself upon the history of the State.

Archibald Roane, the dignified gentleman, the scholar and jurist, a man of thought, endowed with no capacity for frontier leadership, but excelling by pure force of intellect and character, succeeded Sevier as governor, held with credit the highest judicial positions and now lies buried in the valley of East Tennessee.

Joseph McMinn, the upright, the farmer governor, is to be honorably remembered.

Conspicuous for a time above all but Sevier was William Cocke, the great orator, the foremost of his kind in the Mississippi Valley, the Ulysses of our heroic age as Sevier was its Achilles.

A great man and a good man, whose history was the most honorable, was Joseph Anderson, judge of the territorial court, and for eighteen consecutive years a Senator of the United States. To no other of our great men have the people been so ungrateful. He deserves to rank among the foremost, and yet he has but a line in our written histories.

John Cocke, the son of the great orator, was a gallant soldier, a distinguished member of Congress and has a fixed place in State history as the founder of the Deaf and Dumb School.

Richard G. Dunlap, the first born of Knoxville, a soldier of this republic and of the republic of Texas, is called by Ramsay the founder of the public school system of Tennessee.

Hugh Lawson White was the greatest financier Tennessee has ever produced, a jurist of eminence and of spotless integrity, a statesman so great and so pure that even the power of Andrew Jackson did not prevail against him in Tennessee. He was named "the just," and the "American Cato." Called upon to choose between conviction on the one hand and place and power on the other, he did not hesitate to lay down his high office and to sacrifice his ambition. He left a name as pure and as admirable as any in our American annals.

Spencer Jarnagin, as an orator, lawyer and statesman, is hardly surpassed in Southern history. He was a power in the Senate of the United States even in the time of the great triumvirs. As a constitutional lawyer he has no superior in the annals of the Tennessee bar.

William B. Reese was, with the possible exception of John Haywood, the most learned man that ever sat on the bench of Tennessee. He was the peer of any of the great judges who, in the second quarter of this century, won for the supreme court of Tennessee the respect and admiration of lawyers and courts throughout the English speaking world.

Robert J. McKinney, another East Tennessee judge, ranked with Reese and Green and Turley, and thus two of the four great judges of that golden age were from East Tennessee.

Thomas A. R. Nelson was by nature an orator. At the bar and on the hustings he had no superior in Tennessee. He spoke on the floor

of Congress and the English press proclaimed his speech the highest product of American oratory. He defended Andrew Johnson in the great impeachment trial. When the war was ended the magnanimity of his character was manifested in fearless and self-sacrificing defense of Southern men.

The rival of his earlier days, Landon C. Haynes, is remembered as a man marvelously gifted in speech and fearless enough to defend and to praise East Tennessee.

As the prejudices of the war died away, we see that among the names that do most honor to East Tennessee is Horace Maynard, lawyer, jurist, statesman, diplomat. Of massive intellect, profoundly learned, equal to every call made upon him in a long and militant life, he served the public faithfully and efficiently, and died respected and honored as a great man and as a good man.

Altogether unique in Tennessee history is William G. Brownlow, the fighting parson, governor and senator. To one party a hero, almost a martyr, to the other the embodiment of everything repellent. But whatever may be said or thought of him, his ability and force of character and his tremendous influence in the affairs of Tennessee will not be denied.

The life of Andrew Johnson is the highest possible tribute to the beneficence of American institutions. From the most obscure beginning he rose to the highest position in this country—in any country. Not without grave faults, he possessed extraordinary strength and force, and for nearly a quarter of a century wielded an unequalled influence in Tennessee. He was congressman, governor, senator, vice-president, president, always independent, honest, fearless.

The best work ever done in Tennessee history was by Ramsay, the East Tennessee historian.

If we look to the people we shall find them from the beginning largely of Covenanter stock—the true democratic stock. Not always Presbyterian, for in the very earliest years of our history the great Methodist and Baptist denominations began and have grown until they are stronger now than all others. But whatever the faith of the people, the love of education was characteristic of all. I have shown how Doak and Carrick lead the way. The old colleges that were founded in the last century, Washington, Greeneville, Blount, still stand. The last has grown into the University of Tennessee; and of the University of Tennessee, I desire

to repeat here deliberately what I have said elsewhere, that a few years ago it was excelled among Southern institutions only by the University of Virginia, and now I say it is excelled by none. I believe that the University of Tennessee in the quality of its work is superior to any other university or college in the Southern States. In support of this strong declaration I invite the examination of its curriculum, and the investigation of its workings. It has a faculty that would do honor to any institution, and its work is always thorough. The time is near at hand when the fact will be recognized that the diploma of the University of Tennessee means as much as the diploma of that venerable and great institution, the University of Virginia. And all this has been accomplished in full compliance with the requirements of the agricultural college acts, which I dare avow in the face of any assertion to the contrary. May not we hope for the coming of a time, when encouragement, and not unkindness, will be the policy of Tennessee toward this splendid institution which worthily bears her own name?

Opportunities for higher education are now offered in East Tennessee by colleges at Bristol, Greeneville, Mossy Creek, Maryville, Knoxville, Harriman, Athens, Hiwassee, Rogersville, Sweetwater, Cleveland and Chattanooga. These are all well-supported and are contributing, as they ought, to the University of Tennessee, which is now in very truth a university. In every county in East Tennessee there is an efficient school system, and at nearly every place of prominence a training school or academy.

The results of the activity in educational matters are apparent on every hand. The standard of culture is constantly advancing, and the tone of social life steadily improving. Much literary work is being done. The Centennial has for the time set the fashion and most of the work is in Tennessee history. There are at least seven men in the city of Knoxville alone, who have recently published independent original work in State history, and there are others at Greeneville, Jonesboro, Chattanooga and elsewhere. An immense improvement in literary methods is manifest, and the work that is being done is as a rule highly creditable.

If we consider the material development of the State, especially since the war, the record of East Tennessee is one of constant and healthy progress. The natural conditions are exceptionally favorable. A recent writer says of the valley of which East Tennessee forms a part that:—"Taken as a whole no other region in the civilized world of like extent

can compare with it in its foundation for sustaining in health, comfort and prosperity a dense population." The Valley of East Tennessee is two hundred and forty miles long and sixty miles wide. The Tennessee River waters its entire length, receiving many affluents on the way. The valley lands are as rich as any part of the earth. The hills and the mountains that rise on either hand are storehouses of coal, iron, copper and zinc. These treasures have hardly been touched, and yet the mines at Coal Creek, where only a beginning has been made, send immense supplies of coal through all the South and Southwest. The largest marble mill in this country is at Knoxville. The soil of East Tennessee has a foundation of marble and in many places the high ways are actually metallled with marble. The people of the cold Northwest are learning that in East Tennessee supplies of marble, copper, coal, and zinc are unlimited; iron ores lie contiguous to lime beds; water power and timber abound, and the frost never paralyzes industry. In this beautiful and genial valley all conditions of health, comfort and prosperity meet together. The torrid airs of the South never invade it, and the mountains ward off the bitter winds that rise on the prairies. In this lovely valley, high above the sea level, health abides perpetually, and every condition favors the highest intellectual, social and industrial development.

This is our view of East Tennessee, and to all we confidently and cordially extend the invitation to see for themselves. No part of the earth has been more favored by nature. And the people are doing their part with energy, wisdom and success. Erelong the childish prejudices of section against section that have at times existed in Tennessee will not be respectable in East Tennessee. What city has done more to aid this splendid enterprise than Knoxville? We have had at home a corps of earnest workers for the Centennial from the very first. The city secured the right to levy a special tax to erect this building. In the opening days of the Centennial the newspapers teemed with accounts of speeches and addresses by Knoxville women, who have shown a beautiful and abiding faith and enthusiasm. They are here today adorning the occasion, and I believe for the first time allowing us of the other sex to occupy the platform. They excel us in every good and admirable quality, and we are content to yield them the first place in everything.

In East Tennessee, recognizing the truth that this is one great State, and not three little States, we would gladly obliterate, if possible, all

divisional lines. What is to be gained by perpetual criticism? Does any division of the State believe that censures of another will advance the interests of any? The war divided us; but the war ended thirty years ago. Shall we forever feed on recollections of it, and forever cherish the bitterness of it? The people of Middle Tennessee and of West Tennessee are of the same origin and the same race as the people of East Tennessee. Difference of environment and of occupation have begotten differences of opinion. In the great war between the States, Middle and West Tennessee went with the South, while East Tennessee gave twenty-eight thousand men to the Federal armies. Since the war the feeling thus engendered has been kept alive by rash people and mutual intolerance.

Last week patriotic utterances of the President of the United States, declaring the perfect restoration of the Union, were applauded to the echo on these grounds. Cannot we now declare Tennessee re-united? The fault has not all been on one side. Bitterness and intolerance have existed here as much as beyond the mountains. Indeed I do not hesitate to say that it is my observation that harsh and censorious speech is much more common west of the mountains than it is in East Tennessee. The time has come when all this should cease. Looking back over the history of Tennessee it will be seen that in the twenty-five years beginning with the adoption of our second Constitution, the State enjoyed a prosperity and also a prominence in the affairs of the nation equalled by only one other State. This was our golden age. In it Jackson and Polk held the presidency, Bell and Polk were speakers of the House of Representatives, Hugh L. White, Grundy, Bell, Foster, Eatqn, Nicholson and Andrew Jackson were in the Senate. Aaron V. Brown, Grundy and Cave Johnson held cabinet offices, and White and Nicholson declined them; John Catron was on the Supreme Bench of the United States; Peyton, Jones, Maynard, Etheridge, Harris, Hatton, Campbell, and Haskell were in Congress, and Green, Reese, Turley and McKinney were on the Supreme Bench. Population was increasing phenomenally; commercial and industrial interests were steadily advancing, and in agricultural and live stock productions the State was among the foremost. Everything prospered. Every interest material and moral was advancing. It was a time to which we may look with just pride and to find inspiration to earnest, unselfish and harmonious effort for the re-establishment of the prosperity and the greatness of Tennessee. The achievements of that splendid

time are the heritage of all Tennesseans. When we shall have again the spirit of that time we shall equal and surpass its achievements. If we cannot erase divisional lines from our Constitution, we can erase them from our hearts, and let us hope that this Centennial Exposition will be one of the means of accomplishing that great and beneficent result. For Tennessee united, all things good are possible.

THE SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE

Oh, a roaring blue devil am I,
Well tanked with gasoline;
No other Auto in all the town
Is in my class, I ween.

My regular gait along Gay Street
Is just a mile a minute;
And when I do one half my best
No other Auto 's in it.

Wherever I go, in town or out,
I do just what I like;
But if you wish to see a show
Just watch me hit the pike.

At Chamberlain's I take a start
And toot my raucous toot,
And then with ninety horse power on
I surely shoot the chute.

Two seconds later, Maynard's house
I fill with swirling dust,
And powder all of Maynard's yard,
To Maynard's deep disgust.

On Templeton's colonial porch
Sits Templeton at ease—
I laugh and smother him in dust
To hear him cough and sneeze.

Then next I come to Oliver
And throw dust in his eyes—
A deed which done by any one
Is cause for great surprise.

Nor Coxe's stately greenery
Can stay the whelming tide
Of dirt and dust and cobble stones
I spread in surges wide.

Then fair Modena's lofty halls,
High seated on the hill,
With yellow sweepings of the pike
Most joyously I fill.

On Mellen's hill I grip the stones
And wrest them from the ground,
And so macadamize the fields
For many acres round.

And, thus, two minutes out of town,
Or at the most, in three,
I've dusted all that dwell between
The town and Cherokee.

Ten country wagons I have met
And caused ten run-aways;
But country wagons are no good
In these progressive days.

All quadrupeds I sure despise,
And therefore I delight
To throw a stupid quadruped
Into a frantic fright.

To see a buggy in the ditch
And hear the driver swear
Is undiluted joy to me,
And one that is not rare.

Who hears my honk resounding far
That instant clears the way,
For I'm the owner of the pike
In this progressive day.

Some fogies, lingering past their time,
Will say I leave a smell;
But all these foolish fogies say
I proudly scorn to tell.

It is not true that I'm too fast,
'Tis most absurd, you know,
Because the fault's the other way—
The others are too slow.

And so I go my joyous way
Along the crowded street,
A terror to all living things
That I may chance to meet.

The rustics see me on the pike
With wonder and amaze,
And often utter shocking oaths
While helplessly they gaze.

The law sends out its myrmidons
To check my roaring speed,
But I'm a law unto myself
And give no other heed.

For a roaring blue devil am I
Well tanked with gasoline,
And the biggest thing that this old town
Has smelled, or heard, or seen.

LAST DAYS OF ANDREW JACKSON.*



OME to bury Cæsar and to praise him. We have reached the closing scenes in the life of the only absolute monarch that ever has reigned in these United States. We have followed him from his cradle in Waxhaw to the wilderness of Tennessee. We have seen him a State Attorney wielding not only the ordinary legal weapons, but also, the now disused ones, knives, pistols and fence rails; a Congressman who made no speeches; twice a Senator and twice resigning the toga; we have seen him in the Creek War mastering mutiny, cramp colic and many other foes visible and invisible; we have seen him at New Orleans bruising the head of the British lion and making himself President; in Florida hanging aborigines and aliens of many nationalities, with equal and impartial disregard of law; in battle with the hosts of federalism and respectable conservatism; in the White House at last, the providence of a mighty multitude of office seekers; in strifes often with the well tried powers of the great bank; in perils of nullification, and victorious over all. At last his reign has ended, his successor, chosen by himself, his own undisputed political offspring, sits in his place, and he is about to seek in rural seclusion, in far off Tennessee, such rest as can come to souls as restless, strenuous and militant as his. He is seventy years of age, and his attenuated frame is racked with many ills, his nerves are shattered, and despondency at times overcomes even his iron will.

He had been born to lead. He had been reared on the frontier. He had learned early to love strife, and had lived in an atmosphere of contention and of violence. Literally, he had fought his way through the world, and he knew nothing but fighting. I do not think that such men ever desire or seek rest. To the last moment they long for action. I have no doubt that Diocletian and Charles V. were hardly less unhappy in their boasted philosophic retirements than Napoleon was in his most unphilosophic seclusion at St. Helena.

Seclusion and the pursuit of philosophy and growing cabbages may be acceptable to contemplative minds, but not to Napoleons and Cæsars and Jacksons. Jackson was in no respect contemplative. He was the incarnation of energy and of combativeness. The excitements of poli-

* This paper was the last of a series read before The Irving Club by divers members thereof on the life, service and character of "Old Hickory."

tics or of the battlefield were essential to his happiness. I do not doubt that he left the White House feeling as Napoleon felt when he left Fontainebleau after his abdication; and I am very sure that the least happy years of his life were those when he was so situated that he could not fight. However, he was in all respects a man far beyond the ordinary, and if he was not happy in retirement he was at least dignified and did not discredit himself.

His circumstances when he retired were hardly opulent. He owned the Hermitage farm, and one hundred and fifty negroes, but the farm was out of repair, and he got home with exactly ninety dollars in money. However, the want of money did not matter very much in Tennessee in good old days, for we can recall the time when men could borrow for the asking and repay in moderate fractions at indefinite remote periods.

His love of fine horses remained as one of the solaces of his secluded life, and in a general way he showed efficiency as a planter. He was too large hearted and large minded to care much for money, but one could hardly fail to thrive on such a plantation as the Hermitage.

Not long after his return a piece of good fortune befell him. His favorite negro servant was charged with murder, and was in great danger of conviction, and this gave Jackson six weeks of keen excitement and the opportunity to contribute fifteen hundred dollars toward the proper maintenance of the honorable profession of the law.

Of course the Hermitage was the seat of an unbounded hospitality; everybody went there, and all were welcome.

Another of the lost arts to which the retired President gave much attention was letter writing. Benevolence had not yet become an exact, persistent and intrusive science, although even then there was a good deal of violent, self determined altruism; but many persons, actuated by many motives, wrote letters to Jackson and very much of his time and strength was given to answering them. Others may have written his state papers, but he wrote his own letters with his own hand and in the old fashioned proper way. The modern type-written business letter is altogether the most atrocious thing that the perverted abilities of mankind have conceived: "Yours 4th to hand. Contents noted. Thanks. Yours truly."

The juggernaut car of business has crushed the propriety, almost the decency out of letter writing, and it is an unspeakable relief to happen upon an old letter with its old time elaborate courtesies and gracious

deferences. Upon the whole I know of nothing in which there is so much ill-breeding, so much utter and abominable commonness as in letter writing.

Old Hickory was an old-fashioned letter writer, as fine in his letter writing manners as in his other manners. No great man would or could write a "contents noted," "thanks" and "yours truly" letter. It is pleasant to think of this old man, who had long filled the world's eye, sitting at his desk and writing with his own hand the finely courteous letters of an elder and better bred generation to all who wrote to him.

And so the days went by at the Hermitage; by day the fields, the hands, the horses, the many visitors, the incessant letters coming and going; by night the old clay pipe with its long reed stem, and the chat beside the cheerful and reminiscent wood fire. The blazing logs kindled the fires of his memory and much history was rehearsed in their cheerful glow. Always the favorite theme, the thing of which he was most proud, was the battle of New Orleans, known then and for many years afterwards as New Orleans. By the Hermitage fireside he dissipated the cotton bale theory and declared that there was not one cotton bale in his line of breastworks.

Many relics were collected at the Hermitage, among them the pistol which he had used in the duel with Dickinson. I know by personal observation that men may believe in dueling as other men believe the gospel, and am not surprised that Jackson could to his last day look from his bed of sickness upon this pistol lying on his mantel and feel no regret. Along with the duelist's conviction of the rectitude of the code, went the chivalrous and affectionate conviction that nothing could have been wrong that had been done for the sake of his dear and lamented wife.

Like Napoleon, Jackson was something of a fatalist, and like Napoleon he had not a little of the dramatic instinct, and he kept carefully the old uniform which he had worn at New Orleans, and which was afterwards placed in the Patent Office at Washington, where I presume it may be seen now.

Of course Jackson could not be silent as to politics. In 1840 as in 1836 he befriended his political son, Van Buren, and of course assailed Harrison. In that same year Mr. Clay came by invitation to Nashville, and spoke to an immense and enthusiastic audience, the Whig party having begun, as the saying was, to "feel its oats" at that time. The oration was strictly

decorous, according to the unexacting standards of the time, but of course much was to be said of Jackson and of Van Buren. The last was a fine subject for the kind of satire in which Clay excelled, and there was also attractive opportunity for comment upon the unfortunately large number of defalcations that had occurred recently among office holders. Clay referred to Edward Livingston as a defaulter. The next day Jackson published a letter in the Nashville Union in which he denounced this charge as false. Having been informed that Clay had said that one of his appointees, Samuel Swartout of New York, had been an associate of Aaron Burr, Jackson retorted in this letter that Clay himself had been friendly with Burr, and had secured the office of Secretary of State by a bargain. He concluded by characterizing Clay as a demagogue, and as being contemptible and as a slanderer of the living and of the dead. All of which shows that a retired President can still find ways of enjoying himself. Clay in return declared the letter "impotent, malevolent, derogatory," etc. In this year Jackson's friend and biographer, John H. Eaton, supported Harrison, because the democrats favored the hard money, single standard, and Eaton, as Jackson's minister to Spain, having seen the operation of a single standard system in that country, opposed its adoption here, which shows that if history never repeats itself it sometimes reverses itself.

The financial troubles of Van Buren's administration caused Jackson no compunctions. He readily saw that the whole trouble had been caused by the abominable Bank, by paper money and by speculation.

In 1842 he became financially involved on account of his adopted son and was compelled to borrow \$10,000 from his friend Francis P. Blair, editor of the Washington Globe.

Blair and Rives wished to lend him the money in such a way that it would really be a gift, but he would accept it only on business terms. About the same time Congress voted to refund the fine of one thousand dollars that he had paid at New Orleans. This, with interest, amounted to twenty-seven hundred dollars, and the bill to repay it passed the Senate by a strict party vote. In the house there seems to have been a little less party bigotry. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, was a hearty supporter of the bill, and it is evident that admiration of Jackson is one of the permanent characteristics of his distinguished family.

And now the shadows began to settle more darkly about Jackson. He could not fail to see the approach of the one enemy to whom all men must yield.

It has been my observation of history that generally great men are essentially religious. I do not mean necessarily orthodox. Napoleon rebuked unbelief and died in the communion of the Catholic Church. Our own Washington and Webster are examples of strong religious belief. Special education warps the mind, but great minds have been usually devout minds.

The unmistakable approach of death had its effect upon Jackson. I am sure, however, that he told the truth when, in 1838 he wrote: "I would long since have made this solemn public dedication to Almighty God, but knowing the wretchedness of this world and how prone men are to evil, that the scoffer of religion would have cried out hypocrisy, he has joined the Church for political effect, I thought it best to postpone this public act until my retirement to the shades of private life, when no false imputation could be made that might be injurious to religion."

As he was not a liar nor a hypocrite these statements can hardly be denied and certainly they are highly honorable. It was two or three years, however, after he retired that he entered the Church. The person who directly influenced him in this matter was Dr. Edgar, a Presbyterian minister of Nashville. Parton gives an extended and not wholly unsympathetic, and it may be, untrue account of the matter. I do not either like or trust Mr. Parton, who knew everything and believed in nothing but himself.

It would seem that there was a protracted meeting in the church on the Hermitage farm. On the last day of the meeting Dr. Edgar preached a sermon which powerfully affected Jackson, who after the meeting requested the minister to go home with him. He was unable to accept the invitation, and so Jackson passed most of the night alone or in company with his adopted daughter in prayer, or in reading upon religious subjects. When morning came his purpose was settled and his mind at ease. Soon after sunrise Dr. Edgar arrived at the Hermitage and after the good old manner examined Jackson as to his state of mind and belief. Everything was satisfactory until the minister asked, "General, can you forgive all your enemies?" This question was a hard one to Jackson, as it is to all men, and much harder than to most men. "My political enemies, said he, I can freely forgive, but as for those who abused me when I was serving my country in the field, and those who attacked me for serving my country—Doctor, that is a different case."

Being assured by the clergyman that this was not true, and that a Christian must forgive all his enemies, Jackson finally declared that he could do even that. And so one morning in the little church of the Hermitage Andrew Jackson, having passed the age of seventy years, was admitted into the communion of the Presbyterian Church. In order to make the required declaration, he stood leaning heavily upon his cane, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. The congregation, which the building could not accommodate, was overcome with emotion, as was the minister.

From this time forward he gave most of his leisure time to the study of the Bible. Parton says that he read prayers in the presence of his family and servants nightly. He was nominated for the office of Elder in the church, but declined because he had so lately become a member.

The last political matter to engage his attention was the annexation of Texas. In 1843, Gilmer, of Virginia, published in a Baltimore newspaper an argument for the annexation of Texas. This letter was sent to Jackson, with a request for his opinion, by Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee. This is alleged to have been part of an intrigue against Van Buren. The plan being to get Jackson's support of annexation, and keeping this secret to entice Van Buren into a contrary declaration, after which Jackson's letter was to be made public to Van Buren's undoing.

Jackson wrote, fully endorsing the plan of annexation, forgetting or not caring that twenty-four years earlier he had declared that Texas was not necessary to the United States. His letter was dated February 12, 1843. For eleven months it was not made public. In the meantime Van Buren, the wily, had declared himself in favor of annexation if it could be accomplished peaceably, but as opposed to it as an immediate measure, and without regard to the rights of Mexico. In March, 1844, the letter appeared with the date changed from 1843 to 1844. Jackson being still devoted to his political child, wrote a second letter, re-affirming the position taken in the first, but eulogizing Van Buren in the highest terms. Nevertheless Van Buren did not get the coveted nomination, which went to James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

Jackson supported Polk and Dallas with characteristic vigor, reviving the old charges of bargain and intrigue against Clay. Parton says that the "controlling cause of Henry Clay's unexpected defeat in 1844 was the opposition of Andrew Jackson." I do not believe this, while I do not doubt that there is a large element of truth in the assertion. It is reasonably certain that the expansion issue was as important then

as in 1900, and was more a favorite. In honor of Polk's election, Jackson entertained two hundred persons at an open air dinner at the Hermitage.

Early in 1845 it became evident that the end was at hand. For thirty years Jackson had never been well. The marvelous natural vigor of his constitution had been impaired in every conceivable manner. From his bloody encounter with the Bentons, he had gone, with unhealed wounds, to endure the hardships and privations of the Creek War, having before that been shot by Dickinson. From the time of the Dickinson duel he had frequent hemorrhages. After 1815 he was a confirmed dyspeptic. To stop these hemorrhages he resorted to bleeding, and for various purposes used strong medicines profusely. He was excessively addicted to coffee, and both smoked and chewed tobacco. He was now afflicted with an incessant cough; one lung was gone and the other was impaired, and in addition to all this he was tormented and disfigured with dropsy.

In the midst of the sufferings caused by all these ills he displayed an invincible fortitude and strangely enough a gentle and unfailing patience. Agony could wring no complaint from him. The most irascible of men had become the most patient. He had been always honest and brave. I believe that he was sincere in saying that he had been religiously disposed for a long time. It is certain that he had that religiousness which belongs to high and sincere and strong minds. I do not doubt that he was afraid of death. All men are afraid of it except very young agnostic philosophers. But whatever may have been the cause Jackson was in his last days a model of patience, having been always a model of fortitude.

On the 24th of May, 1845, he took the communion in presence of his family, and said that he was ready to die. He died June 8, 1845, at six o'clock in the afternoon. His last words were: "Be good children and we will all meet in heaven." He was buried at the Hermitage beside his wife, of whom he said not long before his death: "Heaven will be no heaven if I do not meet my wife there." I have not space to tell of the public meetings that were held in his honor, of the many eulogies that were pronounced and of the dissents that proved how long revenge can live in some minds. In the main it was true that, instantly, upon his death the country realized that it had lost one of its greatest and best men; but it may be remarked that after theological controversy, political

party spirit can beget deeper and more enduring and more unreasoning animosity than any other cause can produce.

In conclusion I say of Jackson that few men have had more faults and fewer still, more virtues. He was profane, he was fond of cock fighting and of horse racing; he was violent, a duelist and a brawler, and in some of his quarrels was grossly in the wrong; he was obstinate to an intolerable degree, and when in anger, was prone to that worst form of littleness, vindictiveness and revenge; he was wholly intolerant of opposition, and while an ardent and sincere lover of liberty, had very little of that regard for the opinions of others, which is essential to good citizenship in a free country.

On the other hand he was honest, and was sincere in his friendship and frank in speech; he was brave to rashness; he was as sincere a patriot as ever lived, and there was no sacrifice which he would not have made for his country, indeed there was hardly any that he did not make; he had moral courage, or mental courage, I think more than the cheap animal courage which the vulgar insist upon classing as a cardinal virtue. He was a chaste man in word and in conduct, of a fine and dignified courtesy, fond of children, and had when free from anger a kind and tender heart.

His services to the country were various and great. In crushing the Creek Indians he deprived England of allies who might otherwise have demanded the attention of the army which he carried to New Orleans. At New Orleans he redeemed the honor of American arms and made priceless contribution to the glory of his country. As President he was faithful, fearless and honest.

The enemy of secession, who does not acknowledge the indebtedness of his party and cause to Jackson, is either blinded by prejudice, or is ignorant or insincere. In 1833 Jackson was ready to do more than Buchanan did in 1860, and as much as Lincoln did in 1861. Not all Webster's speeches, not all other influences together did so much to develop and confirm sentiment against the State's rights doctrines as Jackson's course toward nullification; this was the little secession that preceded the great one, and whose suppression taught how the greater might in turn be suppressed.

At all times, and under all circumstances Jackson loved his country and served it faithfully, honestly and bravely. With his patriotism, he mingled solicitude. He had been born the subject of a King. He knew the history of the past, and how literally true it is that "eternal

vigilance is the price of liberty." He had none of that easy confidence that nothing could hurt us, which is so characteristic of our own time. In his day there was none of that overwhelming conceit of ourselves, which we conplacently describe as faith in the destiny of the Republic. One may conjecture what he would think and say if he could revisit his country and see the colossal proportions of our national vanity. It is safe to say that it has had no parallel in the history of vanities. The strut of our Americanism is superlative. France never has approached our present condition of national vanity. The triumph awarded Scipio when he returned with his victorious legions from the conquest of his country's most formidable enemy and the overthrow of the greatest soldier of antiquity had not half the splendor and glorifications of Dewey's triumph for sinking the worst equipped fleet that ever fought a pitched battle.

One of the things that impress us in reading of the earlier days of the Republic is the solicitude and apprehension for the fate of our country, constantly expressed. This is notably true of Jackson. He knew, and many others have been wise enough to know, that liberty must be guarded jealously and that neither culture, nor wealth, nor conceit will preserve it.

He was essentially American and democratic. Until he became President the government had been in the hands of an element that represented the culture and the opinions of colonial times. It was respectable, educated and as a rule ~~ultra~~-conservative. This was not altogether true of Jefferson, but generally speaking the statement is correct. About the time that Jackson was first a candidate for the presidency, this older generation was losing its hold upon the country. Power was passing to the new and growing, the crude, American and democratic West. John Quincy Adams was the last representative of the old regime. This excellent and cultured gentleman, collegian, precisian, puritan, prude, was succeeded by a Tennessee backwoodsman who had no ancestry, no pride of class, no conservatism, ^{disinterested} almost no culture, who swore roundly and often, smoked a cob pipe, chewed tobacco and was in fact the thorough-going democrat, the genuine commoner that Mr. Jefferson honestly tried to be. Jackson was the first President who was wholly American in ideas. He carried the West to Washington. He made Tennessee for twenty years of equal political importance with New York, Pennsylvania, ^(or) Massachusetts. He inspired, guided, aided many Tennes-

patrician
slave-owning
speculator

seans to high places and to honors, sending them abroad as representatives of the Republic, placing them upon the Supreme Bench and in the Cabinet. His lieutenants in Tennessee were among the most skillful politicians and the most accomplished statesmen of the time. Among them were Lewis, Overton, Catron, Aaron V. Brown, John H. Eaton, Hugh L. White until 1835, and James K. Polk. In all probability Tennessee will never again enjoy the political influence and importance that she possessed in the golden days of General Jackson.

What was the secret of Jackson's success? One will say it was will-power, another that it was a chance prominence at a time when the influences for which he stood were ascendant, still another that it was the victory of New Orleans, and so on. I can only say that he was a great man. I cannot define the quality of greatness, but we know that it exists, that there are great men. We may dispute Jackson's greatness, and logically we might even disprove it, but the fact remains. Never in any company of men was he second. He was always first. He had not the intellect of Calhoun or Webster, nor the eloquence of Clay or the learning of Adams. Even in courage and power of will there were other public men who were his equals, but for at least two decades he was the foremost man in America. If we cannot say in what greatness consists, we know that there is such a thing, and that Jackson was one of the men to whom Providence has seen fit to grant it in high degree.

straight
out + h
WARD's
symbol for the Age

UNCHASTITY IN FICTION.*



FOREIGNERS protest that English fiction is too sanguinary; that it is continually red with blood of men or beasts. The objection is strenuously urged by French critics.

In France the passion of love furnishes the novelist his material. Englishmen as well as Frenchmen love, and write of love. In the English love story, the hero wins the heroine virtuously, by deeds which prove his worth and commend him alike to his mistress and to the reader. The French love story is more than likely to be one of intrigue and amour. The illegitimate gratification of the passion plays a subordinate, indeed an insignificant, part in the imaginative writing of the Anglo-Saxon. That race has constantly exalted personal purity, and has rigidly guarded the institution of marriage. Many sins may be laid at the doors of the English nobility of our own and of other times; but it remains true that the people, the intelligent masses, who after all are the substance of the nation and the controlling power in it, have always maintained the highest standard of morals, and have, both in action and in thought, accomplished the best results of modern times. This applies to the Anglo-Saxon in all countries, England, America, Australia. His personal purity is manifest in his literature no less than in his life.

Nowhere has illicit love been so freely used as a seasoning for fiction as in France. I have elsewhere asserted that the "erotic" fiction of America is, in great part, the direct product of French romance, a statement which cannot be successfully denied. But while the wicked French novel has furnished the model for the construction of its American counterfeit, the phenomenon of the existence and popularity of a great and increasing number of erotic, that is to say, immoral and indecent tales, in a country which was settled mainly by Anglo-Saxons, and in which they are still dominant, must be further explained; and the explanation lies largely in the fact that immigration, especially in the great cities, has produced a hybrid population and lower standards of taste and morals. Thus the toleration of these books does not indicate so much a revolution of sentiment among the Anglo-Saxon people of America as a change in the constitution of our population in certain localities.

But whatever the explanation may be, we have the books. The cheap

* Published in Fetter's Southern Magazine, August, 1893.

market is flooded with them, and their authors' pockets are presumably distended with profits. It has been the popular belief that these books have been written solely because they find a ready market. Unquestionably they supply a demand. The writers have been considered as defying the better public opinion and pandering to depraved appetites, for the sole purpose of personal profit. Of nearly all, if not of all, this judgment is probably correct. But they have been writing and selling at a rate which has filled with envy and despair the soul of many a better but impecunious writer of the old conservative fashion. I have neither space nor inclination to discuss the relative merits of Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilizations. I content myself with repeating that the opinions in regard to illicit love, and the place it should be allowed in literature, and the method of its treatment, of which the novelists of adultery complain, are so many manifestations of the character of the Anglo-Saxon race. The characteristic thus manifested cannot, in my judgment, be eradicated, nor be disregarded with impunity, and certainly this is devoutly to be wished. The romancers of illicit love may have the support of the numerically strong, but morally and intellectually inferior elements of our population, composed mainly of foreigners, but never of the better and controlling class of Anglo-Saxon Americans, nor of the strong and morally sound Celtic element. The writers who are endeavoring to establish as the staples of American fiction these various examples of forbidden love defend themselves, when assailed, by crying "candor!" "art!" They advise us of the fact that this is an "era of shams" and that they are the Anti-shams. We are told that the French surpass us in art, and being a plain, practical people, we submit to the dictum, and tolerate the indecency of Belot and De Maupassant because we do not wish to appear ignorant of art.

Let us inquire which is superior—French or English fiction—leaving out considerations of morality for the present, and looking only to literary results. Admitting that the question cannot be answered to the satisfaction of all tastes and opinions, I venture the assertion that no one but a Frenchman or a Franco-American fictionist would claim that the advantage rests with the French.

In England and in America we confidently assert the superiority of English fiction. If to borrow a phrase from trade, we take the total output of English fiction, where shall we find it surpassed? If we descend to particular authors and books, have not the English

been as successful and as influential as the French? Was Balzac greater than Dickens or Thackeray, Dumas than Scott, George Sand than George Eliot? Is there a single novel in the French language that has greater literary merit than the first twenty of Scott's, or a half dozen of Thackeray's or George Eliot's or Bulwer's, or than the "Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun?"

If French fiction is not superior, it is certainly a discreditable fact, provided we admit that the "love that goes astray" affords the best opportunities; for there is no disputing that it has made use of this love with unlimited freedom, while English fiction has been persistently restricted. The radical difference between the French and the English novel in this respect is explicitly recognized and is dwelt upon by Taine.

Does not the logic of results demonstrate that the erotic writers overrate the importance of illicit love in the "economy" of the novel? The English and the French schools accurately and fully represent two opposing systems. Has not the English produced better results? Is there a man or woman outside of France who would say that the world could better spare the English than the French novel? Can French literature furnish a novel as artistically constructed, against which the critics of any nationality can find so little to say, as against *Esmond*? Has not Mrs. Stowe surpassed even Victor Hugo in writing a novel of purpose? Will it be denied that there are more great novels, whether considered merely as works of literary art or with reference to utility, in the English than in any other language?

If the French surpass us in art, then art must be synonymous with immorality. If we consider novels as affecting society practically, to what conclusion shall we come as to the comparative merits of French and English fiction?

Statistics show that family life is much more irregular in France than in England. It is an undisputed fact that personal purity in both sexes is less esteemed and less practiced in France than in England. The percentage of illegitimate births in France steadily averages from seven to eight. In England it ranges from four to five. In England the average of education is higher than in France. The English are the most enlightened, the most progressive, the most influential and most respected people of Europe. England has the best and the best conducted government in Europe. In so far, then, as opinions, manners and institutions are affected by imaginative literature, the decision based upon the best available evidence must be against the French.

But it is the people who make the novel. The Anglo-Saxon civilization is the best and the purest. The English novel represents it truly as the French novel represents truly a high, but nevertheless comparatively inferior, and in some respects vicious, civility. The English people being no less intelligent than the French, and being in advance of them both in morals and in education, it is a logical result as well as a fact that their intellectual production is superior.

It is not a fact, as has been asserted, that the English and the American public have denied to novelists the right to treat the subject of illicit love. The requirement has simply been that they should handle it without indecency in language or thought, without extenuation or approval, and without effort to make vice attractive. They have, in effect, wisely extended to fiction the rules which govern them in actual life. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that the habits and modes of thought of the English race have made any other method of treatment impossible. And to this requirement all reputable, certainly all great, English novelists have strictly conformed.

Taine, a Frenchman, holding the French view of the subject, states the case almost fairly: "If you venture on a seduction, as in 'Copperfield,' you will not relate the progress, ardor, intoxication of the amour; you will only depict its miseries, despair and remorse."

As we wish to be a chaste and virtuous people, we do not approve of the intoxication of amours; we do not discuss amours in our families; and we do not believe that M. Zola nor M. Belot nor any American imitator should be permitted to enlarge on the ardors of adulterous association, in the intimate intercourse between author and reader. As these are the subjects which certain American writers believe to afford their talents and necessities the best opportunities, they naturally dissent from this opinion, but they will with difficulty find any but selfish reasons to support their contention.

There is no warrant in logic for referring, as American eroticists frequently refer, to Dickens or Scott for precedents to justify the novel of adultery. Would the "erotic" novelist, who recently presented to the public in a magazine article the most nauseous passages from one of his morally abominable and artistically absurd books for the ostensible purpose of demonstrating their high morality, and who modestly mentioned himself in connection with Dickens and Scott have us believe that, if he had written another "Copperfield" or "Heart of Midlothian," he would ever

have been called upon to defend it in the press, much less in the criminal court? When did the Government forbid the passage of the "Scarlet Letter" through the mails? Does any advocate of the new method believe that if he had written the "Scarlet Letter" in this "era of shams" he would have incurred any odium or inconvenience? Was criminal process ever served on Dickens or Hawthorne on account of indecent publications?

The new "school" has been condemned because it has declined to follow the excellent and illustrious example of these books, and has bowed down to the false gods of French fiction. Whoever shall write another "Copperfield" or "Heart of Midlothian" or "Scarlet Letter" will have no cause to complain of the English and the American public. It is asserted that "the love that goes astray" is the basis of all the greatest novels, such as "Copperfield" and "Les Miserables." This is wholly absurd and necessarily insincere. The new erotic school will learn that the sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon race will not yield to their theories. That race holds itself aloof from uncleanness in literature as well as in life. It is not blind to the existence of immorality and crime. It recognizes the prevalence of unchastity, but it does not frequent dance halls, variety theaters and worse haunts of vice, nor introduce wives, sons and daughters to such places, in order to inculcate chastity. Neither does it approve of familiarizing them with the life and method of these places through the instrumentality of books. It has constantly, strenuously, endeavored to put down these things in society and to exclude gross and unnecessary representation of them from literature. Whatever may be said against this practice and opinion is fully answered by the facts of history. The Anglo-Saxon race, by its physical, intellectual and moral superiority and ascendancy, answers every objection.

There is no department of literature in which the English-speaking race has not excelled every other people of modern times. The French novelists have been as industrious and as prolific as the English. The sprightly genius of the French nation seems particularly adapted to the lighter forms of imaginative writing. We need go no further than our American news stands to be convinced of the tremendous activity of the French imagination. There is, however, a most tiresome sameness of theme. George Saintsbury refers to his study of French fiction as "a long course of reading about plain and fancy adultery." The people write the books. The character of the people is in the books.

When we approve and adopt contemporary Parisian morals, we shall

write and read French novels. The fact that some classes of our population are in a measure tolerant of Zola and Belot and their kind proves that we are becoming tainted with the immorality of which these writers are products and exemplars. So long and so much as we remain Anglo-Saxon Americans, we shall abhor the French method—and the American imitation of it. And no one will deny that the American erotic novel is infinitely more repulsive than its Gallic original. The American champions of adultery in fiction have the proverbial enthusiasm of beginners; but even if it were admitted that their present popularity is likely to endure, it could not be denied that long and careful training is necessary to enable them even to approach the facility and the comparative decency of the French writers in handling the subject.

The French writers and critics and their American imitators make a fetich of art, and apparently construe art to consist solely in the depiction of the sexual passion. It cannot be denied that the passion of love affords the writer most seductive opportunities for producing effects. But if there be anything of which we do not need to be informed it is this. Our passions are like caged wild beasts constantly straining at the bars. The contemplation of the subject inflames the imagination. Nature has ordained that the race be perpetuated, and as Emerson says, has accomplished the purpose by a tremendous overloading of passion.

The French novelists, Balzac, Zola, Belot, may have no purpose to excite passion or to make vice attractive. But is it not true that in almost every instance that result follows? The novelist defends himself by pleading art. He declares that art is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. This is all well enough in the abstract, but art is addressed to mankind, which is moral or immoral, which is pregnant with fierce passion. It is not enough to say that men and women ought not to be affected except æsthetically by works of literary art. The fact remains that they are powerfully affected. The artistic and æsthetic elect are full of contempt for the low and vulgar who cannot look without blushing or evil thought upon the splendid achievements of art in nude paintings and sculptures. It is indisputable, however, that the very paintings and sculptures which are the most prized treasures and ornaments of the picture galleries and museums, are copied and placed in bar-rooms and dance-halls to attract and gratify the low minds and imaginations of their frequenters.

The novel goes everywhere. Its readers are of all classes, but a great

majority of them are of the very classes that are most likely to be influenced by the evil that is found in books. Boys and girls, and persons of inferior education and taste, make this majority. To address to them such novels as are flooding the cheap press and illuminating every news stand with their gaudy covers is a palpable outrage against propriety and decency, and a menace to the morality and well-being of the country. Between writer and reader intercourse is silent, long and intimate. Outside the elect circle of artistic writers and critics is the remainder of mankind, a considerable majority, which is incapable of reaching the point of purely artistic, passionless contemplation. The considerations here suggested may be treated lightly by the writers and critics, but the statements are true, and the condition is one which we may not with impunity disregard.

It is said, upon the other hand, that the people can be educated out of this low, vulgar, sensual habit of mind. "Let us elevate men," say the writers, "by accustoming them to the contemplation of the subject. By this method we propose to minimize concupiscence." This is a result greatly to be desired, but it is worth while to inquire whether or not there is any evidence upon which we may reach a judgment as to the practicability of this method of reform. The ancient Babylonians, according to Herodotus, adopted the most efficient method of familiarizing themselves with this subject, but the result was not moral elevation. Travelers in Italy may recall the carefully guarded museum in Naples, wherein are preserved abundant proofs of the fact that the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum had thoroughly accustomed themselves to the consideration of the subjects, and that, too, through the instrumentality of art. And yet it will hardly be claimed that, measured even by standards of their own time, the people of those unfortunate cities were conspicuous for superior morality or chastity, or that they in any good respect surpassed their compatriots or any of their contemporaries.

Of all the people of ancient times, the Jews were the most chaste. Contrast the "Whore of Babylon" with the people of Judea under the Mosaic law. The Jews were not a perfect people. They committed many crimes, were guilty of manifold follies, but they were in the matter under consideration comparatively, at least, a pure people. And whatever opinion may be held as to the divine origin of their Scripture, no one will deny that, scientifically or philosophically considered, the laws which regulated their conduct were the wisest and most beneficent of which

ancient history contains any account. Chastity and a high and persistent regard for the marriage relation have been characteristic of the Jews throughout their history; and the result is manifest in a racial vitality and persistence which has no parallel. The Babylonians required their women to prostitute themselves, the Greeks and Phoenicians had their phallic worship and their temples of Venus with their worship of that amorous deity, as did the Romans. The Jews had none of these.

Privacy in all sexual matters, chastity, the rigorous repression of sexual passion were prescribed under strong penalties by the Mosaic law. "The Songs of Solomon" and other parts of the Old Testament may be cited to the contrary, but a comparison of Hebrew literature and life with the literature and life of any other people of ancient times will demonstrate their immeasurable superiority.

In modern times the French people have, above all others, pursued the familiarizing policy. If we go no further back than to Balzac, it is still true that there has been abundant time for testing the merits of the method. Balzac, the high priest of realism in fiction, most powerfully of all men promulgated the dogma of the infallibility of art. He decreed the divorce of literature from morality, and fixed the character of the modern French novel. Born in a transitional and unsettled period, reared in a vicious society, he assumed the task of writing its history. His "Human Comedy" he and his followers declare to be a transcript of French life in his time. After him we name Flaubert, and then a multitude of contemporary historians of seduction and adultery, whose highly illuminated volumes now burden our American news stands and "news butchers."

France has had a deluge of sexual realism. Has it purged the people of uncleanness? The newspapers publish that ten per cent of the family life of Paris is irregular. Marriage has become so unpopular in France that heavy penalties are contemplated for the purpose of increasing population and lessening immorality and illegitimacy. The corruption of Paris, the heart of France, is a proverb in the civilized world. No doubt the French novel of passion is artistic, and may be entitled to high praise on that account; but it is popular in France not alone because it is artistic, but because of the subject which it so artistically treats. Sexual passion is not the only subject that is susceptible of artistic treatment. The French novel has not purified society, but has responded to its vicious requirements. The effect of artistic portrayals of

seduction, passion and fornication is not to purify, but wholly the contrary. The secret of its prevalence and popularity is the demand of the French people, not for art, but for the subject; and so far as history and statistics are proof, it is indisputable that the practical results of the method are vicious. And I say again that there is no reason for declaring that the unlimited "candor" permitted the French novelists has produced any appreciable literary advancement.

It seems appropriate to say that the novelists are contending for a theory while the people recognize a condition. There must be a limit somewhere beyond which art cannot go. There are subjects with which it cannot deal. There are deeds so revolting, subjects so repulsive, that even art cannot handle them. The natural offices of the human body are necessary, but they are hardly fit subjects for the painter or sculptor or novelist. The world is full of indecencies which no artist would dare portray.

"Candor" has limits, and in art and literature it may be injurious and degrading. Many men, if they lived candid lives, would keep seraglios; would rob, steal, disregard all rules of ethics and morality. I am unable to see why society should not restrain imaginary men and women within the same bounds that it sets to real men and women. If we wish to demonstrate the evil effects of vice and sin, do not men and women of flesh and blood afford stronger lessons than men and women of fancy? If our sons and daughters must study crime let us take them ourselves to beer halls and bagnios, rather than allow them to visit these places in the company of Messrs. Zola, Belot, and their imitators. If novels be written as Charles Reade, and sometimes Dickens, wrote them, with a set purpose to right some wrong, fiction writing becomes a useful art and, therefore, justly liable to criticism based upon practical considerations. And there are very few of the sexual school who do not claim to be writers of practical purpose. Their avowed aim is to benefit mankind, to reform society. The plea will not avail them.

It would be a bootless task to dispute as to the functions and scope of art. It is very well for Goethe and his repeaters to say that we must consider and estimate art as art; that we must forget our passions, disembody ourselves. To do this is impossible. To expect it, or even to ask it, of the great mass of men and women is absurd. The realist in fiction writes realistic books, but he has or pretends to have the most unreal estimate of men and women. He totally disregards realism in

effect. He writes of everything low and degraded in human nature, and demands that the poor creatures whom he so realistically hows to be slaves of passion, shall treat his book of passion as a work of pure art. Creatures of passion, they must read his book of passion without passion. He is a very unreal realist who does not know human nature better. Writing freely of sexual relations, of intrigue, amour, seduction, is called "candor." Let us be candid all around. Books dealing with this subject sell, because the subject is much in the minds of men and women. The novelist knows that, among men especially, such books are eagerly sought after and read. If he will show as much candor about his books as in them he will admit that he knows that the purpose with which most men read them is prurient.

It is also submitted with proper diffidence that the novel writers overestimate the importance of their calling. The novel as it now exists is a purely modern invention. Mankind has demonstrated its ability to exist for even a long period without the novel. Just now the civilized world is much given to reading fiction, but that does not prove it to be a necessity. There is a craze for writing as well as reading it. The printing presses of all languages are discharging day by day floods of fiction. A little is good, more of it indifferent, most of it worthless. Some writers have produced their fifty books of three volumes. Is it any wonder that these clamor for "candor"? Naturally a strong seasoning is required to make one's fifty-first book palatable to an overfed public. The overproduction is appalling, and the quality as a rule is anything but admirable. The old masters are dead, and their successors in the craft do not seem to be new masters. Hence another reason for demanding the right to employ "candor."

Suppose that, by some inconceivable and tremendous dispensation the production of fiction should be summarily suspended, would mankind suffer materially? Undoubtedly many flourishing publishing houses would be reduced to extremities, and a multitude of authors thrown out of employment; but would the world's material, intellectual or moral progress be seriously retarded? There are eminent men and women, even in this day of superabundant fiction, who have never read a novel. The novel is a luxury, not a necessity. The success of novel writers is not a matter of serious concern, except to themselves. They seem, however, to regard their work as of primary importance, and to assume that it is their business to regulate the affairs of the universe.

And yet how many of the novels that have been printed in the last ten years will be read twenty-five years hence? No doubt they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The prevalence of novel reading is not a reason for relaxing the rules which a wise, conservative public opinion has prescribed, but, upon the contrary, is a reason for the rigid enforcement of those rules. No doubt there are novelists who demand "candor" solely for art's sake; but the world, knowing that even novelists are not devoid of human nature, will persist in believing that the writers are looking beyond "candor" to profits. This opinion derives strength from the fact that the loudest and most persistent advocates of "candor" are mainly in the rear ranks.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



AM glad of the opportunity to proclaim the greatness of a man of our own race who wrote in our own language and had, in the main, our own ideas of life, of conduct and of religion.

Never was there a more striking illustration of the attraction of novelty for the human mind than is afforded by the tendencies of thought and of literature in the English speaking countries, and especially in America, in the last fifty years. Our writers, our philosophers and even our language have been, in a measure, discredited. Germany has been educating our young men, and they come back to us strongly inclined to believe that Shakespeare was not quite so great a man as Goethe, that Cambridge and Oxford are provincial schools, that a broad scholarship is discreditable, and a narrow pedantic specialism the only thing worth having.

Even our language, the best the world has ever known, is unsatisfactory to the new scholarship. One of the finest and dearest things in the language to me is the good old flat a. We are conceding everything, however, to the continental languages and are gradually suppressing this fine honest old English a. Shakespeare lived at Stratford on Avon according to some, and on Avoon according to others. I clapped my hands with delight the other day when I heard a man, born on that historic stream, call it *A-von*. We are taking our scepticism from the continent in innocent unconsciousness that the continent got it from Hobbes and Bolingbroke and their contemporaries and disciples. We get our science from Germany and France along with our philosophy with perfect indifference to the fact that Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are men, neither one of whom has had his equal in his own department in any other race of men since the days of Plato and Aristotle. In his own branch of science Newton has never been equalled. Bacon made modern science. Darwin has influenced the thought of the last seventy-five years more than all other men combined; and Herbert Spencer, in comprehensiveness of intellect and power of analysis is superior to any five men, living in France or Germany today, combined. The English speaking race has the finest and best literature in the world, the highest morality, and the most advanced and excellent political institutions; and yet we are educating our young men

elsewhere. We who are here, or some of us, have lived at the same time with Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley; and Spencer still lives, but we go to Germany and France to be taught science and philosophy. We have been contemporaries of Freeman, Green, Grote, Motley, Lecky, Bancroft; yet we are sure that Germany alone can produce historians. We have been contemporaries of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Nathaniel Hawthorne; but we proclaim Balzac and Flaubert and Tolstoi the great novelists. In our own time we have had Tennyson, Swinburne, the Brownings, Longfellow, and a little earlier, Wordsworth and Coleridge; but we are profoundly dissatisfied with English poetry, and have such a violent attack of Balzac that we are about, or some of us are about, to proclaim a revolt against Shakespeare, to snatch from his weakening grasp the sceptre of literary kingship in order to bestow it upon the author of the "Droll Stories."

I am conscious that in some respects I exaggerate somewhat, but this last is true. The frenzied disciples of the French novelists are determined that if they cannot unseat Shakespeare, they will at least establish a duumvirate and seat Balzac, a sort of Mahdi in literature, alongside the author of Hamlet and Macbeth. This I take leave to regard as the finest piece of humor in the history of literature or of mankind. It is proper to say that no one can dispute the propriety and the certain benefits of studying the institutions and acquiring the learning of other nations. It is well enough to send our young men to Germany and to France, but it is unfortunate to have them become Germans or Frenchmen. We would have them Americans with the learning of Germany and of France, broad and liberal in scholarship, catholic in sentiment, but not Germans or Frenchmen living in America. The germanizing and gallicising are perhaps natural and unavoidable results, which after all may be endured with serenity as only temporary. I have known young men who, having read Emerson, were wholly Emersonian in thought and style of speech for a long time. Every young reader of English poetry has an attack of Byronism at about the age of sixteen, but eventually most of them recover.

Thomas Carlyle was a man more or less learned in the wisdom of many peoples, especially of the Germans, but he lived and died, and spoke and wrote as a Scotchman, that is to say as an Englishman from the north of the island. I have heard him called many things, but nothing that exactly meets my conception of him. He is called a seer, a preacher,

a poet, a scold, a fanatic, the arch-enemy of sham, the apostle of the genuine. To me he is the Covenanter in literature, a characterization which may legitimately include many of the epithets just mentioned. The most conspicuous trait of his character was a strenuous earnestness. He preached in books as that other Scotchman, John Knox, the ancestor of his wife Jane Welch Carlyle, preached from the pulpit. He was as earnest, and sometimes almost as eloquent as Isaiah, sometimes as despondent as Jeremiah, sometimes as awful in prophecy and judgment as Elijah. In a certain true sense he belonged to the same intellectual and moral order with the prophets of Israel. He loved the literature of Germany, ancient and modern, but he remained a Covenanter. He had a great deal to say of the Nibelungenlied kind, and read and translated Goethe, and would dispute the thought of the Germans; but he remained an unordained and it may be an unorthodox preacher of the covenant. I do not refer to his theological opinions, but to his style of thought and of speech and his moral quality. Probably no Englishman ever read or admired Goethe more, but he was not an intellectual chameleon to take his color from whatever he touched.

I do not attempt a history of his life, but only a superficial general description of him as a writer and as a thinker. I have referred to his strenuous earnestness. Along with this went a sincere love of the truth, and of goodness. He hated and incessantly denounced sham, pretense, falsehood. This was the quality of his first writings and of his last. As he grew older and as his uncompromising judgments were more frequently offended, he became more strenuous until at last his tone was indisputably strident, and he did much to justify those who called him a scold. Lowell was one of his contemporaries who resented this and intimated very plainly that the world was not to be scolded into virtue or propriety, and that the assumption of a monopoly of virtue was not becoming. But, whatever was said, Carlyle went on preaching, denouncing humbug, and lauding virtue while he lamented the paucity of it. Seeing how weak most men were, he conceived a profound distrust and something like contempt for the common herd, and came to believe that they needed always a strong hand to control them, so that his tone became strongly undemocratic. He naturally came also to admire and to sing the praises of strong men. His longest works were lives of Cromwell and of Frederick the Great. Men of force, iron men, as good representatives of absolutism as modern his-

tory affords. Afterwards he wrote a book about men who had led and ruled other men, that is to say heroes. Everywhere he sings sincerity, always denounces sham. He is the apostle of belief, though not of any creed, and the unrelenting, invariable foe of unbelief. He says: "The merit of originality is not novelty, it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man. . . . Every son of Adam can become a sincere man, an original man in this sense; no mortal is doomed to be an insincere man; whole ages, what we call ages of faith, are original. . . . These are the great and fruitful ages; every worker in all spheres is a worker not on semblance but on substance; every work issues in a result; the general sum of such work is great; for all of it is genuine, tends toward one goal; all of it is additive, none of it subtractive. There is true union, true kingship, loyalty, all true and blessed things, so far as the poor earth can produce blessedness for men." Again: "Hollow formalism, gross Benthamism, and other unheroic, atheistic insincerity, is visibly, even rapidly declining. . . . I prophesy the world will once more become sincere; a believing world; with many heroes in it; a heroic world. It will then be a victorious world; never till then."

I might quote much more, but this phase of Carlyle's character is the best known perhaps of all. To the sentiments which I have just quoted, I wish to add my humble amen, and amen. I believe in men who believe, in St. Paul, in Bernard of Clairvaux, in Chrysostom, in John Knox, in Martin Luther, in John Calvin, in John Wesley, in all the believing men and all the martyrs of all ages. The men who believe are the men who do things, who have made all that we have that is worth having. Unbelief, no doubt, has its uses; but they are inferior. The sceptic is always a second man, the believer is first. With Carlyle I can even admire the arch fanatic Mohammed. We may call him an ignorant camel-driver, a furious and unreasoning, superstitious fanatic; but by virtue of his sincerity and belief, however mistaken, repulsive in many aspects his teachings are, he has influenced the minds of men and the course of history more than all the sceptics in the world combined. Belief made the world and rules it.

Next in this brief sketch I remark that Carlyle was an idealist, the prince of idealists. The transcendentalist movement in America may be traced first to Carlyle and Coleridge, and thence backward through all the immortals who have bowed at the altars of the ideal from the days of Socrates and Plato downward. The finest product of transcendent-

alism was Emerson; and all who know anything of Emerson, know Carlyle's influence on him. Even Thoreau, who objected to that other idealist, Ruskin, because his books contained too much about art for himself and the Hottentots, admired and praised Carlyle.

All prophets, all seers, all poets, are idealists. The glorious company of the apostles were idealists; the goodly fellowship* of the prophets were idealists; the noble army of martyrs were idealists; Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, were idealists; Socrates, Plato, Bernard, Kant, Coleridge, Carlyle, and a multitude more, embracing the choicest spirits of the earth, were idealists; and I believe it to be true that in physical science even the divided quality of idealism has been of more service and of more benefit than the mere gift of prying and plodding.

I have called Carlyle a poet. It ought not to be difficult to support this proposition in an age that is willing to call Whitman a poet, because it does not admit of denial that Carlyle has more imagination, more eloquence, as much rhyme, and more reason than Whitman. The prime quality of the poet is imagination. I once read in a local paper an account of a dreadful murder in this city, in which the writer, after giving sundry other striking details in a very commercial way, said finally: "There was about a bucketful of blood on the floor." The man who wrote that may not have been untruthful, but he was devoid of poetry. Recall in contrast to this frightful realism something of Carlyle's descriptions of the French Revolution. It is a far cry from the reporter's bucketful of blood to the lurid pictures that Carlyle paints, and paints truly in his French Revolution, of many blood-lettings. The poetic quality of his mind is manifest in everything that he wrote. He was a dramatic poet, and it has been said truly, I think, that for sublimity and awfulness of description, one must go to Shakespeare to find Carlyle's superior among English writers. Carlyle said of the French Revolution that it was: "A truth clad in hell-fire." And he has depicted it in appropriate colors and undiminished fervor. There is nothing like this book in our language. The last generation, except John Ruskin, scoffed at Turner's pictures on account of their intense and lurid coloring; but they do not approach Carlyle's pictures of the Revolution. All the fury, all the horror of that frightful orgy was apprehended by Carlyle's vivid imagination and put upon paper by his unequalled pen. There are passages in the book that stir the blood and thrill the nerves, and appall the imagination hardly less than the darker scenes of Macbeth.

Of course it was only in quality of mind and imagination that Carlyle was a poet; he had none of the poet's gift of song. He had less capacity for rhyme and rhythm than Browning, although he was at times equally incomprehensible. He was not even superior to Whitman in versification.

As a prose writer Carlyle was one of the best and one of the worst in the language. It is to be said first that his mastery of the language is unequalled, if we except Shakespeare, and it is not without hesitancy that one makes the exception. This much is certain, that his vocabulary was from ten to twenty times as large as Shakespeare's, and was by reason of his inexhaustible capacity to make words, capable of still farther and indefinite extension. I think Shakespeare had about six thousand words. . . . I am sure Carlyle had at least sixty thousand. I have gone from him, oftener than from all other English writers combined, to the dictionary, and frequently have returned unenlightened. Probably he learned from his German studies how to make words at will.

In characterizing his style I have not endeavored to be paradoxical, but to speak sober truth. There are passages in his writings, that for eloquence, beauty and sublimity are not surpassed anywhere. There are also passages that are as rough as a corduroy road, and as unmelodious as a Scotch bag-pipe out of tune, if a bag-pipe ever gets out of tune. There are sentences that flow for half a page without a flaw, throbbing with eloquence, inspiring in their beauty, perfect periods. There are others that consist of one word with an exclamation point, or two words or three, or ten, that run the gamut of shrillness, discord and extravagance. There are sentences of a dozen words with four or six semicolons, half a dozen ordinary substantives or adjectives furiously capitalized or italicised, and ending with a smash against two, or it may be more, exclamation marks. Some of his periods flow like a meadow brook in summer. Some are like a wild train whose rattling, roaring, unordered headlong career, ends in a collision, splintered wood, exploded boilers, blinding steam, deafening noise, terror, confusion, chaos. On some you ride pleasantly to the end, others jolt you off midway. Some are Arabian steeds whose flight is as smooth as a bird's, others are Texas buck-jumpers that unseat the most skilful or tenacious rider.

The alternations of style, or better, the multifariousness of styles, is perhaps most conspicuous in the *Heroes and Hero Worship*. The French Revolution has much of it, but there the treatment as well as the sub-

ject usually is epic. Everywhere there is more or less of this peculiarity, but the staccato element conspicuous first in *Sartor Resartus* became more prominent as he grew older. One of his very best essays is that on Burns; and upon the whole I recall none of his writings which surpass this in sustained moderation, elegance, and sanity of style, unless it be the essay on Voltaire. This last is my own favorite, as literature, among all his writings. The first three or four pages of it are equal to the best English prose.

I do not suppose that any one really reads the *Cromwell* or the *Frederick*; I have tried both unsuccessfully. For the French Revolution I have a genuine enthusiasm of theory. The opening books I should know by heart, but my familiarity diminishes continually from that point. I am tempted almost to wish that some day we may have a translation of it that will present its merits to the English speaking world with some degree of adequacy. It is a book to be admired and to be praised, but hardly one to be read. It is the world's great prose epic. It belongs with *Paradise Lost*, and the *Inferno*. *Sartor Resartus*, one reads, at least I do, as one reads Plato's *Republic*, or one of George Meredith's novels, with strainings and groanings, and incessant lashings of one's self to painful endeavor. Never was book so full of quips and cranks. It is compared to Stern's best humor, and likened to Cervante's immortal book. It no doubt has wit, wisdom, sarcasm, learning, philosophy, and all sorts and conditions of excellence, but frankly I do not enjoy it, nor get special profit from it. I know Carlyle best in his essays, which I have read diligently, admiringly and with much profit. I mention last *Heroes and Hero Worship*, one of the best books of modern times. It is one of the few books of its class that I have read twice and hope soon to read again. It is a great and inspiring book, full of truth and noble sentiments. It has all of the Carlyle peculiarities, but if it is at times strained and declamatory, shrill and harsh, it is essentially liberal, sane and uplifting. It is a book to be praised, to be admired and to be read many times.

I have said frankly that I do not enjoy *Sartor Resartus*, and I add that while I cannot retract the statement, I do not wish to appear indifferent to the lofty eloquence, the wisdom and the fine satire of many of its passages. It is intended to be a description of the civilization of the time, and it is easy to understand how an inspired dyspeptic, as Carlyle was, could find many objects of satire. It is interesting to note also

of this book that it is the first of his writings in which Carlyle put aside all considerations of grammar and rhetoric, and cast his sentences in moulds of his own conceiving. From the very beginning he had been given to ejaculation and irregularity; but in this book, written, I think, in 1833, when he was thirty-eight years of age, he adopted the style or want of style for which he was ever after distinguished, and which I account a distinct and inexcusable fault, and as a material and most unfortunate detraction of value in his works. I know of no term too strong to be used in condemnation of this fault, which every reader of his better written works knows to have been wilful, or at least curable. But whatever may be said of him, it remains true that for nearly half a century he was the most conspicuous of the English prose writers of serious purpose, that he was an honest man, and that being a very wizard of words he gave himself heart and soul to battling for the right as he saw it. The natural intensity of his nature was increased to morbidity by physical infirmities and sufferings, but morally he was never perverted. He was not always right, but all his impulses and purposes were right. I admire and love him for his earnestness, his honesty, his fearless devotion to conviction.

Easy and satisfied men do nothing in the world. The easy and satisfied ages are barren ages. It is the strenuous men and the strenuous ages that make for humanity and righteousness. Carlyle believed, and therein was right, that the aims of literature and of all things else should be moral. We have had the brute force of ancient conquerors, the art and literature of Greece, the law of Rome, the philosophy of India, but the salvation of men rests upon the moral teachings of a little and obscure nation which declares that the chief end, the chief duty of men, is to be righteous, that happiness and material prosperity alike depend on righteousness.

The prophet is not necessarily or primarily one who foretells, but rather one who declares truth, a preacher of righteousness. In this true sense Carlyle was a prophet. We may not agree with much that he wrote, he may not commend himself to the adherents of any creed; but he loved and proclaimed the eternal truths upon which all true creeds are based, and which they are intended to declare. He was the friend of truth and of righteousness, and "he never feared the face of any man."

THE SOUTH IS AMERICAN.*



GREAT deal has been said and written of the need for a history of the South; and the admirers of the late Henry Grady were fond of predicting that to his brilliant genius we should become indebted for a history, which would fully "vindicate the South."

I beg to say that we do not need nor desire vindication. We want the truth, vindication or no vindication. What we need is facts—facts correctly stated individually and in the aggregate—the unvarnished truth upon the facts. We may believe that this will be vindication enough, but let us demand truth, not vindication. It is hardly to be disputed that Mr. Grady would not have written a satisfactory history. A genius so brilliant as his could not have sustained the drudgery of historical examination and arrangement. Moreover the time has not come. No generation of men has true vision of the things done in its own time, and most men inherit the partisanship and prejudices of their fathers; so that generations must pass before the historical standpoint is reached. But "truth is mighty and will in time prevail." History is the truth. The definition is severe and no history ever written meets it absolutely. No historian ever saw or wrote the whole truth of any man or any event, and yet the truth never remains hid. The only criterion of truth after all is the general opinion of intelligent mankind, and its judgments ultimately are right. We should not try to hide the truth, for that is futile and dishonest; we should not fear it, for that is futile and cowardly. The time for writing the history of the Southern States, especially their late history, has not come, but it is always time to gather the material and provide for its preservation. It has been my desire to contribute somewhat to this humble but indispensable preliminary work, but only as to colonial history. It is one of the hopeful signs of the time, that throughout the South there is a growing interest in historical research. With very few exceptions the State has employed competent men, who have prepared or collected, and published valuable historical papers. Tennessee enjoys the distinction of being one of the number which have not.

The making of books on Southern colonial history is not confined to the South. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, an accomplished gentleman and distinguished statesman, whose literary ambitions, it may be sus-

pected, are somewhat in excess of his abilities, has published a stout volume upon the history of the English Colonies of North America. I mention him as a type. I have had occasion to examine his book, and especially the chapter on Virginia, and I may say frankly, that while he has collected a considerable number of facts of early Virginia history, he does not seem to have digested them, nor to have caught their true significance. He does not appear to have penetrated below the surface, nor to have any real knowledge of the life and civilization of Virginia; and I venture with some hesitancy the further suggestion that he has not manifested the true historical spirit, but rather the spirit and purpose of vigorous special pleading. There are few things less favorable to the usefulness or trustworthiness of historical compositions than starting with preconceived opinions and proceeding with inadequate knowledge. This scholarly gentleman and politician, who in all probability is entirely free from any unfair purpose, affords a good illustration of the profound truth of Carlyle's utterance that no character is ever rightly understood until we are in sympathy with it; a wise saying, obviously no less true of societies than of individuals. To accuse Mr. Lodge of sympathy with the early Virginians would be wholly unjustifiable. Upon the other hand many Southern writers, some of them bent on vindication, have gone to the other extreme (for which I for one readily forgive them.) Whereas Mr. Lodge writes without sympathy, they write with almost nothing but sympathy. Mr. Lodge paints Old Virginia as the dreary and sordid abode of indolence, ignorance, gambling, horse-racing, wine-bibbing and cock-fighting. The Southern writers, upon the other hand, wholly idealize it. The coarse, horsey, cock-fighting, deep drinking planters, who fill Mr. Lodge's chapter on Virginia, are not in their pages, but instead only the Beverlys, the Birds, the Tuckers. No coarseness, no ordinary mortals, but only fine ladies, fine gentlemen, fine birds, fine feathers. Gallants in flowing wigs, and spreading ruffles, stately dames, and dainty damosels rustling in silk, bearing bravely immeasurable expanses of brocade over awful hoops, go their stately ways and dance graceful minuets.

Both pictures are in a measure true to life, but even together they hardly tell the whole truth. Writers of both classes may profitably consider the unheeded advice to a very aspiring young gentleman of mythology, "*Medio tutissimus ibis.*"

The founders of the Southern Colonies were average men and women according to the standards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

They had their full share of the vices and their full share of the virtues of their times. In the main they were Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, comparing not unfavorably with their compatriots. The oldest and most important of the colonies, of course, was Virginia, and it becomes highly important to know who the Virginians were in the beginning.

The fact first to be noticed is, that of all the colonies Virginia was the most English. In blood the original Virginians were perhaps not more English than the Puritans. But the government which the Puritans set up in New England was a theocracy, a temporary materialization, almost, of the hopes and theories of the Puritans in Old England, and of the Covenanters in Scotland. In Virginia the institutions in form, as well as the people, continued to be English. Politically, Virginia was England, modified by new and disadvantageous conditions.

The Puritan was from the beginning a malcontent, a rebel. Not so much, however, for political as for religious reasons. Virginia, upon the contrary, was, until Bacon's rebellion, the most loyal, as she was the most favored colony; and during the century succeeding that rebellion, she was continuously upon the most amicable terms with the home country and government. Indeed, it is familiar history that because Virginia, during the hundred years preceding the War of Independence, did enjoy unbroken peace and quiet, she was accused of indifference to the popular cause. Mr. Cabot Lodge and one other author whom I have consulted make precisely this use of the facts.

The Puritan repudiated utterly, as a thing abominable, the Church of England; the Virginian established the Church and persecuted dissenters; the Puritan embraced the commonwealth and banished the royal Governor; the Virginian was steadfastly loyal to the Stuarts, invited the King to plant his scepter anew in the Virgin soil of his loyal colony, and refused to recognize the commonwealth until Cromwell's war-ships trained their cannon upon his capital.

The antithesis might be indefinitely extended. Massachusetts and Virginia, to the superficial observer, were essentially unlike. In reality the unlikeness was superficial, and beneath it was a likeness which was essential. The people of the two colonies were of the same race, and in them was born and constantly burned the same love of liberty. In temperament they differed, but in every other material respect (if that be material), they were not only alike, but the same. The term cavalier has been very freely and not very accurately used in reference to Vir-

ginia. It may be said that a large number of the gentry of England did come to Virginia, and that they were influential there, just as their class was in England, and for the same reason. But when the need came the Virginia aristocrats were as staunch patriots as the Massachusetts democrats. We remember that it was not one order, but all orders of Englishmen that extorted the great charter from King John. The love of liberty has never been confined to the Commons. No name in English history is dearer to the lovers of liberty than that of great Earl Simon. And after all it is a fact that the supply of plain people in Virginia was abundant.

Massachusetts was turbulent, Virginia placid; and yet when the trial came, Virginia was as quick as her Northern sister to declare for freedom, and it was these two in constant harmony of purpose and action that bore the brunt and the burthen of the War of Independence.

When Massachusetts defied England it was George Washington, of Virginia, who said that he was ready to raise and subsist a regiment at his own expense; if Warren fired the patriot heart by his eloquence, so did Patrick Henry; if Massachusetts gave Adams, Hancock, Otis, to the good cause, Virginia gave Randolph, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Washington; if Massachusetts never faltered, neither did Virginia. And after all it remains true, growing constantly more certain, that the foremost man of his time, greatest in will, greatest in heart, greatest in mind, was George Washington, of Virginia.

It has become somewhat the fashion of later times in this country to belittle Washington. This is true even of a few persons of intelligence. We need a good course in American history to discover how great he was, and especially do I commend the histories of John Fiske, of New England, on whose clear pages Washington appears in just proportions. There is nothing of which the American people know less than their own history.

Thus it appears that Virginia bore in the struggle for Independence a part no less trying, no less important, no less honorable than Massachusetts. When the war began and when it ended, Virginia was the most populous, the richest, the most influential of the colonies, and this supremacy continued during the early years of the Republic. Gradually, and from causes which need not be considered here, the leading Northern States outgrew her in population and in wealth; but there was no time until the war between the States when Virginia was not the first and the most

influential Southern State. A fact of the greatest importance is that the controlling elements of population in the younger Southern States came largely from Virginia. I notice for example in a recent publication that Virginia comes first in the list of States which have contributed to the population of this city, and it is probably safe to say that the same is true of every considerable community in the inland Southern States. Thus the Virginia stock and the Virginia principles extended their dominion over most of the Southern States, and indisputably it was mainly Virginia and the Virginians that shaped their institutions and gave tone and character to their civilization. I do not say that the Old Dominion exclusively controlled in these matters, for that would be palpably untrue; but in considering the influence of the several colonies in determining the quality of Southern civilization, I do say emphatically that the influence of Virginia was by far the most important. I feel little hesitancy in saying that it was paramount. It is also true that while the population of the other Southern Colonies exhibited more heterogeneity than that of Virginia, the controlling element in all of them, from the beginning, was Anglo-Saxon. There was no contest for supremacy, but Virginia was dominant, simply because she was the oldest, the richest, and the most prosperous among these communities of kindred people and identical institutions. This conclusion without further analysis, suffices for my present purpose. These may be treated then as established facts, that among the Southern Colonies, and the Southern States, Virginia was dominant; that Virginia was essentially an Anglo-Saxon community; that Virginia was perhaps the most patriotic and thoroughly American of all the Colonies; and that knowing Virginia we know the salient and essential qualities of the people of the early South and of their social and political life.

At this point I offer a word of explanation. I have used and shall continue to use freely, the term Anglo-Saxon. There is an Anglo-Saxon race and an Anglo-Saxon civilization. The civilization embraces more than the race. The distinctive characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, politically, is representative government. It is to the Teutonic race, and especially to the English Teutons that the world is indebted for this political principle, which has shown its ability to overcome all the evils to which the greatest empires have succumbed. But this principle is not the exclusive property of the Anglo-Saxon race. In our Revolutionary war the Scotch and the Irish elements of our population were as brave,

as patriotic, as self-sacrificing, as steadfast as the Anglo-Saxon. Their love of liberty was no less, and whatever antagonisms of race existed or may now exist, it is a fact that the political beliefs of the Scotch and the Irish people were, as they now are, the same essentially as those of the English.

The relations of the Irish and of a certain class of the English are not at the present time altogether harmonious, but their political faith is not different; and the chief cause of the Irish discontent is the conviction of the people that they are not allowed the fullest exercise of the right of local self-government; and local self-government is nothing more than another name for representative government. It may be said briefly that in most essential respects the political and social beliefs of England and of Ireland have been the same for centuries, having grown continually more alike since the days of the first Edward. If we except the Highland Clans, the same statement may be applied to England and Scotland.

I have been surprised to hear it asserted recently, and more than once, that the lowland Scotch are Celts. As a matter of fact it is exceedingly difficult to say precisely what they are. The mingling of races has been constant. The Irish and the Highlanders have remained persistently Celtic, but even the English is a highly composite race. If we omit certain parts of Spain where all the bloods of Europe, and possibly some from both Asia and Africa, have been mixed together, the lowland Scotchman has the most divergent and complicated genealogy in Europe. The race is not free from Celtic blood, but the intermixture has been occasional and the other and predominant elements are Teutonic. Some writers declare them to be Danes, but I prefer to believe upon authority that in the main they are Anglo-Saxon, and that includes the Danes. However this may be, I assert again that in so far as political and social beliefs and institutions are concerned, the English, Scotch and Irish settlers of North America were in no material respect different. I have already said that the fundamental article in the political creed was government by representation. The foundation principles of the social fabric were, as they are now, the purity of women and the sanctity of the family. It is interesting to note in passing, that while we claim these as essential properties of our German civilization, there is at present no country in which the purity of womanhood is so rigidly and so nobly maintained as it is in Ireland. Of the races which settled

the Southern English Colonies, the most important, numerically and in every other respect, was the English; next in importance were the Scotch-Irish and the Irish.

Of the Scotch-Irish, being one of them, I may say that they were lowland Scotch, that is to say Teutons, not Celts. They came to America mainly from Ulster, where they had intermarried somewhat with the Irish; but they remained, above all, Scotch Presbyterians, accepting without mitigation the theology of John Calvin and John Knox, but strong in thrift and in acquisition. Their impress upon the civilization of Virginia, with which we are now mainly concerned, was powerful and beneficent, but we are somewhat inclined to overestimate it. I am personally very well satisfied to trace my descent from the Covenanters of old Scotland, and of the Valley of Virginia; but I am hardly prepared to subscribe to the new covenant, which would bind us to the assertion that most of the good things that have been done in this country have been done by Scotch-Irishmen. They have done so many good things that their descendants should be satisfied, and should forego the exorbitant claims which some of them are now disposed to make. It is important in estimating the formative influence of the Scotch-Irish race upon the civilization of Virginia to remember that the Scotch-Irish were late comers. It was not until a century and a quarter after the landing at Jamestown that they came in considerable numbers to the Valley of Virginia and the adjacent highlands. Here they set up the Church of their fathers, and from thence forward they and their descendants have been a mighty power for good. But when they came the English ascendancy had long been established in the colony. Virginia was already populous and her social and political institutions were shaped and fixed. All that the Scotch-Irish did was good, but they made less than two per cent of the population, and their comparative feebleness is indicated by the fact that so long as Virginia remained a colony the Church of England continued to be a part of the government.

It was the inevitable result of the numerical superiority of the English that the modifications resulting from the contact of the two races were favorable to the stronger people. The racial persistency of the Scotch, a proverbially exclusive people, was not easily to be overcome and their religious faith was invincible; but in other respects they, like the representatives of all the other races that came to Virginia, were soon Anglicised.

The settlers of Virginia of other races than the three mentioned

were few in number, and if we except the Huguenots, their influence is hardly perceptible. The Germans settled in considerable numbers in the lower valley, and William Wirt is one of the great men contributed by them to Virginia. The Huguenots furnished a number of prominent families, such as the Dabneys, Maryes, and Flournoys. But the colony remained nevertheless essentially English. Its white population was perhaps as nearly homogeneous as the population of the Mother Country. Institutionally it was absolutely English.

I have not time to consider at equal length the other three colonies, but content myself with saying that what has been said of Virginia is also true of them. They were English colonies in blood and in institutions. It is well known that the Huguenots came in large numbers to the Carolinas, and not a few of their best families of to-day came from that excellent stock. But the Anglo-Saxon was dominant in number and in influence, and in a few generations practically absorbed the others.

We have then at the period of the revolution four English colonies, populous and prosperous communities, cherishing the principles of Anglo-Saxon freedom, and demanding for themselves all the rights and all the institutions which those principles imply.

I pause here to say with emphasis that the three peoples who have built up the Anglo-Saxon civilization, the English, the Scotch and the Irish, together with the Dutch and the Swiss, whose institutions, social and political, are of the same stock, have both in action and in thought accomplished the best results of modern times. That is to say, that their schemes of life variant in details, but identical in essence, are the best the human mind has been able to construct.

The American Revolution was not a breaking away from principles, but a revolt against vicious practices. It resulted, it is true, in certain institutional changes, but it is not necessary to say that in its essence the American polity remains identical with the English. It was not an effort to establish new principles, but to have the benefit of principles long established; to get back to the English method, not to get away from it.

I wish to say here in answer to the question in your minds: Yes, I know what Mr. Douglass Campbell has to say. I am fresh from reading the chapters in which he proves to his own satisfaction the incorrectness of all opinions but his own, on this subject. He would have us believe that practically everything that is good in America comes to us

through the Puritans from the Dutch. The fact that the Dutch are of the same race with the English, and that their institutions are of the same origin and very similar, has enabled Mr. Campbell to employ his polemic faculties somewhat plausibly in the construction of a new and erroneous theory. I do not lightly oppose my own unsupported opinion against that of so eminent a man, but the facts and the authorities are against him. It may be said also that by his extreme advocacy, and his procrustean use of facts he has discredited himself. He does not seek to prove that the American people are not English, but that the institutions of the Northern Colonies are of Dutch origin. I do not wish to be understood as denying anything good he has said of the Dutch people or institutions. In that respect he exaggerates nothing. No people has a nobler history. It cannot be denied that the Dutch influences in America has been both important and salutary, but Mr. Campbell has vastly overstated it. He admits that Englishmen may be excused for believing that our institutions are of English origin, but declares that no American is excusable. Let us see who are some of these inexcusables.

If you will turn to George Bancroft's history of the United States you will find this title to part one of it, "The English People found a Nation in America." In vol. 2, page 327, he says of America: "England was the mother of its language, the home of its traditions, the source of its laws." "Dutch, French, Scandinavian, and German renounced their nationality to claim the rights of Englishmen in America." . . . In the same connection he says distinctly that the Colonists held their own system to be a copy of the English with additional privileges to the common people. . . .

John Fiske says (Civil Govt., p. 187) in regard to the written Constitution: "Almost everything else in our fundamental institutions was brought by our forefathers in a more or less highly developed condition from England." Again he says of the Federal Union (Civil Govt. 201): "The inhabitants were all substantially one people. It is true that in some of the colonies there were a good many persons not of English ancestry, but the English type absorbed and assimilated everything else. All spoke the English language, all had English institutions. Except the development of the written Constitution, every bit of civil government described in the preceding pages came to America directly from England, and not a bit of it from any other country,

unless by being first filtered through England. Our institutions were as English as our speech." These two men (Bancroft and Fiske) are the highest authority on this subject in America, both of far greater weight and ability than Mr. Campbell, and neither of them a controversialist. They are historians, Mr. Campbell is a polemic. Mr. Campbell would have it that the Puritans stayed eleven years at Leyden and brought away with them all the Dutch institutions. Mr. Fiske says they came away from Holland in order to preserve their own traditions and organization and to carry out purposes which were impossible there.

Sir Henry Maine, one of the giants in his department, says (Pop. Govt. p. 207): "The Constitution of the United States is a version of the English Constitution." In the same vol., p. 9, he says, "Modern popular government is of purely English origin." On p. 11, he says, "The American Constitution is distinctly English."

Edward A. Freeman says: "In a sense the English and American Constitutions are the same."

So far as authority goes, Mr. Campbell is in a hopeless minority, and I call attention to the fact that the book by Fiske, from which I quote, was printed in 1892, so that the author had the same advantages of modern research that Mr. Campbell had, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Fiske is the most conscientious, just and competent student and writer of American history. He is now devoting all his time to the subject. Mr. Campbell's book has had such large local currency that I have felt it necessary to say this much in support of my position. The limited space available has compelled me to confine myself to the citation of authority. I wish you to bear in mind also that I have not been discussing the relative merits of the Dutch and English civilization, but only the derivation of American civilization, and that merely in outline and not in detail.

It is not to be disputed that from early mediæval times to almost the period of the great English Revolution, and the final expulsion of the Stuarts, the Dutch led the march of civilization in Europe. In the mechanic arts, and in commerce and finance, they were easily first, and Holland was a light-house of civil and religious liberty. Her history is illustrated by the most heroic and sublime struggle for freedom that men have ever made, but these splendid and incontestable facts do not destroy the other fact that American institutions are, broadly speaking, English in origin and in quality. That the establishment of the

American Republic was an advance in the true line of Anglo-Saxon development cannot, in my judgment, be successfully denied. But while the American colonists were chiefly men of the Anglo-Saxon race, they were not, at the period of the Revolution, Englishmen. Theodore Roosevelt is right when he says that there was at that time a race which was distinctively American. White men had been living in Virginia and in New England for one hundred and fifty years, and in most of the other colonies nearly as long. Few Americans of that time had ever seen England; the broad and troubled expanse of the Atlantic was not quickly nor easily crossed; very few could afford to travel; the mixture of alien, and sometimes unfriendly blood had moderated the sentiment of loyalty to Britain; and the free life under wholly new conditions had begotten habits and feelings of independence. The people were called Americans, they were not treated as Englishmen, and they had their pride of country and their love of country. The period was ample for harmonizing the various elements, and for creating local attachments, but more important than all was the recognition of a community of interest and of destiny. So that we have in the Southern colonies at the time of the Revolution a population whose prevailing characteristics were Anglo-Saxon, and a civilization which was absolutely Anglo-Saxon, but this population was not English, it was American. The future progress of these communities, if left to themselves, will necessarily be along the line of the grand old German civilization. The institutions of America are more liberal, more rational, more beneficent than those of England, of Holland, of Switzerland; but they have no development of which the germ may not be found in the crude polity of the old Germans, of which the English, the Dutch and the Swiss civilization were born.

If the other colonies had been different in race or in institutions, their modifying influence upon the Southern Colonies would necessarily have been great, but they were also in the main Anglo-Saxon. In course of time the Northern States underwent important changes in population. The opening of the third decade of this century witnessed the setting in of that mighty tide of immigration which has "known no retiring ebb." Immigration seems to have a tendency to follow isothermal lines, a fact which makes Italian immigration a menace to the South. Most of the immigrants have been, until recently, from the north of Europe. This is probably not the only cause of the northward and westward flow of immigration, but we are less concerned with causes than with the facts. We know that the South has had almost no immigration.

Consequently the increase of population has been much less in the South than in the North and West. In certain Western States the foreign population is supreme. It controls their politics and casts down rulers and parties for the heinous crime of wishing to have the English language taught in the public schools. The little pocket-borough of Nevada, a notable mart for the sale of senatorships, affords a striking illustration of the benefits of foreign rule.

Since the days of Imperial Rome, when the sway of the Cæsars, extending from the Humber to the Indus, from the Scythian Wilderness to the Ethiopian Deserts, brought together in the Eternal City multitudes of all the peoples dwelling in those wide limits, and begat a race infinitely composite and infinitely corrupt, there has been no such a mingling of blood as we now witness on these western shores.

New York is more Jewish than Jerusalem ever was, more German than any city on earth except Berlin, and probably more wicked than any except Chicago. Chicago is American only in politics and in geography, and Cincinnati only in pork and in manners. Of the 15,000,000 descendants of the old Puritans, Boston retains a very few, and New England has become the refuge of so many French-Canadians that recently some of them in an outburst of gallic enthusiasm proposed the establishment of a new Latin republic with Boston as its capital.

But statistics are more convincing than general statements, and indeed much more entertaining. There is no more fascinating study. According to the late Mr. Buckle, everything can be proved by statistics, and more recent writers have demonstrated that when skillfully handled they are capable of proving anything. In this instance I take them straight from the unimpeachable census reports of the United States for the purpose of showing, not that the other States are not American, but that the South is American. I confine my attention exclusively to the white population. According to the census of 1890 there were for every 100,000 native born Americans, 17,330 foreign born. The State of New York has in round numbers, 4,400,000 native and 1,500,000 foreign born citizens, being 35,000 foreign for every 100,000 native. In Illinois the number of foreign born for each 100,000 native is 28,200; in Michigan, 35,000; in Wisconsin, 44,400; in Minnesota, 56,600; in Montana, 48,400; North Dakota, 80,400.

When we turn to the Southern States the contrast is impressive. By Southern States I mean Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Ken-

tucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia. I do not include Delaware, Maryland and Missouri.

The white population of Tennessee is 1,336,000, and the total number foreign born 29,629; that is to say for every 100,000 native born whites there are 1,500 foreign born; North Carolina has native whites 1,055,000, foreign born 3,702, or for each 100,000 native born, 370 foreign born.

In the other Southern States the figures are as follows:

	<i>Native</i>	<i>Foreign</i>
Alabama	833,000	15,000
Arkansas.....	818,000	14,000
Florida	225,000	22,000
Georgia	978,000	12,000
Kentucky	1,600,000	59,000
Mississippi	545,000	8,000
Louisiana	558,000	49,000
South Carolina	462,000	6,000
Texas	1,700,000	152,000
Virginia.....	1,000,000	18,000
West Virginia.....	730,000	18,000

I have omitted the odd hundreds and the total foreign born white population of the South; counting in these odd hundreds amounts to about 380,000.

Massachusetts alone has a foreign born population of 657,000; New Jersey 329,000, or nearly as many as the whole South; New York nearly 1,600,000, or four times as many as the South; Pennsylvania 845,000; Ohio 459,000, or more than the entire South; Illinois 842,000; Michigan and Wisconsin each over 500,000; Minnesota nearly 500,000; and California 366,000. If we omit Kentucky, Louisiana and Texas, the little State of Connecticut has 60,000 more foreigners than all the remainder of the South; and wee Rhode Island, approximately as large as Knox County, has within 14,000 as many foreigners as the entire South, omitting the three States named.

But these figures do not indicate the real importance and influence of the foreign born population. One of the mitigated and highly qualified blessings which we enjoy is universal suffrage. It is difficult to

find one's consent to a suffrage limited in any way, but there is abundant justification for dissenting from a system which converts a foreign anarchist like John Most into an American citizen in a very few years, honestly and on any political emergency, immediately and dishonestly.

The proportion of adult men among immigrants is much larger than in settled societies. For instance, of the 1,571,000 foreign born citizens of New York, 1,084,000 are voters, while of 4,400,000 native born citizens, 1,769,000 only are voters. In percentages the foreign born vote in New York is 38.73; in Illinois, 36.39; in Michigan, 40.22; in Wisconsin, 52.93; in Minnesota, 58.55; North Dakota, 64.89; Nevada, 51.41; California, native 49.79, foreign 50.21.

These are foreign countries, and it is a positive relief to turn to the South and feel that there are still some Americans left. The percentages of native and foreign born voters in some of the Southern States are as follows:

	<i>Native</i>	<i>Foreign</i>
Tennessee	97.00	3.00
Kentucky	93.00	7.00
Alabama	97.50	2.50
Mississippi	98.00	2.00
Louisiana	90.00	10.00
Texas	86.00	14.00
Arkansas.....	97.00	3.00
Virginia.....	97.00	3.00
West Virginia.....	95.00	5.00
North Carolina	99.39	0.61
South Carolina	98.00	2.00
Florida	89.00	11.00
Georgia	98.00	2.00

I have used the word voters to describe the class of immigrants last referred to. It is not a fact, however, that they are all voters. More than a million of them are aliens. Of this million it is probable that most of the dishonest ones vote; and the fact that a man is willing to live in America and remain an alien marks him as unworthy. Such a man cares nothing for freedom, except as it may serve his personal ends, has no conceptions of the duties of citizenship, and is unworthy to enjoy them. It is interesting to know that some thirty-two per cent of these foreign Americans cannot speak the English language.

I will not confuse you with more figures, but the statement which I now make is important. I have made comparisons of census reports for 1860, 1870, 1880 and 1890, and in none of the Southern States except Kentucky, with the large city of Louisville; Louisiana, with the large city of New Orleans, and Texas lying on the Mexican frontier, has there been a material increase of foreign population since 1860. That there was none before that date is certain. In the North precisely the contrary is true, and when we consider how constant has been the turbid flow of immigration it is appalling to think how hybrid the population is.

The white population of the Southern States then has come almost entirely from the natural increase of the original settlers. Who these original settlers were I have already said. They were sturdy men and women, mainly of the good old English race, leading the westward and resistless march of Anglo-Saxon civilization. They were the true sons and daughters of liberty. From the days of Tacitus their race has stood in the world's history as the exemplar and champion of personal purity, personal independence and political liberty. For them no life but one of freedom was possible. These traits have descended to their children from generation to generation, and I can never believe that hybrid population of Russians, Poles, Italians and Hungarians, which fills so many of the Northern and Western cities and States, has the same love of this country, the same love of liberty, that we have, whose fathers wrested the land from the savage, and whose native air is freedom. The strongest, most concentrated force of Americanism is in the Southern States, and Americanism is the most advanced form of Anglo-Saxon, of German civilization. There is no part of the globe except the kingdom of England which is so thoroughly and essentially Anglo-Saxon as the South. In asserting this elsewhere, I have met no serious denial, but it has been said that the very homogeneity of our population is a preventive of progress. One gentleman profoundly learned in the science of sociology declared that homogeneity was productive of fixity, and that heterogeneity was indispensable to plasticity. Afterwards I discovered where Herbert Spencer makes a materially modified and decidedly more appropriate use of these ponderous phrases.

It is freely asserted, not without truth of course, that the conditions of progress are better fulfilled in America than elsewhere, because we are in a state of flux and therefore highly impressionable. There is, however, socially and intellectually a degree of flux which is more injuri-

ous than the most rigid fixity, an excessive plasticity which will admit of no impression. Herbert Spencer, writing of social types and constitutions, says: "The half-caste, inheriting from one line of ancestry proclivities adapted to one set of institutions, and from the other line of ancestry proclivities adapted to another set of institutions, is not fitted for either. He is a unit whose nature has not been moulded by any social type, and therefore cannot with others like himself evolve any social type." As examples he cites Mexico and the South American Republics. He also refers to England, a country peopled mainly by varieties of the Scandinavians as one in which the conditions are favorable to co-operation, and I may as well admit here frankly that I do not regard the unlikeness between the Anglo-Saxon and the other branches of the Aryan family as sufficient to make intermixture in any direction a serious obstacle to progress, or preventive of co-operation. The trouble with us is, that at present we are receiving only the most inferior elements of those branches of the Indo-Germanic family, whose political and social life is most strongly contrasted with our own, together with large numbers whose connection with that family is, to say the least, doubtful. It is hardly possible to dissent from the beautiful optimistic theory that it is the high privilege of this great country to accomplish the fusion of all the branches of the Aryan family; but when we consider the nature of the particular elements with which we are required to fuse, the task assumes proportions which demand all the enthusiasm a lofty purpose can beget. The Southern American, with his English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Huguenot ancestry, has enough diversity to secure all needed plasticity, and moreover, the world is now become more neighborly. We have contacts in all directions, and receive impulses from all nations, and there is no reason why we should hybridize ourselves. I would not unduly exalt our own race, nor our own civilization, nor exclude any worthy man or woman from the priceless benefits of this free government, but replying to the demand for plasticity, I may modify John Tyndall's catching phrase, and say that I behold in the American people of the original race, "the promises and the potency of every form and quality" of successful national life, and of unlimited progress.

I turn now to an argument which must be handled delicately but frankly. It is freely said "it is true the people of the South are American, and have preserved the Anglo-Saxon traits better than the people of the other States, but a war was necessary to keep them in the Union."

Love of country is a noble sentiment, but love of principle is a nobler one. No one ever censured the pilgrims of the Mayflower because they abandoned the land which had been the home of their fathers for twelve hundred years, and fled to the western wilderness rather than surrender their faith. They were faithful to a principle. I claim for the people of the South in the war between the States absolute good faith. As to whether they were right, we must be content to have the impartial judgment of the future say. To discuss that question now could do no good. The principles in behalf of which the South fought are embodied in the Constitution of the United States. To that instrument, I reaffirm, the South has never been unfaithful. Her construction of it, whether right or wrong, was reached and maintained in good faith.

Permit me to indicate briefly the extent of her participation in the formation of the Constitution and in the establishment and support of the republic. I have already referred to her part in the War of Independence, and I now assert, in the language of one of our foremost Southern Congressmen, that the Constitution was "adopted and promulgated by a convention in which Southern influence predominated." The title of Chapter 2, of part I, of Bancroft's history is, "Virginia Statesmen lead toward a better Union." The movement for the establishment of the Constitution was inaugurated by Virginia, and if any one doubts the statement that the influence of George Washington, of Virginia, rendered the convention possible, as it might have prevented it, I refer him to the greatest living American historian, who is a New Englander. Rutledge and Pinckney, of South Carolina, were the most important contributors to the form and to the substance of the Constitution, with one single exception, viz.: James Madison, of Virginia, who justly bears the glorious name of Father of the Constitution. Such imperfections as were perceived in the original instrument were cured by the Bill of Rights, which was mainly the work of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia. The Constitution was first construed by John Marshall, of Virginia, whose decisions remain unchanged, as they will remain, so long as the Constitution endures. During almost the whole of the formative period of our national life, Southern statesmen held the Presidency and controlled our policy. They gave to us Florida, now become a modern Sybaris, whither the sons and daughters of the frozen North flee from the inhospitalities of their own winter climate to luxuriate in perennial sunshine and in palaces of more than oriental magnificence. They added to our

domain that tremendous and fabulously rich empire which sweeps from the Mississippi westward to the South seas. The school of strict constructionists, which made a fetich of the Constitution, was founded by a Southern statesman, and drew most of its adherents from the South. When the Southern Confederacy was formed, it adopted as its organic law the Constitution of the United States, with a very few modifications, all of which aimed at a more perfect democracy or at the removal of the ambiguities of the old Constitution. There is no fact nor logic which can prove that the South ever deviated from her fealty to the Constitution or ever shed a drop of blood except in defense of the principles of the Constitution as she construed them.

I have said this much upon this delicate subject in no spirit of ill will or controversy, but only to indicate the true spirit and tendency of Southern civilization. It is necessary to have in mind this indisputable fact, that if the South at one time desired the severance of the Union, she was never, in any respect, unfaithful to the great principles of free government, which are the life and the soul of the Constitution. She believed that she must surrender either the body or the soul. The war construed the Constitution, and I affirm that the South has in good faith and unreservedly accepted every legitimate result of the war. No man who is honest and who is also adequately informed will say that her people are not as loyal to the Constitution and to the Union as the people of any other section. I go further and say that in the troubles which the future is sure to bring, the principles and the institutions of American liberty will find ready, loyal and efficient support among the white people of the South. In these Southern States a homogeneous American population of twelve millions will be the old gaurd of the Constitution.

The illiteracy of the South is constantly used to reproach her. It is unfortunately true that education has not been diffused nor encouraged as it ought to have been, but the controlling forces of Southern life have been from the beginning, highly intelligent, and the plane of life has been exceptionally high. One may not deny that class distinctions were formerly too much recognized, but also it is true that the method was the best for the time. Changed conditions, however, imperatively require a new social arrangement. Of the Old South it must be remembered that the best element ruled, and that the best element produced and acted through men who were both morally and intellectually foremost in their time.

If you care to investigate the subject, you will find that before the war the proportion of college-bred men to white population was much higher in the South than in any other section. But while I state these facts, I wish to say that the masses of people of the South do not even yet fully realize the tremendous importance and advantages of education, and it may be further said frankly, that in no part of the South are the interests of education more constantly endangered by an overweening and dangerous commercial spirit than in our own section, and in our own community. The highest pleasures of life are intellectual, and highest duties of life can be performed only by men of enlightened and disciplined minds. A fatal mistake, very common among our best people, is to thrust their sons into the grinding and absorbing pursuits of commerce as soon as they have acquired the rudiments of education. I have great respect for the man who, in the greedy scramble for money, comes out with a hand full, and I recognize the imperativeness of the duty to provide for one's self and family; but to be admired and respected above all, is the man or the woman whose enlightened mind is the home of broad and liberal thought, and of the just judgments and noble aspirations which it begets. This is best for men and for business also. It is literally true, as Mr. Breckinridge said a year ago, that the superiority of New England in the affairs, no less than in the literature, of this country is due to her trained mind. Sound opinion in this respect is constantly growing in the South and the future promises everything we can wish.

A disregard for human life and a consequent readiness to shed blood on inadequate provocation, has been charged against the South at all stages of her history, and the accusation has only too much justification. It must be borne in mind, however, that in new and sparsely settled countries the means of enforcing the law by the machinery of government are always deficient, and occasions when self-preservation not only justifies, but compels the individual to take the law in his own hands, are not infrequent. The increase of population and the accumulation of property have never failed in this country to cause the establishment of wise laws, civil and criminal, with the necessary agencies for their enforcement. We may remember with pride that sixty years ago the legislature of Tennessee put down forever the practice of dueling in this State. We must condemn the violence and readiness to shed blood, which remains a blot upon our Southern civilization, but it is one of the open

and curable vices of a new society and far less to be feared than the secret, insidious, and incurable vices of the old societies, whose representatives are continuously poured into our North and East from the pestilent immigrant ships. The burning of a brutal negro in Texas was an atrocity which can neither be justified nor excused, but every one knows that it was an outburst of frenzy provoked by a crime of unparalleled infamy, and that it was wholly exceptional, representing nothing. The anarchist riots in Chicago a few years ago, and the annual demonstrations of that large number of anarchists who unfortunately were not hanged, prove the existence in that city of an organized, active, powerful, and ferocious opposition to society and law, and this is true of all the larger cities of the North and West. The Texas crime was, I repeat, wholly unpremeditated and exceptional, while the Chicago crime was the deliberate manifestation of the sentiment and purpose of tens, it may be hundreds of thousands of persons still living, hating, plotting in that wonderful city.

The irresistible progress of Christian civilization in the South promises everything good; and the unchecked flow of criminal immigration into the North promises nothing good. I say here as I have written elsewhere, that there is a kind of immigration which the South does desire. That is American immigration. The strength of our own community consists largely of our countrymen who have come to us from the North and West. They are friends of law, of education, of morality. For myself I say that I have found among them some of the strongest, the most cherished, the most elevating friendships of my life.

The problems presented to the South are of tremendous difficulty, but they are not beyond her powers. Let me quote what Charles Dudley Warner has to say of us. Writing of religious conditions in the South he says: "Will it not be strange, said a distinguished biblical scholar and an old time anti-slavery radical, if we have to depend after all upon the orthodox conservatism of the South? For it is to be noted that the Southern pulpit holds still the traditions of the old theology and the mass of Southern Christians are still undisturbed by doubts. They are no more troubled by agnosticism in religion than by altruism in sociology. There remains a great mass of sound and simple faith." No doubt some will say that this very conservatism is a grave fault. I like a man who believes something and believes it with might and main. There is so much of that spiritless, emasculated kind of skepticism, which its

professors call agnosticism, that one would welcome another Knox or Calvin. In some moods I would vote for the return of the Puritans. But that aside, we have it established that socially, politically, religiously, the South has progressed steadily and invariably along true lines; that hers is a true Anglo-Saxon Christian civilization. It has always been so, and it is to the South that the country must look in the future for its inspirations to sound and simple faith in politics, no less than in religion. I do not mean party politics; I mean the essential principles of representative government.

I have only one thing more to say. It is not uncommon to hear of conventions, and to read editorials, in aid of immigration. What I have said is not friendly to indiscriminate immigration, and having said as much elsewhere, I have been met with the assertion that we cannot, without immigration, develop our country. There is nothing so irrational as all this hurry to develop things. I would far rather leave the development to a remote posterity than accomplish it with the aid of Italian lazzaroni and Hungarian paupers. Let us keep our blood clean and pure. We get along well enough as it is. Development is desirable, but it need not be instantaneous. Let us leave to our children something to develop. If we develop everything what will they do for occupation? Let us develop ourselves; study our Yankee cousins and learn thrift and economy, and content ourselves with moderate earnings and savings. And so having entered my special plea, I say again, as in the beginning, that now is the time to gather the material of our history and have it ready for the hands of that great historian who is coming to us sooner or later.

THOREAU, THE NATURE-LOVER.*



POSTHUMOUS success is an excellent thing in its way, but it is natural to wish for earlier returns from our investments. Thoreau was not exempt from this common weakness. Early in his career he printed a book, but the public declined to concur in his belief that it was worth printing, and he endured the mental and physical discomfort of carrying a large part of the edition up to the garret on his back. His correspondence with Horace Greeley proves that for many years the great editor was peddling manuscripts from Concord among the impecunious proprietors of such ephemeral and forgotten publications as "Putnam's" and "Graham's" Magazines.

Perhaps no man, in America at least, lived as cheaply as Thoreau. Six or seven weeks of manual labor furnished him a year's support. He was a copious writer, but was compelled to resort to manual labor for the means of existence. A few men, and perhaps one woman, being of the higher order and sympathetic, bought his first book, and read it and praised it, but the great mass, or rather the small mass of American readers, was obstinately blind to its merits.

As I turn this morning to my book shelves, I count eight handsome volumes inscribed with the name of "Thoreau," and the circular of a great publisher informs me that I may, if so minded, purchase two more. Ten volumes published and widely circulated, a rich source of income to the publisher! In his lifetime the author could not sell his best thought and his best writing. Now his very note-books, the undigested chance jottings in his diary, are quickly sold, and it may be, occasionally read. Is it what we vulgarly call a "fad," this revival of Thoreau, or has it a substantial cause? Is it a caprice, or a manifestation of deliberate and sound judgment? It is no new thing in literature for meritorious writers to fail in their own generation, and become the favorites and heroes of later times. Shakespeare waited two hundred years for full recognition, but now for a century he has held the undisputed first place, and the literature of Shakespeare rivals in quantity and surpasses in quality the prose literature of England in Shakespeare's time.

Does Thoreau fall within the category indicated? Was it the fault of the public and not of the author that "Walden," and the "Week" fell

*Published in New England Magazine and Yale Review, November, 1891.

so flat, and that the charming sketches in "Excursions" commanded only starvation prices? Has Thoreau re-appeared as a comet in the literary firmament, or has it been discovered that he is one of the fixed stars? Is there reason for believing that he can maintain in our literature the conspicuous position to which, in the last fifteen years, he has been assigned by the strenuous kindness of friends and the well conducted advertising of his publishers? Were his asceticism and solitariness mere eccentricities and affectations, or were they the marks of a genius, so high or so fine that it could find no fit consort? Did they indicate a superior endowment, or upon the contrary, an inferior quality of mind, a certain unsoundness, giving rise to distorted opinions of life and duty? Is his literary work of real excellence? Will it endure the tests of time and increasing culture? Is it sufficient support for a claim to immortality? Is it in form or substance the work of a master?

First as to the man. He was of Gallic blood, filtered through the Channel Islands. In blood as well as in intellect, he was of kin to Rousseau, Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand, the sentimentalists. In his way, he was as wildly sentimental as Rousseau, and apparently as ready as the red republicans of France to upset the existing order. He found almost as much to condemn in sedate and democratic Concord, where philosophy was ere long to find her western abode, as the revolutionists saw in Paris or Versailles.

He was educated at Harvard, where he was in no way distinguished, and began life by teaching and making pencils. In the latter vocation he found his first opportunity to gratify his passion for eccentricity. Having made a useful invention, he refused to apply for a patent for it because it would not benefit him to do again what he had already done. The same reasoning might have induced him to refuse copyright for his books, but I have not found that he did so. At all events, it seems that it would have been better to take the patent and its proceeds than to borrow, as he afterwards did. He was a skilled mechanic, and was also abundantly qualified to earn his living as a surveyor. He did not marry, nor try to marry, would not vote nor pay his taxes, nor go to church. He was, in an amusing way, a secessionist and a nullifier.

James Parton has written an elaborate and laborious argument attempting to prove that the doctrines of Mr. Calhoun, in their ultimate analysis, would put it in the power of each individual citizen to nullify or veto the acts of Congress. It is not an important fact, but it is divert-

ing to find our Diogenes of the Walden Woods asserting this very theory. In his essay on "Civil Disobedience," he says: "Some are petitioning the State to dissolve the Union, to disregard the requisition of the President. Why do they not dissolve it themselves?—the union between themselves and the State—and refuse to pay their quota into the treasury? Do not they stand in the same relation to the State that the State does to the Union?" In the same essay, he advises the abolitionists of Massachusetts to withdraw their support both in person and in property from the State government. Some of his utterances go beyond secession and nullification. He declares that the same objections which apply to standing armies may be brought against standing governments, and it would not be difficult to convict him of a degree of sympathy with some of the extravagancies of the anarchists of our own time. He was also a free trader. This is obviously a necessary part of his belief. It was his theory that every man should be free to do as he pleased, surrendering nothing of his rights, as he conceived them, to the government. He refused to pay his poll-tax, and went to jail. A friend paid it for him, and he accepted the benefit, but without gratitude or repayment.

It is not easy to understand why, after stickling upon a point of conscience to the extent of submitting to imprisonment, he should have accepted the benefit of another's payment of the iniquitous demand of the State. His logic, carried to its necessary conclusion, required him to remain in jail until the State confessed itself in error and released him. If the payment of the tax was wrong, he had no right to accept benefit from it when made by another. It was at best a poor compromise. In this, as in other of his paradoxical performances, a certain limitation is discoverable. He stops short of the conclusion. As the vulgar saying goes, there is "more bark than bite."

Mr. Lowell comments upon the fact that when he had abjured civilization and determined to have no other companions than the blue-jays and muskrats of Walden Pond, his first act was to borrow Bronson Alcott's axe, a civilized implement from a civilized man, to build a civilized abode. There is certainly a degree of inconsistency in seeking primeval solitude and simplicity, with a sharp Yankee axe on one shoulder and the Bhagavad Gita under the other arm. Why did he not discard his factory-made dress, clothe himself in skins, if at all, make his own axe of stone, build a wigwam like his ideal, the red man, or burrow like his ancestors of the stone age and his neighbors, the muskrats? Mr.

Lowell, whose sketch of Thoreau is very happily written, notes that civilization was very near to Walden, and that Thoreau could easily fall back upon it in an emergency.

Thoreau was in the habit of declaring a preference for the society of naked Indians and wild beasts, and he did go away and live for a while in a snug shanty by Walden Pond, engaged in such aboriginal pursuits as writing books, and the study of Hindu Metaphysics. In a few years, however, he was again living in town, accepting all the disadvantages of civilization, though still inveighing against them. He was writing books, and printing them, sending Greeley manuscript after manuscript, borrowing seventy-five dollars from him, and repaying it with the most scrupulous exactitude.

Why should this defiantly eccentric person, who declares that he would not go around the corner to see the world blow up, care to write books to be read by the "vulgar crowd" of men and women, as he called them? Perhaps it was from sheer love of lecturing. He did not believe in missionaries; his shibboleth was "every man to his own affair." He was not writing in order to do good to others. What happened to others could in no wise affect or interest one so thoroughly apart from the rest of mankind. Yet we have from his pen ten fat duodecimos, with a mass of note-books remaining whose contents have not yet been exploited. In due time, no doubt, we shall have more volumes, preceded by loud trumpeting of praise.

Apropos of his intense and defiant individualism, it is strange that his biographers and critics have paid so little attention to his profession and practice of Buddhism. There is very good ground for believing that the Walden episode was not more a result of temperament, or of a desire to be conspicuous by being odd, or of a disinterested purpose to set the world a good example, than an attempt to put into practice somewhat of the Hindu philosophy to which he was intensely devoted. Whether this is attributing too much, or too direct an influence to his oriental studies or not, it is possible to trace a vein of Buddhism all through his life and writings. In the Walden retirement it crops out strongly.

In the "Week," he writes: "The reading which I like best is the scriptures of the several nations, though it happens I am better acquainted with those of the Hindus, the Chinese, and the Persians, than of the Hebrews, which I have come to last." Again he says: "I know that

some will have hard thoughts of me, when they hear their Christ named beside my Buddha, yet I am sure I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha, for love is the main thing, and I like him too." Referring to his diet at Walden, he declares that he thought it fit that he should live mainly on rice, because he loved so well the philosophy of India. Horace Greeley, writing to Thoreau, refers to "your genial pantheism." This pantheism, with great certainty, was a result of his study of "Hindu Scriptures." The Brahmin, with his belief in emanation and absorption, as the origin and end of all things, and his doctrine of metempsychosis is not more scrupulous in his regard for all forms of animated existence than was Thoreau. Says Emerson: "Though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun." Once he killed and ate a woodchuck, but repented it long and sorely.

Buddhism is a philosophy of selfishness. Each man must see to his own salvation, regardless of the fortune of others. To the Buddhist self-culture embraces all the duties of life. Not the Christian self-culture, which is a means to unselfish ends, but a selfish culture, which is, itself, the only end worth seeking. In this way he hopes to attain Nirvana, which every man must reach if, at all, by his own efforts, having no regard for others, as they must have none for him. It is not important to determine whether Thoreau believed in Nirvana or not. In many other respects his Buddhism is plainly visible. The Buddhist, seeking to attain serenity by modification of his inner nature, wrought by his own unaided efforts, is commanded to forsake parents, wife, children, friends, country, and live by himself and for himself alone. Hear now our Walden Buddhist say: "Probably I should not consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me—to save the universe from annihilation." Siddhartha declared that the life of a recluse was most favorable to serenity. He encouraged asceticism and condemned marriage. A lonely life in the forest, he said, was best adapted to that self-conquest which comprised every duty of life. Is it to be doubted that Thoreau, seated in his lonely hut in the forest by Walden Pond, eating his scanty rations of rice, apart from family and friends, refusing obedience to the law, virtually abjuring his country, not willing to "go round the corner to see the world blow up," nor to surrender his selfish purposes to "save the universe from annihilation," was practising or believed that he was practising the teachings of his Buddha?

In a general way his eccentricities of opinion and conduct were parts

of the New England reformation. We are not surprised by anything said or done in this extraordinary period, when a man as large-minded as Ripley undertook, in serious mood, the conduct of Brook Farm, and when, for a time, the calm, strong genius of Hawthorne yielded to the vagaries of Fourier. But the qualities of the men clearly appear in their conduct. Hawthorne speedily shook off his illusions and became the trenchant, almost unkind satirist of the movement in which he had for the moment joined. Emerson, who had given Thoreau his impulse to the study of oriental literature and philosophy, and had been, in many other things, his inspirer and teacher, never lost his balance. He neither joined any impracticable community, nor refused to associate with his fellow men. As much a humanist and philanthropist as Ripley, as much an orientalist as Thoreau, his well-balanced mind perceived the necessity of making the most of life as it was. It was plain to him that he could do no good by living in the woods, and accomplish no good purpose by aiding Miss Fuller to milk her cows. With all its mistakes and extravagances, transcendentalism was productive of many excellent results. Of all its good qualities and products, Emerson was the embodiment. Of its vagaries, Thoreau affords an excellent illustration. Emerson was sound; Thoreau was not.

It is said of Victor Hugo that he esteemed himself so highly that he regarded whatever pertained to him as of importance and interest to all mankind, and wrote odes to commemorate his headaches and toothaches. This form of egotism is essentially Gallic. Montaigne wrote four charming volumes of gossip about himself. Rousseau, who believed that he had been cast in a peculiar mould, which had been at once destroyed, has handed down to posterity a carefully revised catalogue of his opinions and of the occurrences of his career, embracing in the latter department some of the most repulsive things that have ever been printed. Dumas followed his example. France is pre-eminently the land of private memoirs. People of other nations write memoirs only when they have matters of public importance or interest to relate. No one but a Frenchman thinks his toothache or his indigestion a subject of universal interest. No one but a Frenchman photographs himself naked for the edification of the rest of the world.

Intellectually, Thoreau was closely related to these memoir writers. He has left us, however, nothing unclean. He was a chaste, clean man and writer, but he has written three thousand duodecimo pages of ego-

tism. The world of his books revolves about himself as a sun. Whatever he did, said, or thought, must be put down in ink. Wherever he went the public must follow, and if he stopped by the way the public must stop too, and hear what he had to say while he ate his lunch. If his shoe became untied in his walk, the operation of repairing the accident was of sufficient importance to merit an accurate description, supplemented by the reflections suggested by the occurrence. He traveled in the Maine woods, inviting American readers to attend him, and, with infinitely wearisome minuteness, compelled their attention to all the stumps he sat upon and all the stones he chipped. These things were important because they had been related to him. His "Week on the Concord and Merrimack" is, perhaps, the least interesting of narratives, so far as incident is concerned. It is strongly and, in the main, gracefully written, and contains a vast deal of philosophizing upon subjects, ranging from the most commonplace to the most transcendental; very few of them perceptibly related in the remotest degree to the subject of the book. These reflections, being his own, could not, of course, be omitted. His eyes were never off himself. As a writer, he was a persistent and chronic scold. Except thinking and writing about himself, he enjoyed nothing so much as lecturing others, treating them the while as if they were residents of the transcendental world, instead of citizens of an excessively practical Republic on the earth.

He was opposed to government. Commerce was an evil; the best merchant was the one who lost most money. He would not go into trade for fear he might make money. Commerce with England was tolerable only because it had brought Carlyle's thoughts to America. He admired John Brown, Chakia Mouni, Carlyle, and himself. Perhaps there were others, whom I cannot now recall. He conceded good qualities to Webster, but blamed him because, having been chosen Senator from Massachusetts, he did not shape his course as if he were a Senator from Utopia. Lowell refers to the fact that he complained that there was no one in Concord with whom he could discuss Hindu philosophy, when he was much of the time living in the family of Emerson, his master, who had introduced him to the study of it. Emerson expressed the highest admiration for his perceptive faculty. Lowell says he acted as if others had no such faculty, and was continually discoursing about the most common phenomena, as if he were the only one who had ever seen the sun rise or set.

It would not be fair to stop here in our analysis. It is hardly to be disputed that the peculiarities which have been referred to were, many of them, cultivated. They were artificial; conscious eccentricities. French blood craves effect. It must have attention. Frenchmen do not make good Buddhists or Stoics. The doctrines of Epictetus have never taken deep root in France. Thoreau wished to be, and to be considered, a Stoic and a Buddhist, superior to misfortune, suffering, affection, all the feelings and passions that move other men. He cultivated the quality of Stoicism assiduously, but without success. He could not change his nature. When he had been paid out of jail by the friend whom he did not thank, he went to the cobbler, and got his shoe, which he had left to be mended, and then joined a huckleberry party. In such expeditions he was a frequent and favorite leader.

He was beloved of all children. In short, he was naturally a man of kindly, sympathetic disposition, and with all his orientalism and individualism in theory, he could not divest himself of a strong social instinct and a fine social capacity. Using the current phrase, he was "good company," and he liked company. Emerson says that he abandoned his solitude at Walden because he had exhausted its advantages. This is no doubt a part of the truth, but it is also clear that he had become tired of it. It will not do to say that he intended in the beginning to remain only temporarily. He was putting into practice his theory of life. In a sense, he was placing himself on exhibition as an example of "low living and high thinking." To show that one could live as he advocated for something over two years, did not prove his case.

The Walden solitude and the Brook Farm Society alike failed. Thoreau, it is said, had the double purpose of teaching right living and learning the trade of authorship at Walden. In the first, if this was his purpose, he signally failed. He made himself conspicuous, but attracted neither following nor approval. Soon after he abandoned his hut, the performance having ended, it was put upon wheels by a neighboring farmer, and hauled off to be used as a corn-crib, in which capacity it is said to have done duty for many years. If Walden was a good place for writing books, why did not he stay there? He says he had as good a reason for coming away as he had for going there. No doubt he had a much better one. He had been trying a foolish experiment, and had discovered his folly. To say that he was compelled to go there in order to practice writing is absurd. Emerson and Hawthorne had no difficulty in learning the trade, or in carrying it on in Concord.

It was impossible for Thoreau to live without society. Being by nature both a writer and a talker, having a well-stored mind, his comfort and happiness depended upon having an outlet for his thought, an audience for his speech, a public to read his writings. He had something to say and could not tell it to the loons, something to write and to print and the muskrats could not read it. He loved music, and the squirrels and the blue-jays did not furnish good quality. He loved children and his friends, and the mutual attraction was so strong that after a while he shut up his shanty, tacitly confessing his mistake, and returned to the world, from which he had never departed more than three miles, and ever afterward endured with serenity the multitude of social evils. Even now the world looks upon him in the light of his Walden escapade as a hermit, an ascetic, and a cynic. Undoubtedly his life was austere and abstemious, but in other respects this conception is erroneous.

Upon this genial, kindly, and social nature were imperfectly grafted certain peculiarities, the results of his studies in oriental philosophy, and of the intense and often misguided intellectual and moral activity of the time in which he lived. Like most grafted fruit, the product was inferior. Looking beyond his eccentricities, we shall find much to approve and to admire. His idealism is of the loftiest kind. The morality of his books is in every respect and in the highest degree admirable. The fact that we cannot now put his moral precepts into practice does not prove them unsound in principle. We shall probably not be able to utilize them until the millenium; but this would be a sorry world indeed if none of us believed in or hoped for a better state of affairs than now exists, nor ventured to protest against present evils and demand their removal.

Our slavery to money and trade, our dishonesty in business, our constant creation of artificial wants and waste of time in gratifying them, our worship of the material and neglect of the intellectual, the spiritual, the really excellent, these and all the shortcomings and evils of society were incessantly and trenchantly denounced. His leanings were all to the right. The intensity of his nature carried him to extremes, so that he was in no sense a practical reformer, but rather a prophet foretelling a better state, a sentimentalist seeing things as they ought to be, not as they are. Perhaps this statement should be qualified, because when John Brown had been arrested Thoreau hastened to the Concord Lyceum to sound his praise. The managers objected, saying the time

was not ripe, but our idealist had no such word as policy or expediency in his vocabulary. He had something to say, and intended to say it, and did say it. It made no difference to him whether affairs were ready or not. In this and in other ways he efficiently aided in the anti-slavery agitation. In the light of subsequent events his folly was better than the wisdom of the party managers.

He was an ardent lover of nature, and the greater part of his time was devoted to "communion with her visible forms." He knew almost to the hour when every flowering thing in Concord township would bloom. He was on intimate terms with the natives of forest and stream. He would stand immovable for hours among the trees, and the squirrels and birds would come about him as if he were a part of the forest growth. In the same way he would stand in the shallows of the river until the fish would become accustomed to his presence and permit him to take them in his hands. He appears, however, to have been content to observe phenomena and to catalogue facts, so that, while he has left a valuable and interesting record of observations, he cannot be said to have contributed anything of special importance to science.

In what estimation shall we hold such a man? Is not the general impression one of weakness rather than of strength? Like Hamlet he found the "time out of joint." His efforts to set it right came to naught. He failed at Walden, and the faults of society, which he hated and denounced, grew every day greater before his eyes. Not only did he fail so far as others were concerned, but he must also have been conscious of his own errors of judgment and infirmity of will. His perception was faulty and his efforts misdirected. Emerson, the most ideal of transcendentalists, had a firm hold upon the real world, as well as the ideal world, and no American thinker or writer has, so powerfully as he, influenced his countrymen. It was in this respect that Thoreau was fatally lacking. He was wholly impracticable, and this necessarily implied mental limitation and inferiority. While Emerson made a visible and lasting impress, Thoreau made none. The exaggeration, the paradox, the utter disregard of actual conditions which distinguished his utterances and his conduct, made it impossible for him to guide or control men. He was continually discounting himself. In very truth he had no capacity for leadership. He could not lead himself.

While he lived he exerted no influence upon others. In his conduct there was nothing notable, inspiring, or heroic. In his books there is

no body of doctrine, neither coherency, nor system. His personality is unique, eccentric, nothing more. Notwithstanding his exceptionally high qualities, intellectual and moral, it is not possible to pronounce him a great or even a strong man. If he has any claim to eminence, it must rest upon his literary achievements. It is true of him, as of other writers, that his character is manifest in his books. The first thing to be noted of these is that the basis of all of them is nature. Their names clearly indicate this: "Excursions," "Summer," "Walden," "Cape Cod," "Early Spring in Massachusetts," "The Maine Woods."

When we get beyond the titles, we discover, however, that they treat not only of nature, but of every other thing which it has entered into the mind of man to conceive. One seeing for the first time the title, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" would naturally expect an account of a boating, fishing, and exploring trip. As a matter of fact, while the book does contain something of this kind, it includes a great deal more that has no more necessary connection with the Concord or the Merrimac, than with the man in the moon, or with Sanscrit roots. It is in this book that the author discourses most persistently upon Hindu and other philosophies. If you wish to know his opinions on friendship, love, poetry, literature, architecture and most other subjects they are to be found here. All this begets disappointment and exasperation. If one wishes to learn Buddhism, or architecture, he naturally prefers books that professedly treat of them. It is hardly fair to tempt the lover of nature with such a title, to lure him off to the Concord or the Merrimac, and then inflict upon him interminable discourses upon dry and totally irrelevant topics, relieved here and there with verse which is indisputably bad. This objection will apply with almost equal force to "Walden," and in less degree to all his narrative works. There is something in "Walden" about Walden, but very much more about other things. This discursiveness, scrappiness detracts very materially from both the interest and the value of the books. Thoreau is never so entertaining as when relating with stimulating enthusiasm the natural history of his native woods, and fields, and waters. We value him most as a chronicler of these. We lack confidence in the extent and exactness of his knowledge and the soundness of his judgment in the matters of which he has so much to say so inopportunately.

Now and then, in the "Week," he seizes his oars, and sends his boat with vigorous strokes spinning along. You catch the breeze, expand

your lungs with the bracing air, and say to yourself, "this is pleasant, this is what I wished and expected;" but the thought has hardly passed before the oars again dip idly in the water, the breeze is lost, and the sun pours down, while the boatman forces into your unwilling ears such lines as these:

"Conscience is instinct bred in the house,
Feeling and thinking propagate the sin
By an unnatural breeding in and in.
I say turn it out of doors
Into the moors.
I love a life whose plot is simple,
And does not thicken with every pimple."

This, by the way, is classified as poetry, and has something of a metrical form. Instead of breaking into poetry, it may be that he will say with earnest though fatiguing irrelevancy: "We can tolerate all philosophies. Atomists, Pneumatologists, Atheists, Theists, Plato, Aristotle, Leucippus, Democritus, Pythagoras, Zoroaster, and Confucius," etc. He has invited you to go boating, and this is what he gives you. The root of all this is egotism. No doubt he really believes that all he has to say is of interest and value to others. In many instances it is neither interesting nor valuable, and this method, or want of method, is fatal to him as a bookmaker. He seems to be, as a writer, almost devoid of the sense of proportion and propriety. Perhaps he wilfully disregards both proportion and propriety. There is a place for everything. The natural history of Massachusetts has no affinity with Leucippus, and certainly there is no perceptible justification for essays on Solon and Chaucer in a book of New England travel.

"The Week" and "Walden" might very well be published together with some such title as "The Miscellaneous and Inconsequential Opinions of Henry D. Thoreau upon a Variety of Subjects."

The scrappiness of his books indicates a corresponding quality of mind. Believing in personal inspiration it is quite probable that he conceived it to be his duty to set down always the thought which came into his mind without regard for connection or relevancy, or the convenience or approval of the reader. This hop, skip, and jump method of thinking and writing renders real enjoyment of his books impossible

to all except kindred transcendental spirits, in whom sympathy is sufficiently developed to cover the multitude of his sins. This peculiarity may be an affectation, in which event it is beyond pardon, or it may result from incapacity for sustained effort. Probably both hypotheses are correct. The two books under consideration were published during his life, and are the best known of his longer productions. "Walden" is the more readable, and has always been the more popular. The name is happily chosen to stimulate curiosity, by reason of its reference to the episode by which Thoreau is most widely known. It is safe to say, however, that very few will read "Walden" a second time, or go through it even once, without much vexation, mingled with occasional pleasure and unavoidable admiration of its excellent though varying literary quality. Who cares to read again a book which contains a little of everything, and not very much of anything, especially when it is undertaken as a volume of natural history and personal reminiscence and proves to be a volume of everything else?

Readers of natural history will not wade through long drawn chapters of philosophizing to find the facts they seek. Students of philosophy will not care to plant beans and dig roots with Thoreau. There is no class of readers to whom these books will, in their totality, be interesting. In the main, they are admirably written, but there are enough books with coherence and harmony of construction which are better written. Upon these books, Thoreau's reputation as a prose writer mainly depends, and they are so composite, so discursive, and so incongruous in substance, that they cannot be popular even among the higher class of readers. To the general public they will be known hereafter, as they have been known heretofore, by name only. To no one have they any substantial value. They may possibly retain a certain notoriety as curiosities of literature.

The "Yankee in Canada," "The Maine Woods," and "Cape Cod," are more homogeneous and coherent. As a rule, however, the style is inferior to that of the "Week" and "Walden," and the interest purely local. The subject matter is of a kind to interest no one but the inhabitants of the regions to which they relate, and them, not very much. It would require a very exceptional literary excellence to make such books acceptable to the general reader, or any but the local reader. They contribute nothing to their author's popularity and do not commend him to the critics.

Passing from the longer and more pretentious books to the essays and occasional pieces, we find some attractive material. The volume entitled "Excursions," contains, perhaps, the best of these. There are few pieces of descriptive writing in the language more beautiful than "A Winter Walk." I had the good fortune to make acquaintance with it on a winter afternoon, during one of the rare snow-falls of our Southern latitude, and ever since it has possessed for me an irresistible charm. I have read it again, every winter since that time, and always with renewed pleasure. Thoreau says himself that books of natural history make the best winter reading, and I know of nothing more delightful than to read "A Winter Walk" on a snowy day.

A few of the essays are critical and biographical and are of no special value. Thoreau's judgments of men and books were as fantastic as his opinions of government and conduct. The sketch of Carlyle is strongly written, but abounds in the most exaggerated transcendentalism. It was composed in the first enthusiasm of early acquaintance, when Carlyle was an ardent idealist, not to say mystic. His idealism, and his extravagant vigor of phrase, were very pleasing to Thoreau, and exerted a powerful and lasting influence upon him.

Ruskin seems not to have suited him so well. Rather a surprising fact, because, intellectually, there is in many respects a striking similarity between the two. Ruskin, however, was, if not an artist, a lover and an historian of art, while Thoreau loved or claimed to love, only nature. The "Seven Lamps of Architecture," he said, was made of good stuff, but there was too much about art in it for him and the Hottentots. Probably Ruskin's later writings would have pleased him more. Other of the essays are "Civil Disobedience," "Slavery in Massachusetts," "Life without Principle," and "John Brown." None of these is in any way remarkable. They are, like most of his books, written in a vigorous but uneven style. This inequality of execution is a principal defect of all his books. Aside from the facts narrated, these essays are repetitions, with more or less modification, of the opinions and theories which we have found in "Walden," and the "Week."

There remains to be noticed that part of his prose writing which is almost literally transcribed from his note books. The literary value of note books is necessarily inconsiderable. We are accustomed to be served with the finished product, not the raw material, and naturally prefer it. It is hardly possible for the ordinary reader to judge of such

books, because it is well nigh impossible for him to read them. They may possess a strong local interest, they may be pleasant to the highly cultivated palates of the transcendental elect, but to the inferior and uninitiated orders of men and women, they are "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Their publication is a manifestation of an extraordinary hero-worship, or of a determination to work up all the product of a profitable mine, no matter how inferior the remaining material may be. The literature of the world is no richer by their publication. They are parts of a set of books and increase the income of the publishers by their due proportion. The name of the author, having a market value, will sell them along with the others. Buyers, as a rule, will take the whole set. The more in the set, the larger the receipts.

Thoreau seems to have entertained occasional aspirations to be a poet. Necessarily, because to the transcendentalists, to borrow their own high flying phrase, "Poetry was the only verity, contained the only reality." "The Week" is dotted all over with metrical outbursts. One of these has been quoted above. It was not selected as the worst, and is not the worst. The others are very much of the same quality. The transcendental poets, with their keener insight and their lofty disregard of mere form, did not confine the muse to the conventional tripping gait, but allowed her to go at will. A distressing unevenness was the frequent result. Dr. Holmes confesses that Emerson's poetry too often goes on unequal feet, and that he is guilty of extreme arbitrariness in some of his rhymes. For instance, in enforcing a concord of sound between "bear" and "woodpecker" and compelling the ultimate and penultimate syllables of the great Napoleon's name to rhyme with "noon." This inequality of construction and this independent style of rhyming were equally, or more, characteristic of Thoreau. It is said that he had the poet's soul, but not the poet's gift of song. The latter is certainly true, the former possibly so, but the world is unreasonable enough to demand the song before it concedes the title of poet.

It is claimed for Thoreau, that if he had been born in one of "those fervid climates where the poets sing as naturally as the birds," he would have been a great poet. This may or may not be true. There is no harm in believing it, and nothing unreasonable in not believing it. Poets, even great poets, are not confined to fervid climates. Some of the greatest have come from the cold northlands. In America, the finest crop of them has sprung from the sterile soil and been nurtured in the "inhos-

pitable climate" of Massachusetts. Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Bryant were all of New England. Fervors of temperature were not necessary in their cases. It is a sufficient answer to say that Thoreau was not born in a "fervid climate," and was not a great poet. He was not even a poet of ordinary merit, and the assertion that he was not a poet at all, might be plausibly supported. Arguments to the contrary would not be strongly re-enforced by citation of those portions of his writings which are not in prose form, and which are called poems.

If Thoreau's claim to immortality rests upon his prose writings, it cannot be said that his title is clear. A book purporting to deal with a single subject should be a consistent and harmonious whole, and not composed of disconnected parts. Particularly at this time, when the tendency of everything is toward specialization, it is impossible for books of rambling disquisitions to be acceptable or valuable to any class of readers.

In what department of knowledge, or of thought, shall we say that Thoreau was well founded or thorough? What shall we say he did well? He was an alert observer of nature, and possessed the faculty of recording his observations accurately and attractively. If he had been content to confine himself to this work, for which he was so well adapted, the foundations of his fame should have been much more firmly laid; but in his fondness for paradox, his devotion to philosophical and mystical studies and discourse, he was constantly tempted from the road which he should have pursued, and instead of books of natural history and scenery, which might have ranked with the "Complete Angler," or the Natural History of Selborne, the best he has left are inharmonious and ill-constructed composites. It is true, as Mr. Lowell says, that some of his sentences are as perfect as anything in our language, but it is equally true that his style lacks sustained excellence. As in his thought there is much which is to the purpose, with not a little which is not to the purpose, so as a rule in his writing a high degree of excellence constantly alternates with positive inferiority.

It will not be claimed by his most ardent admirer that Thoreau's books are at all calculated for popularity. It would be difficult to conceive themes or methods of treatment less popular, and there is no writer in the language who professedly held popularity in such slight esteem. His works are addressed to readers of the higher class, who resort to

books with serious purpose, and to them their value must be exceedingly limited, by reason of their incompleteness and want of harmony and connection. Upon the whole, there seems to be no reason for concluding that Thoreau can maintain his present prominence among American writers, or that his place in literature, if permanent at all, will be a high one.

To what, then, shall we attribute the apparent popularity which has attached to his books for the last decade or more? In the first place, we have begun to have a distinctly national literature, in the creation of which Thoreau and his contemporaries and associates, of the transcendental school, bore an important part. We are naturally interested in the beginnings of this literature, and grateful to those who founded it. Unquestionably Thoreau is entitled to high praise for his thorough-going Americanism. He was one of the first American writers to discover that his own country and his own people afforded the materials for a literature. He was one of those of whom Emerson says: They found they were not compelled to go to Italy to find sunsets; the American article was just as good. He was consciously as well as positively American, and in more than one place in his books vigorously denounced the spirit of imitation which characterized American writers of his time, depriving their work of all originality and real value. The transcendental school of writers is entitled to the larger part of the credit which attaches to the emancipation of our literature. Col. Higginson says that "the *Dial* was the first distinctively American literary enterprise," and to this brilliant but short-lived periodical Thoreau was a constant contributor, without any pecuniary compensation.


Another cause of this multiplication of his books is the personality of Thoreau, which is the most unique in our literary annals. In his own time he was widely noted for his refusal to pay taxes and his hermit life at Walden, and to the majority, even of his countrymen, he is still known only by these episodes. This quaint personality is behind all his books, and is an invaluable aid to the publisher in selling them.

To these causes we must add the friendliness and the great influence of his editors and biographers. His chief sponsor was Mr. Emerson, and no better fortune could have befallen an American author than an introduction under such auspices. To Emerson the editing of Thoreau's books was a labor of love, but it was impossible for him to conceal his apprehension that the public might not be able to perceive the excellence of the material which he was presenting. For instance, he has

been to the trouble of going through Thoreau's works and collecting a large number of disconnected, strong sentences which in his judgment prove that the author possessed the literary faculty. This implies an admission that there is more chaff than wheat. But however diffidently he may have presented the books to his countrymen, his indorsement was sufficient. Perhaps Mr. Sanborn should be called a second indorser. After these all their friends and followers signed their approval, and so all the weight of New England culture has been sympathetically cast upon the side of Thoreau. Books so handsomely bound and so highly indorsed could not have failed to sell. That such an indorsement is of great value and not to be lightly treated is admitted, but it partakes somewhat of the nature of an accommodation indorsement by personal friends. It has always seemed as if there were a desire upon the part of his New England friends to have the public believe of Thoreau what they themselves wished to believe, namely, that he was a great writer and thinker. The right of dissent from their expressed judgment is not to be denied, and the dissent ought to be judged solely by the facts and the argument.

As our literature grows in quantity and improves in quality these books, despite their fitful and uncertain brilliancy, must necessarily recede more and more from the public view. We should hold their author in high esteem for his sterling personal worth, his patriotism, and the valuable assistance which he gave to the establishment of a genuinely American literature; but we should not allow our gratitude and affection to blind our eyes to his weaknesses as a man, or his limitations as a thinker and writer.

LITERATURE AND LIFE OF A PEOPLE.*

T was in the year 1820 that Sidney Smith made himself odious to Americans by his famous question: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?" This was the year in which Irving published the "Sketch Book," and one year before the appearance of Cooper's "Spy." Not far from this time the "Edinburgh Review" had this to say of Irving, who was then the foremost American writer: "He gasped for British popularity, he came and found it. He was received, caressed, applauded; natural politeness owed him some return, for he imitated, admired and deferred to us . . . It was plain that he thought of nothing else, and was ready to sacrifice everything to obtain a smile or a look of admiration." Kit North more kindly said of Irving: "His later books are beautiful, but they are English."

Some years later Thoreau wrote: "We are, as it were, but colonies. True, we have declared our independence and gained our liberty, but we have dissolved only the political bonds that connected us with Great Britain. Though we have rejected her tea, she still supplies us with food for the mind. The aspirant for fame must breathe the atmosphere of foreign parts, and learn to talk about things which the home-bred student never dreamed of, if he would have his talents appreciated, or his opinions regarded by his countrymen."

Theodore Parker said: "American literature was exotic, and the native literature was rowdy, consisting mainly of campaign squibs, coarse satire, and frontier jokes. Children were reared on Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Trimmer, whose books, otherwise excellent, were unconsciously saturated with social conventionalism and distinctions foreign to our society."

These quotations present the fact of our intellectual dependence upon England, throughout at least the first quarter of the last century. The causes of this are obvious, and by no means discreditable, but it is interesting and in keeping with my present purpose to inquire how we have achieved such comparative independence as we have since enjoyed. For many years, indeed for more than two centuries, all our energies were demanded by the tremendous task of subduing this great continent. Beginning on the Atlantic coast, we fought our way across the Alleghanies, across the Mississippi, and thence to the Pacific. Now we have completed the humane

undertaking of dispossessing the Indians, we have killed the last bison, and have laid our railways and set our telephones in every part of our splendid domain. This struggle against the Indian, and against material forces, and our English origin, were not the only causes of our intellectual secondariness. It is true that we are mainly of Anglo-Saxon origin, and it is also true, as Roosevelt declares, that as early as the Revolution there was a race of men distinctly American. The two things most necessary to intellectual growth and to the development of literature, art, scholarship, are leisure, which implies financial independence, and a community of sentiment, a distinct body of thought to be expressed.

The literature of a people is its thought precipitated, crystalized. Before there can be a literature, there must be a people thinking independently. Before we can have an American literature we must have an American sentiment. It is important to remember that while this country has received from the first a constant stream of immigration, it is in recent years that the stream has risen to its greatest height and become most corrupted. In the earlier days of the republic the number of immigrants was comparatively small. So far as homogeneity of population, which begets community of sentiment, was concerned, conditions were more favorable in the early part of the last century than afterwards. But in every part of the country save one, the people have been absorbed until now, incessantly in the struggle for existence. The exception was New England. Sixty years ago New England was already an old, populous, and rich community, and its population was at that time homogeneous. In addition to these things, her people, from the first, had been devoted to education more than those of the Middle and the Southern States, so that in New England the average of culture was much higher than elsewhere in America. The South and West were but sparsely settled, and the intellect of the South from necessity was directed towards politics, and not towards literature or scholarship. About the end of the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century there was a widespread intellectual and moral awakening in Europe, marked by a distinct revival of idealism. New England was the only part of America where conditions were favorable to the reception of this impulse. Hence, broadly speaking, arose the New England revival of letters, which many call the transcendental movement.

To assign a precise date of beginning is impossible. Colonel Higginson says that: "About the year 1836, a number of young people in America made the discovery that, in whatever quarter of the globe they happened to

be, it was possible for them to take a look at the stars for themselves." Incomparably the finest expression of the spirit of the movement was Emerson's address on the "American scholar," delivered in 1837. Among other things, he said: "Perhaps the time has already come, . . . when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, and long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close. The multitudes around us that are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions, arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves." Lowell says: "We were socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable." The transcendental movement was in effect a declaration of intellectual independence. But, after all, the revolt was virtually confined to New England. The distinctively and consciously American literature that resulted was almost entirely New England literature. It was produced by Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Thoreau, Motley, Prescott, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Parkman, Mrs. Stowe.

This literature and the intellectual impulse which it voiced originated before the era of increased immigration, and the great westward movement and dispersion of population. An inevitable result of the furious struggle for wealth, and of the influx of inferior population, from which New England suffered in common with the remainder of the country, from about the year 1850, was a lowering of intellectual and moral levels. But this was not the only cause, perhaps not the principal cause, of the cessation or subsidence of the transcendental movement. Doubtless its own excesses and extravagances had something to do with it, but the westward movement had more. Of the fifteen or sixteen millions of the descendants of the Puritans, comparatively few remain in New England. The body of the New England population, and of New England thought, was no longer compact, but diffused over all the North and Northwest. But now the West is conquered. We have possessed the land from the Atlantic to the summer seas, and there are signs of a reflux current of population eastward. We have outgrown our prejudices and our sectional politics, and our war against a foreign foe caused a revival of fraternity and patriotism. It does not need a gift of prophesy to foretell what must follow. We shall have, we are having already, another revival of learning, another movement forward in intellect and in morals, but it is national and not sectional or

local. In every State of the Union historical investigation is enthusiastically pursued. Tremendous summer schools attest and promote a pervasive and resistless enthusiasm for education. Every section teems with writers of more or less merit, and there is abounding evidence of a general intellectual and literary awakening. We are on the eve of a national transcendental movement.

We behold then a great nation, a republic, surpassing in actual and tried institutions the ideals and dreams of the lovers of liberty and mankind in former ages; possessing a domain of unequalled extent and richness, with a population drawn from every family of Christian men, but dominated by the race which has accomplished the greatest and the most beneficent results in modern times. Opportunity and promise of all high things irradiate our future.

From these large generalizations let us descend to a few particulars.

.

In literature there was a few years ago a serious threat of degeneracy. It has been true, always, that really meritorious writers of this country have been clean. The danger arose mainly from an inordinate increase of fiction. Among the thousands of living American writers, we have at most, three or four poets worthy of the name. Imaginative writing has taken almost exclusively the form of prose fiction. The novelists say that this is the dominant and the final form of literary expression. For three hundred years we have been writing novels. The English novel has been chaste; but even so clean and reputable a writer as Thackeray chafed under the salutary restrictions imposed by English taste and decency. As novels multiplied it became difficult to find new subjects, or even new treatments. This caused entirely respectable novel writers, over-estimating the importance of their calling and of themselves to clamor for what they called the "French freedom." Two other kindred causes concurred to strengthen the sentiment. Our foreign population being comparatively inferior, intellectually and morally, and imperfect education being one of our national misfortunes, a general lowering of standards made it possible for many producers of literary trash to market their wares. And so we had an excessive demand for fiction, and a large inferior reading public tolerating inferior and unclean books. Most dangerous was the influence of the French realistic and erotic novelists.

I think also that the Tolstoi furore had much to do with the sudden outpouring of filthy books in this country ten or fifteen years ago. At all

events the abomination existed, and even now our news stands glare with the gaudy covers of French reprints, and worse, American imitations. The Latins are capable of a refined decency, but the indecency of the Saxon is always gross and intolerable. Products of this condition were many, but not worthy of mention. Decent men protested, but the fictionists cried in return: "Art!" They quoted Goethe as saying that art must be esteemed for art's sake only. They declared that the French did such things best, that ignorance was not innocence, and much more of the same sort. The unclean writers make, or pretend to make, a fetich of art. They affirm that the one thing most desirable is candor. A desire for candor incited Thackeray to a threat of rebellion, and later induced Thomas Hardy, one of the foremost contemporary novelists, to write some hundreds of pages of repulsive Anglo-Saxon imitation of the French. No sooner had Mr. Hardy manifested his willingness to be grossly sensational and imitative than the critics opened a grand chorus of praise. Mr. Hardy had declared for art, and had risen to candor. At once he became the rival of the illustrious esoteric, obscurely profound, and unspeakably tiresome nominee of the critics for the first place in contemporary fiction, George Meredith. The magnificent paradox of declaring pure a heroine who manifested the most pitiable weakness and a persistent impurity aroused the makers of cheap fiction, and many critics to a frenzy of approbation. At last the English novel had declared its independence of the school misses, and we were to have Balzacs and Zolas of our own.

An apparently strong sentiment in America welcomed the new dispensation; but while we have had no Jeremy Collier, as they had in England at the time of the Restoration, the common sense of the people seems to have prevailed. We do not wish our sons and daughters to associate in actual life with rouses and courtesans, and we would deny them the more intimate association with these classes in books. If novels were addressed only to the elect, the novelists and the critics, we might have less reason to demand that they be clean and wholesome; but they reach all classes. The young people of this country are probably the largest consumers of fiction in the world. Therefore, if we are to have French candor we may confidently expect Parisian morals. Indeed, as life makes literature, we must have the morals before we can have the candor. If we must follow Mr. Hardy in his later ventures, we should first institute schools for the promotion of immorality, morbid sentimentalism, and absurdity. I am very much inclined to the belief, despite the critics, that ignorance

is innocence. I find the sophistication of the Greeks associated with unspeakable immoralities, and fail to see wherein Babylonian morals were improved by the general knowledge of subjects that we forbid. The decadence of the Roman Empire was conspicuous for candor, and the courts of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Charles II., were models of candor and sophistication. Paris, from which New York and Chicago import so many improvements in the vices, is a very Pharos of candor.

For my part, I unblushingly place myself among the unprogressives, the reactionaries, the unenlightened, who refuse to bow down to the god, Art. I would not stultify myself by attempting to disparage art, but I place morals, religion, above art, and affirm that the aims of art, and of everything else, should be moral. Moreover, I deny that unchastity furnishes the highest opportunities for art. The critics and the novelists bow themselves to the earth when the mighty name of Balzac is sounded. Because the French writer revels in immoralities and indecencies whenever he chooses to do so, he is the incomparable, unapproached exponent of human nature. I agree with John Ruskin that the finest and deepest insight into human nature manifest in literature is in Shakespeare's plays, and the next in Walter Scott's novels of modern Scotch life. I do not admit that Balzac, whose genius all men admire, wrote anything superior to the "Antiquary," "Guy Mannering," "Waverly," "Rob Roy" or "The Heart of Midlothian." I do not believe that Balzac had a finer genius or was a greater novelist than Scott, or Thackeray, or George Eliot. No language furnishes a novel that in pure artistic merit approaches Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." I hail with delight the abounding evidences of reaction from the morbid sentimentalism, which appeared a few years ago, and am happy in the belief that this country of homes, of honorable men and pure women, will have a clean and chaste literature; that it will neither be Cyprian, Babylonian nor Parisian.

In poetry the end of the century tendencies have not yet entirely prevailed. There are many who persist in admiring Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Chaucer, and so abject a slave of rhyme and meter as Robert Burns, even in an age illuminated and glorified by the transcendent genius of Whitman. It may be that in the golden future of poetry and of art, whose advent is so enthusiastically proclaimed, we shall reach and grasp the final and crowning conception that the chief end of poetry is obscurity without rhyme or meter, but I am of the deplorable company of the unilluminated who grope, as yet, in outer darkness. It may be that we are confused by the blinding radiance of the new

lights of belief and of criticism which burst upon us from many quarters; but, holding our minds ever open to "new influxes of light and power" and doing our best in the places in which our duty falls, we may hope that in the end we too may see the truth in its glory and beauty; or, if not, we must be content to have done our best without envy of our brothers and sisters who, more gifted or better fated than we, shall be numbered among the elect. A most encouraging fact is the unmistakable reaction from a hasty and shallow skepticism. Men of my age came into active life in the midst of the materialist movement. Without attempting to go far into this tremendous subject, I beg to offer a few suggestions:

Beyond question the man who most profoundly influenced the thought of the second and third quarters of the last century was Charles Darwin. After him came a host of disciples. The new discoveries, the new theories, quickly mastered the greater part of the scientific world. The utter and irremediable confounding of Christianity was clearly at hand. If the doctrine of natural selection were true, and Darwin had proved it true, then Christianity had no standing ground. Well do I remember that in my college days Darwinism and materialism were the fashion, more particularly among those who knew least about them. We discussed natural selection and the origin of the universe, bestowing special favor upon the nebular hypothesis, which admitted much nebulous knowledge. We read Huxley some, and Tyndall more; we marvelled at, and many times mouthed that daring declaration in Tyndall's Belfast address: "I behold in matter the promise and the potency of every form and quality of life."

Herbert Spencer's monumental work had not then progressed far, but we got the "First Principles," and some of us read it, or part of it, and filled our conversations and orations with its ponderous words and phrases: "Evolution, integration, concomitant, disintegration, homogeneity, and heterogeneity." Some fell upon Harriet Martineau's abridgement of the "Positive Philosophy," and burdened themselves with its massive terminology, its "social statics and dynamics." But there were two other writers who were easily first and second favorites. The lesser favorite was Buckle, the greater John W. Draper. In my day in college Draper's charmingly written one-sided books, with their bold assertion of infallibility, were tremendous makers of quick and defiant opinion. Many of us were obstreperously skeptical and magnificently intolerant of the effete superstitions of the Church and of the childish absurdities of the Bible. Twenty-five years ago the universities were turning out almost nothing

but agnostics and materialists. But now things are changed. There is hardly a Church in America that is not more prosperous, active and aggressive than ever before. There is a widespread and positive reaction, a rejection of the half truths that were at first readily accepted and confidently declared to be final. A majority of the young gentlemen in the colleges are now tolerant of the Deity. That we grossly overvalued the assertions and dogmas of the materialists and evolutionists is clear.

Omitting for want of time much that I would be glad to say, I ask your attention for a moment to our own section of the United States. The Spanish War removed many of the difficulties and misunderstandings from which the South had suffered, but in some respects the relief may be only temporary. Sectionalism cannot survive recent events, but a patriotic renaissance is not a political and social panacea. We have complained that our northern neighbors have not understood us. Probably a difficulty not less serious is that we have not understood ourselves. Prevented by many causes from having a literature of our own, we suffered long and fretted under the fact that the literature of the North was unfriendly to us. When we began to write about ourselves, after the Civil War, it was in a spirit of self-commiseration and self-laudation. Naturally enough and truly enough, we glorified the gallant soldiers of the Confederacy, regretted our lost wealth, and sighed for our vanished old-time civilization. Our own writings asserted for us perfection and martyrdom. The North was unsympathetic, harshly critical, and wrote and bought nearly all the books, and presently we began to be critical of ourselves. A few of us, to please the North, and to win popularity for our books, others from honest conviction, began to say uncomplimentary things about the South of the past and of the present. It was demonstrated then that our nerves had not recovered their tone. We could not endure the mildest criticism. Frequently we were intolerant of the indisputable truth. We manifested in higher degree a resentment like that which was aroused in this country when Dickens exaggerated our newness, our roughness, and our exhortation.

The truth is that the writers, North and South, have been extremists. Sentiment is prone to excess, and the critical faculty is hard to keep within bounds, being an unruly capacity and generally accompanying a combative and persistent temperament. The advice given the temporary but aspiring young driver of Appollo's chariot is suited to the case: "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" Senator Lodge represents one extreme when he makes old Virginia

the dreary and slovenly abode of indolence, horse-racing, wine-bibbing, and cock-fighting. Equally one-sided are many of our Southern writers, who see nothing of the horsy, gambling, deep-drinking planters that absorb Mr. Lodge's attention, or of anything else unpleasant, but only the Beverleys, the Birds, the Tuckers, and the Lees; fine ladies and fine gentlemen; gallants in flowing wigs and spreading ruffles, patrician dames and dainty damosels rustling in silks, rigid in brocades, broad-hooped, stately and imposing, walking minuets. From our point of view only the good was visible. We idealized the South. Because a few hundred cavaliers, a sprinkling, came to this country after the death of Charles I., sometimes called King Charles, the martyr, we said much of cavalier blood and chivalry. There were cavaliers, many of them in the old South, knightly, gallant, noble gentlemen. In the main the Southern people were, even in Virginia, plain, honest, patriotic, middle class folk. The cavalier element was concentrated largely in Virginia, and the essentially democratic society of that commonwealth exhibited certain aristocratic and necessarily temporary features. Virginia was the foremost of the Southern Colonies, and was long the foremost Southern State. From Virginia a greater part of the settlers of the Southwest were drawn. Virginia institutions were set up first and persist still in all the Southern States except Louisiana. The South was from the first mainly Virginian, that is English. This is hardly less true ethnically than politically. Next to England herself the Southern States are the most Anglo-Saxon part of the earth. The South has experienced almost none of the inevitably bad results that followed indiscriminate immigration. She is, as she ought to be, conservative.

Let us not be in great haste to develop. Why not patiently await natural growth, instead of incessantly bidding for immigration. The natural attractions of the South will draw in due time the best class of immigrants and insure a sound and normal development. We receive many excellent people from the North and from the West as it is. In due time we shall certainly see the cotton factories beside the cotton fields, and the iron furnaces beside the iron mines and the coal mines. The myriad streams that now flow unchecked to the sea will furnish water power to countless manufactories. The steady labor of the South will attract capital, and the mild winters will never stop the mill wheels.

I am fond of using certain sayings of Charles Dudley Warner in regard to the South. One of them is as follows: "Will it not be strange, said a

distinguished Biblical scholar, and an old time anti-slave radical, if we have to depend after all upon the orthodox conservatism of the South? For it is to be noted that the Southern pulpit holds still the traditions of the old theology, and the mass of Southern Christians are still undisturbed by doubts. . . . There remains a great mass of sound and simple faith."

There are so many new things now that one longs for something old. But after all, if we could only see it, many of these new things, especially in the world of thought and of letters, are really old things, tricked out in new and often fantastic vestments. This oppressive newness, this universal and insatiable progressiveness, has not yet pervaded the South, but numerous positive manifestations of it are to be found here. It is true that we have much of "sound and simple faith," but there are indications that we are entering upon a condition not unlike that of New England at the beginning of the transcendental movement, and for identical reasons. We are at the beginning of a transcendental movement of our own, in common with the remainder of the country. We are just awakening to active and independent intellectual and literary life. In our first flights we are unsteady and erratic. Some of my friends profess an aggressive socialism; others have become positivists; certain aesthetic and easy religions have invaded, feebly, the once orthodox recesses of our mountains; theories of education of the most impossible character, and of the most formidable names, abound; there is a passion for writing for the newspapers, and otherwise getting into them, and a growing contempt for men on the part of women who can not get husbands; progress is the word of the time, and to the progressives, everything new is *ipso facto* good, and everything old is bad. These, however, are surface manifestations, disorders, always attendant upon the stage of intellectual expansion which we have reached. I can not refrain from quoting Lowell's account of the closely corresponding period in the New England revival of letters:

"*Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile* was shouted on all hands, with every variety of emphasis, and by voices of every conceivable pitch, representing the three sexes of men, women and Lady Mary Wortley Montagues. The nameless eagle of the tree Ygdrasyl was about to set at last, and wild-eyed enthusiasts rushed from all sides to place under the mystic bird that chalk egg from which the new and fairer creation was to be hatched in due time. Every form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. Bran had its prophets, and the pre-sartorial simplicity of Adam

its martyrs. . . . Plainness of speech was carried to a pitch that would have taken away the breath of George Fox; and even swearing had its evangelists who answered a simple inquiry about their health with an elaborate ingenuity of imprecation that might have been honorably mentioned by Marlborough in general orders. Everybody had a mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody else's business. No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes. Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. Some had assurance of instant millennium, as soon as hooks and eyes should be substituted for buttons. Communities were established where everything was to be common but common sense. Men renounced their old gods, and hesitated only whether to bestow their furloughed allegiance on Thor or Budh. . . . It was the Pente-cost of Shinar. All stood ready at a moment's notice to reform everything except themselves."

These delightful exaggerations, abounding in truth, apply to conditions that are now beginning to appear in many parts of the country, caused as in New England, by a new and unregulated intellectual activity. Let us hope that we shall profit by the experience of New England, and moderate the natural enthusiasm of reform.

.

It so happens that we are with more or less justice held guilty of the two civic faults, which I shall call the most dramatic, furnishing the readiest and easiest material to the novelist and the declaimer, namely violence and illiteracy. I do not undertake here to discuss the subject of violence. I have believed always that with the growth of population, and with improved police service, crimes of violence will steadily decrease. The apparent increase of disorders of this class, in other sections of late years, appear to contradict this theory, but I can not accept these facts as a refutation. The statistics support the belief as applied to the South, and I am confident that its correctness will be demonstrated eventually.

As to illiteracy we must accept the fact that the ratio is greater in the South than in the North. But we must not accept all the inferences, which are, generally speaking, that every other conceivable form of inferiority accompanies illiteracy and attaches to illiterates and literates alike.

I do not hesitate to affirm that the best and purest social conditions in this country to-day are to be found among the white people of the South.

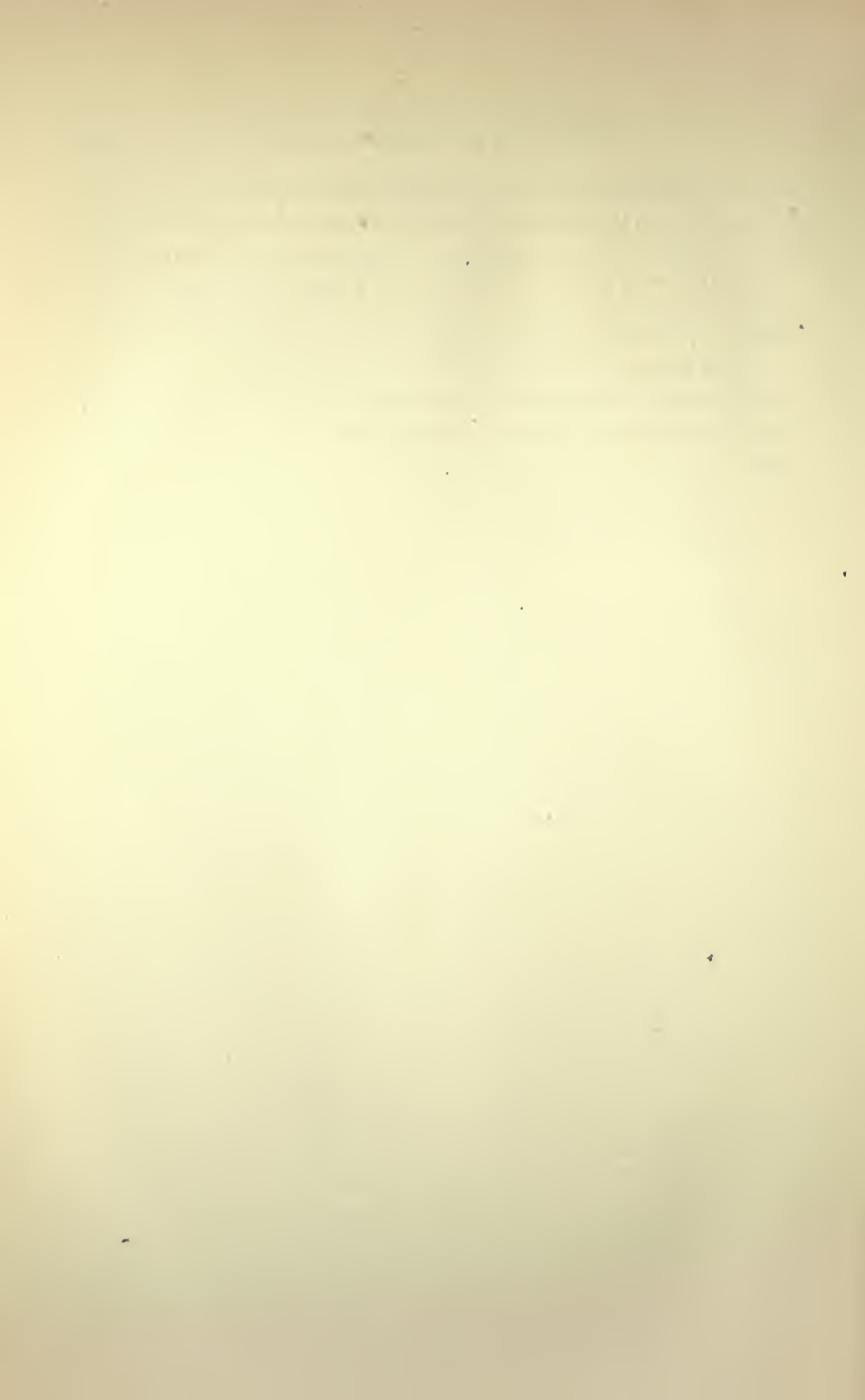
Mr. Warner's phrase "orthodox conservatism" is not fanciful, it is true of religion and true of the general tone of society. I have not time to offer you the proofs, but for the present must content myself with asserting the fact. We are the American part of Americans, not of unmixed blood, but of the least mixed, and with many generations of American ancestry behind us. Probably I am not speaking to a man or woman whose family was not represented in the American revolution. We hear much said in praise of the old Southern civilization, in all of which I concur, but it is more to the purpose, and is perfectly true, to say that at this present time the standards and the practice of the civic and of the personal virtues are higher in the South than in any other part of the country; that upon an average we have the best men and the best women leading the purest and the least selfish lives. I say this taking into account the lowering of the levels that illiteracy must be allowed to produce.

I believe also that there is more of contentment and of rational happiness here than elsewhere, although we are becoming infected with the great national vice, the inordinate desire for money. We have, here in the South, the largest body of genuinely American population and of genuinely American sentiment that exists to-day, that is to say, the largest body of sound and clean population and opinion in this hemisphere.

I agree with the distinguished orator and educator who said here, that "to be sectional is to be absurd"; and I affirm that there is less of sectional feeling here than elsewhere, that the natural generosity of the Southern temperament is such that we were the first to outgrow the bitterness of civil strife. Such qualities in men as demand free institutions and such virtues as those institutions foster are logically and necessarily of highest development here, because we are, as a rule, descended from men who fought for and established our liberties, whose faith and principles come to us as part of our very life, through five generations of American ancestors, and from whom we have the least diluted strain of Anglo-Saxon blood, and the purest Anglo-Saxon American traditions.

Let us be then not narrow, provincial or sectional, but self-respecting and properly self-assertive, admitting our faults, but without cringing or subserviency. Let us stamp out illiteracy, and by our own efforts, by our own sacrifices, if necessary, not churlishly rejecting any aid that may be offered us, but relying on ourselves above all, knowing the certain fact that others can do but little, while we can do whatsoever we will, and must do whatever is needed.

Individual benevolence can amount to but little in practical aid. It may amount to much in sympathy and in stimulation, but it remains true that the work is ours, and is unavoidable, that the duty is ours and is imperative. I trust that what I have said contains no suggestion of boastfulness or sectional narrowness, nothing of recrimination or unkindness; but in any event we owe it to our patriotic and God-fearing fathers and mothers of the South to know and to declare that they have bequeathed to us the principles and the substance of a pure faith and of a free and high civility, and to ourselves to say that we are doing our best to be worthy of our heritage.



AN EPIC OF THE KNOXVILLE BAR.*

The battle's course was almost run,
And Lindsay's fight seemed fairly won;
John Houk had made his final play,
And Lindsay too had had his say;
The fateful hour was now at hand,
Each side with anxious visage scanned
The faces of the Statesmen great
Whose *fiat* was to fix their fate.

When up rose Webb of the Knoxville Bar
For the closing act of the wordy war;
His front was bold, his eye was bright,
All flaming with the battle light;
A soldier he of days of yore
Under the flag that Forrest bore.
High rang his voice and gave command
That the Knoxville Bar should upright stand.

That instant rose with courage bold
Each Knoxville lawyer, young and old;
Their Nestor grave was in the front
As if to bear the battle's brunt;
There Comfort too and Johnny Green
On towering Washburn's flanks were seen;
And Sammy Shields and Willy Wright
Each, eager, straining for the fight;
And Hugh McClung and fearless Carty
Were likewise of the valiant party.

And Sanford, too, and Tully R.
Most handsome of a handsome bar;
Another there, who did not stickle
To face the foe, was Wesley Pickle.
And Junius stood and Jimmie too,
All ready each to dare and do.

Thus did our bar itself align,
When stood forth Webb with bold design,
And spoke high words of solemn tone,
And bade all speak, as though but one.

*Describing an incident attending the contest over the abolition of the Second Chancery Division, wherein Hon. H. B. Lindsay was Chancellor, occurring before the Judiciary Committee at Nashville.

"My friends," he said, "tell who you are,
And then declare what you are for."
With one accord, with aspect proud
They cried in chorus sounding loud:
 "We are, we are
 Of the Knoxville Bar;
 We are for Bart
 With all our heart."

Then shone with pride their leader's face,
And sprang he forward a single pace,
As thus the bar declared its choice.
Then clarion like, rang out his voice;
"My comrades brave, speak out again,
The cause of right still dare maintain,
Say whether, then, for good or ill,
Would be the passage of this bill."

With one accord they loud replied,
While the leader heard with kindling pride:
 "For ill, for ill
 Would work the bill,
And do no good
 It surely would."

The eagle eye of the leader blazed,
And higher still his voice was raised;
Sounded his words then loud and plain
In every nook of old Tulane:
"One more chorus now, dear friends,
Ere this irksome warfare ends;
Do we in Lindsay still believe,
Or aught of wrong in him perceive?"

These words he spoke, nor silent they;
In thundering words they quick obey.
As on some wild and rugged shore
The sounding waves of Ocean roar,
So they in one sonorous cry
Hurl back their loud and deep reply:
 "We do believe,
 Nor wrong perceive."
"Enough, you braves," the leader said,
And sought his seat with stately tread.

Thus stood the gallant bar that day,
And firm and fixed was their array,
Within the walls of high Tulane,
As Greeks on old Cunaxa's plain.
Ne'er Hector did on Ilium's strand
Behold a braver, nobler band;
Nor Phillip's son of Macedon
E'er hurl such solid phalanx on;
Nor Hellas stauncher patriots see
At glorious Thermopylæ;
Nor Roman legions firmer stand,
Than this embattled legal band.

And, as for him who fearless led,
And on his name bright luster shed,
None since the days of Peleus' son
Has deeds of nobler daring done;
Nor ever yet did plumed knight
 Spur faster to the deadly fight.

Oh, soldiers brave and chief sublime,
Your names shall live till end of time—
Shall, "penned by poets and by sages,
Go sounding down through future ages."

April, 1899.

CALHOUN THE STATESMAN.



ON the 28th day of December, 1837, John C. Calhoun offered in the United States Senate the following resolution:

1. That in the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the States adopting the same acted severally, as free, independent and sovereign States; and that each State by its own voluntary assent entered the Union with a view to its increased security against all dangers, domestic as well as foreign, and the more perfect and secure enjoyment of its advantages, natural, political and social.

2. In delegating a portion of their powers to be exercised by the Federal Government, the States retained severally the exclusive and sole right over their own domestic institutions and police to the full extent to which these powers were not thus delegated, and are alone responsible for them; and that any intermeddling of any one or more States, or a combination of their citizens, with the domestic institutions and police of the others, on any ground, political, moral or religious, or under any pretext whatsoever, with the view to their alteration or subversion, is not warranted by the Constitution, tending to endanger the domestic peace and tranquillity of the States interfered with, subversive of the objects for which the Constitution was formed and by necessary consequence, tending to weaken and destroy the Union itself.

3. This Government was instituted and adopted by the several States of the Union as a common agent in order to carry into effect the powers which they had delegated by the Constitution for their mutual security and prosperity; and that in fulfillment of this high and sacred trust this Government is bound so to exercise its powers as not to interfere with the stability and security of the domestic institutions of the States that compose this Union, and that it is the solemn duty of the Government to resist, to the extent of its Constitutional power, all attempts by one portion of the Union, to use it as an instrument to attack the domestic institutions of another or to weaken or destroy such institutions.

4. That domestic slavery as it exists in the Southern and Western States of this Union composes an important part of their domestic institutions, inherited from their ancestors and existing at the adoption of the Constitution, by which it is recognized as constituting an important element in the apportionment of powers among the States, and that no

change of opinion or feeling on the part of the other States of the Union in relation to it, can justify them or their citizens, in open and systematic attacks thereon with the view to its overthrow; and that all such attacks are in manifest violation of the mutual and solemn pledge to protect and defend each other, given by the States respectively, on entering into the Constitutional compact which formed the Union, and as such are a manifest breach of faith, and a violation of the most solemn obligations.

5. That the interference by the citizens of any of the States, with the view to the abolition of slavery in this District, is endangering the rights and security of the people of the District; and that any act or measure of Congress designed to abolish slavery in this District would be a violation of the faith implied in the cessions by the States of Virginia and Maryland; a just cause of alarm to the people of the slaveholding State, and have a direct and inevitable tendency to disturb and endanger the Union; that any attempt of Congress to abolish slavery in any territory of the United States in which it exists would create serious alarm and just apprehension in the States sustaining that domestic institution, would be a violation of good faith toward the inhabitants of any such territory who have been permitted to settle with and hold slaves therein, because the people of any such territory have not asked for the abolition of slavery therein, and because when any such territory shall be admitted into the Union as a State the people thereof will be entitled to decide that question exclusively for themselves.

These resolutions were all adopted by the Senate. The vote on the first one was 32 to 13, on the second 31 to 9, on the third 31 to 11, on the fourth 34 to 5, and on the fifth 36 to 8. Mr. Clay voted for them and Mr. Webster against them. (A. H. Stephens 1, 398. et seq.)

The opinion that the Constitution is a compact which is of mutual obligation and is apparently further supported by high authority, for on the 28th of June, 1851, at Capon Springs in Virginia, Mr. Webster said among other things: "I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, wilfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other." (Stephens 1, p. 405.)

I confess I cannot see why this last terse sentence of Webster's is not a happy and favorable summary of the Calhoun resolutions. In

1833, however, Mr. Webster had opposed the Calhoun resolutions of that year which I shall quote presently, and which embodied the compact theory in slightly different form, but without change of substance. Alexander H. Stephens asserts, and in a measure proves, a modification of Mr. Webster's opinions between 1833 and 1851. But we must not judge men by disconnected utterances, and I do not believe that Webster ever agreed with Calhoun as to the nature of the Constitution.

The resolutions of 1837, which I have quoted above, were provoked by the slavery agitation, and are presented as the best summary, that I can find, of Mr. Calhoun's doctrine of States' rights as applied to the question of slavery under the Constitution.

In 1833 Calhoun offered the following resolutions, which express the doctrine as applied to the tariff question and to the theory of nullification, viz.:

“Resolved, That the people of the several States composing these United States are united as parties to a constitutional compact, to which the people of each State acceded, as a separate sovereign community, each binding itself by its own particular ratification; and that the Union, of which the said compact is the bond, is a union between the States ratifying the same.

Resolved, That the people of the several States, thus united by the constitutional compact in forming that instrument, and in creating a general government to carry into effect the objects for which they were formed, delegated to that government for that purpose certain definite powers, to be exercised jointly, reserving, at the same time, each State to itself, the residuary mass of powers to be exercised by its own separate government, and that whenever the general government assumes the exercise of powers not delegated by the compact, its acts are unauthorized, and are of no effect; and that the same government is not made the final judge of the powers delegated to it, since that would make its discretion, and not the constitution, the measure of its powers; but that as in all other cases of compact among sovereign parties without any common judge, each has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction as of the mode and measure of redress.

Resolved, That the assertions that the people of the United States, taken collectively as individuals, are now or ever have been united on the principle of the social compact, and, as such, are now formed into one nation or people, or that they have ever been so united in any one

stage of their political existence; that the people of the several States composing the Union have not, as members thereof, retained their sovereignty; that the allegiance of their citizens has been transferred to the general government; that they have parted with the right of punishing treason through their respective State governments; and that they have not the right of judging in the last resort as to the extent of the powers reserved, and of consequence of those delegated—are not only without foundation in truth, but are contrary to the most certain and plain historical facts, and the clearest deductions of reason; and that all exercise of power on the part of the general government, or any of its departments claiming authority from such erroneous assumptions must of necessity be unconstitutional—must tend directly and inevitably to subvert the sovereignty of the States to destroy the federal character of the Union, and to rear on its ruins a consolidated government, without constitutional check or limitation, and which must necessarily terminate in the loss of liberty itself.”

Of these resolutions of 1833, Mr. Webster said truly, for conditions as well as the theory supported him: “The argument arrives at once at the conclusion that what a State dissents from it may nullify; what it opposes it may oppose by force; what it decides for itself it may execute by its own power; and that in short, it is, itself, supreme over the legislation of Congress, supreme over the decision of the national judicature, supreme over the constitution of the country, supreme over the supreme law of the land.”

This of course is not wholly true, for the resolutions say that: “Whenever the general government assumes the exercise of powers not delegated by the compact, its acts are unauthorized and are of no effect.” The doctrine of nullification is not applied to the powers which are delegated in the Constitution. It must be admitted, however, that there is room for difference as to what powers are delegated. On this occasion Mr. Webster further said: “The Constitution of the United States is not a league, confederacy or compact between the people of the several States in their sovereign capacities; but a government proper, founded on the adoption of the people, and creating a direct relation between itself and individuals. No State has power to dissolve these relations; nothing can dissolve them but revolution.” He further declared nullification to be unconstitutional and a usurpation of the powers of the general government and of the equal rights of the other States amount-

ing to revolution; that in cases capable of assuming the character of a suit, the Supreme Court of the United States was the final interpreter, and that in other cases Congress must be the final judge. This no doubt expresses the real and final position of Mr. Webster, despite the persuasive arguments to the contrary, which Stephens bases on disconnected utterances of the great expounder. And this is substantially the result reached by the Civil War and now universally accepted in this country.

I have thus given in brief and imperfect outline the positions of the two greatest men that have ever appeared in the United States Senate, upon the question of the relative powers of the State and Federal Government. Into the arguments which they repeatedly made I cannot go for want of time, and it is not desirable that I should do so, as they are no doubt familiar.

I wish to say frankly, that in the light of the resolution passed by State Conventions in adopting the Constitution; of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions; of the opinion held by Jefferson; of the attitude of New England more than once on the question of secession, and as a matter of pure logic, the palm must in my judgment be awarded to Calhoun. I believe that in the resolutions of 1837 he correctly expounded the purposes of the makers of the constitution, and correctly construed it as a matter of pure reason, having as the foundation of his argument the language of the Constitution and the circumstances attending its formation and adoption. At the same time, so far as the question of nullification and secession are concerned, Webster was clearly right as to what ought to have been done. Calhoun in 1837, but not in 1833, construed the Constitution logically, Webster on both occasions reasonably, in the light of the interests and necessities of the Union and of the States. Calhoun's logic in the resolution of 1837 was irrefutable, but Webster's common sense was irresistible. Calhoun, the keenest of reasoners, was able to support nullification by a complete syllogism; but I do not believe that there could be found now a man of mature age in the United States who would approve the theory. It may have been in the minds of some of the makers of the Constitution that a State could nullify the Acts of Congress, and still remain in the Union; but I am not convinced that there were such, and it is beyond question that such procedure would be incompatible with the existence of the Union. The question of secession was an open one until it was closed by the war. Calhoun did not champion secession, but his arguments for States' rights

were the main props of the theory. The body of the general doctrine was sound. It is the accepted theory and construction of the Constitution that all powers not conferred expressly or by necessary implication upon the general government remain in the States, and here there is debatable land, and always will be. The exact delimitation of Federal and State powers is an impossibility. For forty years and more there has been a constant tendency to enlarge the powers of the Federal Government. Experience and reason suggest that eventually this process will go too far, and then the pendulum will swing the other way. New England sought to minimize the federal authority when she believed the federal policy to be inimical to her commercial interests; and later the South followed and greatly exceeded the course of New England. These conditions are likely to recur. We shall not probably have any more secession; but as the war of 1812 pinched New England, and as the tariff and the attack on slavery were injurious to the material interests of the South, as the people believed, so no doubt future policies will give rise to similar complaints, and as the newer parts of the country grow and seek to surpass the old, and as the federal authorities seek constantly to magnify themselves, I doubt not that we shall one day see the sections that most opposed Calhoun re-asserting his general theory as their own, and as their own safeguard. As to secession, I cannot help believing that the logic is with the secessionists, and the right with their antagonists. I cannot believe that we could ever have become a genuinely great people, or that we could ever have felt secure, with the right of peaceable secession as an accepted part of our constitutional jurisprudence. So long as the doctrine was supported by a large minority of the people, there was constant turmoil and fatal sectional division.

The question demanded settlement, and let us not mistake the purposes of the great men, who participated in the struggle. Everyone will say that Mr. Webster was a patriot, but many that Calhoun was a very Mephisto. The truth is that one was as sincere and as truly a lover of the Union as the other. This much of justice is done Calhoun, even by Von Holst, who has written a diatribe against Calhoun, calling it with a fine audacity, a life of Calhoun. Let us endeavor to deal justly with him. We can see now that it was possible to abolish slavery contrary to established law, by application of the higher law; and that it was possible to have a war and for the North to be victorious over the South, and to restore the Union; but this fact remains that the questions between

Calhoun and Webster, taking the two as representative, caused the war. Calhoun saw that the controversy was beset with gravest danger. Constantly before his mind was the conviction that unless the aggression of the North against slavery were checked disunion was the sure result. He did not favor disunion, nor seek to produce it, upon the contrary he literally gave his life to prevent it. There is no doubt that the cause of his death was the forty years of strenuous effort which he made for the solution of a problem which was insoluble save by appeal to the sword. Two things impelled him. He believed that the South was right and he sought to find a cause which would at once maintain her rights and preserve the Union. If I were to support my assertion of his patriotism and love of the Union by quoting Alexander H. Stephens, the soundest and most competent champion after Calhoun of the Southern view of secession, it might have no effect with those who require proof; but surely we may accept the judgment of Von Holst, the most unfriendly biographer that ever put pen upon paper. No Court refuses to accept admissions against interest. This most learned and confident foreigner and least sympathetic of biographers says: "That he honestly and ardently wished the preservation of the Union, is, indeed, as certain as it is certain that his remedies had the effect of sledge hammer strokes." Referring to the war, he says of Calhoun: "He labored to the last with the intense anxiety of the true patriot to avert the fearful calamity." We have then, thus far, Calhoun's own statements of the doctrine of State's rights, applied to the two great subjects of nullification and of slavery; and whatever our personal judgments of his doctrine may be, we have as strong testimony of his good faith and of his patriotic purposes as could be adduced. Let us now briefly, as the limits of this paper require, look to the salient points of his character and of his career.

His father was an Irishman, his mother the daughter of a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, the daughter of a preaching Scotch-Irish family. His own characteristics were Scotch. His intellect was strong, clear, incisive. He had the highest and fullest development of the Scotch capacity for logic. The dominant traits of his character were sincerity, intensity, courage and persistence. As a speaker he was too much in earnest, too intense to care for the adornment of rhetoric. His diction was admirable and effective. It lacked the rotundity and the rhythm of Webster's periods, and he had none of the moving emotionalism that made Clay the most pleasing of popular orators. He was a reasoner, devoted supremely to

his proposition, uttering it in the fewest strong words that could be made to express it. There is hardly a figure of speech in all his orations, but at the same time there is hardly an error of grammar or of rhetoric. I heard a man who served in the House of Representatives while Calhoun was in the Senate say that he had never heard anything more eloquent or effective than Calhoun's earnest intense utterances of the word "Senators" in one of his impassioned speeches. He was not widely read, except in the literature of government. He was scrupulously polite, always fair, apparently austere as he presented himself in public, but at home a model of domestic propriety, virtue and amiability. His personal life was spotless, and attacks upon him as a public man resulted only in the confusion of his accusers. He was the Covenanter of American politics, but was of the sweet strain of the Scotch-Irish, not of the sour and hard kind, having little of that most repellent quality of one strain of the blood, which Carlyle characterizes as "sardonic taciturnity," and which I, a Scotch-Irishman, have often seen exemplified. A sour Scotch-Irishman or woman may be a useful and excellent creature, but nature produces none that is less lovable.

This excellent and great man entered Congress in 1811 at the age of twenty-nine. This was the time of the agitation that preceded and produced the War of 1812. Calhoun, like Clay, was an advocate of the war and the supporter of it to the end. At this time the great issues that were soon to divide the people were not formed. It is said with a view to discrediting Calhoun that he was at first the friend of the tariff and of internal improvements. That this is true generally cannot be denied; but the particular measures which he advocated were not studied by any at that time with reference to future tendencies and results; and if we concede the truth of Von Holst's assertion that he was at this time a nationalist, it is not a fact to his discredit. Webster changed positions on the tariff for local reasons, Calhoun changed position as his knowledge of the subjects enlarged. We do not require infallibility and prophetic foresight of men except when we are their unfriendly critics. Calhoun's opinions did change as the young and inexperienced Congressman grew into an experienced, a more learned, a wiser statesman. This has been true of many others. We can hardly rely upon Napoleon's change from Republican to Imperialist; but nobody doubts that changes of place by Bismarck and by Gladstone, very similar to Calhoun's change, were perfectly honest and in no respect discreditable.

We must, in order to judge adequately and fairly, have these facts always in mind that no statesman can free himself from local influences, and that State loyalty and patriotism were sentiments which in the early part of this century were not less strong and esteemed, not less honorable than national patriotism. The tendencies and the actual injustices of tariff legislation first evoked from Calhoun the enunciation of the doctrine with which his name is forever identified. At present I do not say that the tariff is right or that it is wrong, as a matter of policy or of constitutional construction. But that the tariff of 1828 was highly advantageous to New England, and equally injurious to the South, hardly any one will now deny. In the study of the Constitution at that time and before that time, Calhoun reached the conclusions which were set out in the resolutions of 1833 which I have quoted. That he honestly entertained these opinions, no one has ever seriously denied.

As the anti-slavery agitation progressed, it became apparent to Calhoun that this same doctrine of State sovereignty was the South's only protection against what he honestly believed to be a great injustice. He believed that the Constitution recognized slavery and guaranteed the right of slaveholding in all parts of the Union. He did not regard slavery as an evil. He looked upon movements against it as invasions of the rights of the slaveholders, and as violative of the Constitution, and he honestly held the opinions set out in the resolutions quoted. I do not care to say that he was right or that he was wrong. My sole purpose is to present the man and the motives of his conduct. The questions are no longer open; but it is surely worth our while to try to be just to a man whose place in our history is one of almost unsurpassed importance.

To prevent this great injustice, as he saw it, he exerted all the powers of his great intellect. Almost alone of the men of his time he was wise enough and far-sighted enough to see that the continuation of the attacks upon slavery meant war between the sections. He was actuated therefore by the two desires, first to preserve the Union, and second to preserve the rights of the South. To this end he studied the Constitution; to this end he spoke, and wrote, and labored unceasingly; to this end he gave his life. He sought to unite Southern Congressmen without regard to party, and in a measure succeeded. He called upon the North to put down by law the constantly recurring attacks upon slavery, and he called in vain. He did not favor the war with Mexico, because he

apprehended an extension of our territory and a renewal of the question of allowing slavery therein.

Personally I cannot concede that slavery was right. I believe it was wrong, and I am heartily glad that it was abolished. It was of service to no one but the negroes. Of all the African race upon the earth, none are so far advanced toward civilization, none are in any respect so well off as those in the United States. It was an unspeakable misfortune to us that we brought the negroes here; but it was a blessing to them, as things have turned out. But Calhoun and his contemporaries of the South, as a rule, saw only the benefit to the negroes, and the indisputable right of the South to maintain the institution of slavery under the Constitution.

We must not, in fairness, hastily or lightly judge Calhoun and his followers. Here was a man whose intellectual equal has not appeared in America in the last half century, a righteous, honest, true man, of unsoiled reputation. The South was solidly behind him; the North mobbed Garrison. Mr. Lincoln recognized the constitutional right of slavery and said openly that he would tolerate slavery, if by so doing he could preserve the Union. In the Dred Scott case the Supreme Court upheld slavery in the South, and Congress passed and the Courts enforced the fugitive slave law, which we have heard Mr. Webster approving. Looking back I see my Virginia grandfather, a life-long slaveholder, fifty years an elder of the church, the supporter of a whole community; and I am sure that in a better world than this he enjoys the richest rewards that wait on saintly living and doing. And so we have multitudes of good men upholding slavery, the Constitution permitting and the Courts sustaining it. If these things do not make slavery right, they are good reasons for asserting the sincerity, and the justice of the purest and certainly not the least able of American statesmen. To me that most remarkable and comforting fact in secular history is the reunion of the American people, and the re-establishment of the Republic upon foundations which nothing can shake so long as the people retain their virtue. This marvelous result was made possible by the fact that each section has at least recognized and admitted the sincerity and the good faith of the other.

The Constitution of the United States could never have been adopted even by the Convention, much less by the States, but for the compromise upon the subject of slavery. When the Northwest Territory became

public property, slavery within its limits was prohibited. In course of time many States adopted laws against slavery. The Missouri Compromise forbade it in a part of the territory purchased in 1803. The Supreme Court of the United States ultimately declared this restriction unconstitutional. The situation thus created could not last. This question of slavery could not be forever compromised. Sooner or later a direct issue was inevitable. From the adoption of the Constitution two different and antagonistic schools of construction existed. These were not at first sectional. We have during the War of 1812, Calhoun a nationalist, in a sense, and at the same time we behold New England proclaiming the doctrine of States' rights, and almost in the very article of secession.

Gradually the doctrine of strict construction and of States' rights found stronger and stronger lodgment in the South; and as the antagonism to slavery grew in the North, the South found in them her only refuge from assaults, which were supported by the tendencies of the time and the moral sense of the world, but which were in plain controvention of her legal rights. Thus slavery forced the test of the question of States' rights.

Webster did not persuade the South; Hayne and Calhoun did not convince the North. Congress, recognizing the legal warrant for the South's position, more than once reluctantly intervened for the protection of slavery, but the time had come when that institution could no longer exist. The conflict was in very truth "irrepressible." But the Constitution stood between the abolitionists and their end. Perhaps it would be better to say that the Constitution stood between slavery and an irresistible moral force, because the abolitionists were to the last an inconsiderable company of violent and unreasonable, albeit very righteous men. It was decreed that slavery must cease. It may be true that if extremists, North and South, Garrisons and Yanceys, had not precipitated the war, peaceful and equitable measures would have accomplished the result of abolition; but it was not to be so. And even if it had been so, the great underlying question of the right of secession would not have been settled. And so after all the sword may have been the best, because the only resort.

In the terrible tragedy of the war each side forgot that any shadow of right was with the other. When the end came, the Constitution had been construed. The question of secession was forever at rest, and slavery had been abolished, not by law, but contrary to law, yet in accord with

principles greater than any law that could be written, and in such manner that he whose unconstitutional fiat wrought the change, takes his place by reason of it, and justly among the greatest benefactors of mankind. But the fact to which I direct attention is that the great constitutional question involved was so great, and so beset with doubt, that the bloodiest of wars was the only possible means of settling it.

The mighty intellects of Webster and of Calhoun could not solve the problem. The lofty patriotism of Clay essayed it in vain. For nearly half a century the Senate of the United States was the most conspicuous forum in the world by reason of the great debate upon this question. The orators who thundered there were as great as the world has seen, the intellects that contended are not surpassed in the armory of nations, the patriotism of our statesmen of both factions reflects undying honor on our name, but eloquence, reason and patriotism exerted themselves in vain. Each and all were inadequate. War and war alone could determine the question.

When we remember these things, and the titanic and heroic struggle that came at last, shall any man impeach the sincerity or the patriotism of either section or any statesman who championed either cause in the great half century's debate that preceded the war? Calhoun was the champion of the cause that failed. The final unappealable, irrevocable decree was against him. He fought in the main, I verily believe, for the Constitution and the law as they were written; but he fought against destiny, against all the tendencies of the age.

Happily the American people already begin, at least, to see him as he really was, a strong man of mighty intellect, of noble aspirations, of lofty patriotism, a true man, a great man, whose name will shine in our history, and be honored so long as the republic lives, so long as patriotism and virtue are esteemed.

TENNESSEE, PAST AND PRESENT.



DO not doubt that I shall commend myself to this audience, by declaring at the outset the fact that no State has contributed more generously than Tennessee to the best population and therefore to the welfare of other States. It is an interesting and pleasing social phenomenon that all non-resident Tennesseans are persons of prominence. Wherever two or three of them are gathered together they manifest, unfailingly, a patriotic and altruistic readiness to assume the burden of the weightier and more remunerative business and political affairs of the community. The high purpose and the lofty spirit derived from an honorable ancestry prompt them to ready participation in movements of reform, affording the double satisfaction of serving the public directly, and themselves incidentally.

Almost from the beginning of her history, Tennessee has been a distributing point of valuable population for the Western, and more especially for the Southwestern States. When Andrew Jackson carried his army of Tennesseans to New Orleans perhaps the most active supporter of our cause in the Mississippi territory was William Cocke, who had been twice United States Senator from Tennessee. At New Orleans his invaluable assistant was W. C. C. Claiborne, a former Tennessee judge and congressman. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the one regiment of regulars that served under him in the Creek War was Thomas H. Benton, then a resident of Tennessee, but destined to become the foremost man in the great State of Missouri; while an ensign in the same regiment was Sam Houston, who was to become Governor of Tennessee, and later, President of the Republic of Texas. Thus, for a hundred years, Tennessee has sent out continually strong men who have affected powerfully and beneficially the social and political development of neighboring States. The list is too long to be recited, but some of the prominent names now in it are Charles K. Bell, Attorney General of Texas; Judge J. M. Dickinson, of Chicago, who won renown in the Alaskan Boundary case; Jeter Pritchard, of North Carolina, Judge of the United States Circuit Court; the venerable John H. Reagan, of Texas; the not less venerable John T. Morgan, of Alabama; and Joseph W. Folk, now Governor of Missouri, and looking out upon a future beset with many perils, but withal as attractive as ever stirred ambition in the heart of

man. May all good angels guard him on his way. I doubt not that he will continue to be—

Statesman and friend to truth of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor clear,
Who breaks no promise, serves no private end.

That all Tennesseans do not achieve the highest success at home is obviously due to the fact that there Tennessean meets Tennessean.

My own section of the State has a reputation for astucity which is almost excessive. It is said that the children of Israel recognize, though reluctantly and with lamentation, the superior commercial genius of the native East Tennessean; while the people of Atlanta explain the paucity of Jews in that city by the fact that the East Tennesseans got there first.

Our fore-fathers, for convenience, divided the State into three parts; and later generations unwisely have continued the arrangement which has given rise to unfortunate, sometimes absurd, sectional or divisional sentiment. Each section explains this rivalry by declaring that the people of the others are different in kind from its own. The real explanation is not difference, but too much likeness. The dominant trait of all alike is an innate, indomitable, aggressive and defiant independence, accompanied usually by a highly developed Scotch-Irish acquisitiveness.

I do not know a Tennessean who admits that he has a superior. Individual liberty is not a phrase in Tennessee, but the most positive, potent and persistent fact—occasionally an excessive fact. Tennessee is the most intensely democratic community in existence. Its history is full of great achievements, all growing out of the invincible, irrepressible independence of its people. We had a republic in Tennessee three years before the battle of Lexington, three more republics before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and another immediately afterwards. We became a State and elected United States Senators two months before we were admitted to the Union.

A unique manifestation of our spirit of self-reliance and political centrifugence was in 1861, when, the State being slow to join the Southern Confederacy, one of our counties seceded and declared allegiance to Alabama.

Mr. Roosevelt has remarked upon the fact that while in Kentucky

and other Southern States, the control of affairs quickly passed from the first settlers to the more opulent class that followed them, with the result of giving to society a distinctly aristocratic quality; such was not the case in Tennessee. Here the spirit of democracy was never quenched. It resisted and overcame the eminently aristocratic institution of slavery. Between 1850 and 1860, Andrew Johnson served two terms as Governor, and was elected to the United States Senate. He was not only of obscure origin, and without money or social position, but was the constant champion of the common people, and the bitter and openly denunciatory enemy of everything that savored of class distinction.

The original population of Tennessee was composed of the hardy, self-reliant pioneers who fought their way from the Carolinas and Virginia into the Holston Valley, and thence to the Cumberland before the end of the War of Independence, and of the Revolutionary soldiers of North Carolina, whom that State, having no money, paid in lands. The body of our present population is descended from these two cognate classes, from whom came the fighting blood, and the volunteer spirit of the State.

When our fathers broke into the Union in 1796, they carried with them a Constitution so thoroughly democratic for that time, as to elicit the highest praise from Mr. Jefferson; and I do not claim too much when I say that they and their descendants of the first generation led the way to the establishment of true democracy in America. Their favorite pursuits were promulgating declarations of independence and making governments to suit themselves. Along with this intense love of personal liberty grew up an equally ardent attachment to the Union.

The State's prominent participation in Federal affairs began in the political agitations that preceded the War of 1812. George W. Campbell, Senator from Tennessee, was the most effective advocate of the Embargo Bill in the debates of 1808; and his arguments continue to be authority of great weight in favor of the power of Congress to suppress commerce for cause. The actual declaration of war received no stronger support than from Felix Grundy, who was then in Congress. The uprising of the Creek Indians was the bloodiest episode in the war, and was put down by the unaided efforts of Tennessee. Jackson led the fighting, while Governor Blount deserved all the thanks so freely bestowed upon him by the President and the War Department, for raising upon his own responsibility a fund of nearly \$400,000.00 to support the army. The one great triumph of our arms on land was at New Orleans,

where Tennessee militiamen, under our backwoods General, overcame the best soldiers of the Old World led by the bravest of British Generals. From this time dates the prominence of Andrew Jackson, the greatest leader of men this country has ever produced; first democrat of his time; first citizen of the most democratic State.

Let us pass now to the end of the first quarter of the 19th century, when Jackson offered for the Presidency. A learned historian says of this period that "a change of political weather was preparing." It was the change from a qualified, timid, hesitating democracy to a genuine, bold, self-reliant democracy. It was the final break with the past, putting the radical Jackson in the place of the re-actionary Adams. It was in a sense the triumph of the West over the East, of the unalloyed and aggressive native Americanism, born and bred in the free air of the frontiers, over the conservative Americanism of the old colonies, which was still trammelled by old-world influences. Broadly considered, the occurrences of the time in this country were products of a general ethical and intellectual movement, which, beginning in Europe, extended over the civilized world. In England there were the beginnings of great legal and institutional reforms; in Italy, of a struggle, finally successful, for unity and liberty; in France and Germany, of successful and unsuccessful attempts at revolution. In this country the activity varied in direction according to local conditions. On the sea-board were commercial enterprise and prosperity, and our manufactories began to be productive and important. In New England, with its accumulated wealth, settled social conditions, and devotion to education, the most conspicuous products were literary and philosophical. There were everywhere, in some form, splendid and beneficial manifestations of the manhood, the competency, and the worth of our people and of the excellence of our institutions. To the America of that time, Milton's stately words may be applied without exaggeration:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

How did it happen that in this extraordinary period, Tennessee, a comparatively new State, attained a position so prominent and influ-

ential as almost to justify the claim of one of her recent historians that from 1830 to 1850 she ruled the Union? It was because she was the best representative of the most important and effective social and political forces. American manhood had become conscious of itself, and ready and able to assert itself. The people of the new West had outgrown the natural and wise conservatism of the founders of the republic, and of the generation that had succeeded them. Federalism, limitation of the presidential succession, the congressional caucus, and the rule of what was called the better class were all swept away by the rising tide of the new democracy. The older States were the strongholds of conservatism, of precedent, of tradition. Every day's march westward left something of these behind, and developed independence and self-reliance. Tennessee and Kentucky were the leading Western States, but Tennessee was the more democratic, and had the foremost western man. There was not one of the strong democratic forces then at work that did not find its best outlet and opportunity in Tennessee. That the conditions in Kentucky, the older State, were less favorable to democratic development, is explained by the ascendancy of the wealthier and less progressive element of its population, and by the constitutional conservatism of Mr. Clay, the greatest individual force in the State's affairs. Jackson, of Tennessee, was the incarnation of the resistless spirit of the time; in all America was no other man who could have done what he did; and primarily, he represented the democracy of Tennessee. In him, and in other strong men, Tennessee had what the time required for the establishment of the power of the common people; and it was because she had the men best adapted to the task that she gave presidents to the republic, and for a long time directed its councils. Let us turn for a moment to these resplendent pages of her history. In every presidential election from 1796 to 1832 inclusive, Tennessee's electoral vote was cast for the Democratic-Republican candidate. In 1824 John Quincy Adams received only 216 votes in the State, and in 1828 only 2,240, while in 1832 Mr. Clay's vote was 1,436 and Jackson's 28,740. These figures demonstrate the absence of serious opposition to the Democratic party in the State. I know that Mr. Adams belonged to that party nominally, but his democracy was copiously diluted. In 1836, however, Van Buren, the Democratic candidate for President, was defeated in the State, although he received 26,120 votes, while the aggregate vote in opposition was about 36,000. In 1840 Harri-

son carried the State by 12,000 majority, and in every succeeding presidential election until 1856, the Whigs had the majority. The change occurred in the year 1835. Why was it that the Democratic party, so long and so completely dominant, lost power?

In 1835 culminated a strenuous, bitter and momentous contest, in which the leaders were four men, of whom I wish particularly to speak as the best representatives of what I have called "the Jackson period," to wit: Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, on the one side, and Hugh Lawson White and John Bell on the other—four men not equalled in ability by any other four men in public life in any other State in the Union at that time. These four representatives of the sturdy Scotch-Irish race were all candidates at different times for the Presidency, and the two, who were elected, were not superior in mental capacity to those who were defeated, although it must be admitted that in the combination of qualities necessary to the highest practical success, Andrew Jackson rose above all his contemporaries.

About the year 1820 there was an organized Jackson propaganda, with headquarters in Tennessee, which incessantly and strenuously labored to make its hero President, its leaders being John Overton, John Catron and William B. Lewis. It first encountered serious opposition at home in 1823. In that year John Williams, who had served seven years as United States Senator, sought re-election, but he had declared himself for William H. Crawford, of Georgia, for President. It became necessary, therefore, that he should be defeated for the Senate, and the propaganda failing to find any one else who could defeat him, brought forward, and not without difficulty, elected Jackson himself. In this contest were sown the first seeds of a political revolution in the State, but it was thirteen years before they germinated. In 1824 Jackson failed to secure the Presidency, but in 1828 he was elected. At that time White was in the Senate, and Bell and Polk were in the House of Representatives. White was at one time President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and Bell was elected once and Polk twice Speaker of the House of Representatives. Verily that was a time of many honors for Tennessee. In 1828 and in 1832 Polk, White and Bell were all supporters of Jackson, but as early as 1831, or certainly by the time of Jackson's second election, there was a distinct sentiment in Tennessee in favor of White as his successor. Jackson, however, had already selected as his successor, Martin Van Buren, chief of the famous Albany regency,

and the most skillful politician that ever held the Presidency. He had carried New York for Jackson, and had manifested to his imperious chief an unflinching and sagacious subserviency that demanded the largest rewards. In addition he possessed the exceptional merit of having called on Mrs. Eaton. For these reasons he was the second ruler of the Republic during the remainder of Jackson's term, and the President felt that with Van Buren as his successor, his own administration, practically, would be continued.

The Federalist party was dead at this time, and its successor had hardly been born, so that there were really no party lines anywhere. In Tennessee there had been no parties up to this time, but politics had been entirely and particularly personal. For fifteen years Jackson had been the sun around which all the lesser luminaries revolved. Nevertheless the unanimity had been more apparent than real, for men differed in opinion then as now; there were many eager and not a few disappointed ambitions, and the imperiousness of Jackson's methods continually created enemies. Times were now ripe for revolt in Tennessee, and the influences that led to the establishment of the Whig party were at work throughout the Union. White, the second man in Tennessee, and Jackson, the first, were drawing gradually apart. In 1831, White had been offered the Secretaryship of War, and later, in order to prevent his candidacy for President, other honors were offered him, and successively declined. In 1834 Jackson's patience, never to be relied on implicitly, was exhausted, and he declared with characteristic vehemence that if White became a candidate, he would be made odious to society. This statement was more remarkable for emphasis than for logic.

The crisis came in 1834, when a majority of the Tennessee delegation in Congress sent a letter to White requesting him to announce himself for the Presidency. Prompted less by ambition than by a natural resentment of the President's conduct and utterances, he complied. Prominent among his supporters were John Bell and David Crockett. Up to this time White and Bell and all other conspicuous Tennessee leaders had supported Jackson almost invariably. In a few instances both White and Bell had ventured to assert the right of individual judgment with the uniform result of angering the President. In 1827 there had been a contest for Congress in the Hermitage District between Bell and Felix Grundy, in which Jackson strongly supported Grundy, and in

every election between that date and 1834 the friends of the President had been arrayed against Mr. Bell. In the matter of the removal of the bank deposits, Bell had not supported Jackson, but had never placed himself squarely in opposition; and it is certain that, however much he may have resented Jackson's persistent opposition, he was reluctant to break with him finally. In 1835 he declared that the friends of White would adhere to Jackson, but would do so from a desire to be consistent and out of respect for their own characters and in support of their own principles. This was the last expression of a profound reluctance to depart from the old traditions and associations, and soon afterwards he emphatically renounced personal allegiance to Jackson.

The die was now cast. White's announcement produced a furious factional war upon the two men who had thus become guilty of the high offense of disregarding the will of the President. The *Globe*, the administration organ at Washington, declared Bell to be the real conspirator, and denounced him for using White to break down the administration. Jackson conducted this war upon his usual plan of incessant and unrelenting attack, no quarter being asked or granted. Bell must not be returned to Congress in the election of 1835, but no one could be found to run against him and he was re-elected. In the same year White was returned to the Senate, and a candidate friendly to him was elected Governor. But the battle did not end. In the next year would come the Presidential election, and Jackson always fought to a finish. The press of the State favored White, and so editors trained in vituperation and truculency were imported to abuse and ridicule White and Bell, and performed the task with unsurpassed fidelity and ability. The whole year long there was a rain of epithets and a thunderstorm of charges and counter-charges. The language of denunciation was exhausted speedily; the State was in turmoil; old allegiances were cast aside and new ones assumed with unparalleled enthusiasm; every man became an orator and not a few became poets with the most extraordinary results. Jackson willingly endured the fatigues of the long overland journey from Washington in order, as his enemies said, to thrust the "little huckster" Martin Van Buren, his heir apparent, down the throats of the people of Tennessee. White and Bell were called Whigs, that being regarded by the Jacksonians at that time as the most opprobrious of epithets. By the less strenuous they were described as ingrates, apostates and traitors. The use of adjectives below the superlative degree was exceptional, and

there was a striking demonstration of the inadequacy of the superlative in Tennessee politics.

But despite the epithets, the unnumbered orations, the deluges of denunciation, the unparalleled poetry, the personal efforts of Jackson, and the strong and natural indisposition of men to admit a change of political position, it became apparent long before the election day that Tennessee would have none of Van Buren. The people of the State had never been brought under the spell of Mr. Van Buren's irresistible manners, and were not alive to the merit of his call upon Mrs. Eaton.

In the election of 1836 White carried the State and even secured a majority in the Hermitage precinct. He was not elected, but he won the State over the opposition of the hitherto invincible Jackson, and thus arose the Whig party in Tennessee.

For the next twenty years, John Bell, whom I place next after Mr. Calhoun in intellectual capacity among the Southern statesmen of the time, was the undisputed leader of the Whig party in Tennessee. He was elected twice to the Senate, and in 1860 was nominated at Baltimore for the Presidency by the conservative Union party, his principal competitor being Sam Houston, then of Texas, but formerly of Tennessee. At that time, Mr. Bell was the most intellectual man in public life in the Southern States.

In securing the election of Van Buren to the Presidency, Jackson carried out his design of continuing his own policies. Mr. Van Buren made haste to declare that it would be his purpose to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. I have always felt that the great State of New York should have made acknowledgment of the fact that she owes to a Tennessean the first of the many Presidents that she has given to the Union. It is hardly necessary to add that the general policies of Jackson were continued by his friend and follower, James K. Polk. The last Tennessee statesman of the Jackson period to attain high position was Andrew Johnson, whose first election to Congress occurred while Jackson was still President. Others who became prominent during the Jackson period were John Catron, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Felix Grundy, Attorney-General of the United States; Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster-General; John H. Eaton, Secretary of War and Minister to Spain; William Carroll, six times Governor; and Cave Johnson, Postmaster-General.

I have already shown the prominent part that Tennessee had in pro-

moting and conducting the War of 1812. I can only mention a few of the other great things which she may claim to have accomplished during the period of her political ascendancy. The overthrow of the Bank of the United States was the work of Andrew Jackson, and I say again that primarily Jackson represented Tennessee. The present organization of the Treasury Department of the United States resulted from Jackson's overthrow of the bank and may be attributed, fairly, to his policy. The part played by the statesmen of Tennessee in producing the Mexican War and the acquisitions of territory that followed it, need not be recited. One other thing of the first importance I mention. Of the growth of sentiment in this country toward what we now call nationalism, Webster's reply to Hayne was undoubtedly the first great oratorical and literary expression. Great as it was, however, it is not entitled to the praise of originality, except as to form; and there were many men in public life when it was delivered who were ready to avow its sentiments, although no one probably who could have presented them so effectively.

The final test of devotion to the principles avowed by Mr. Webster was the practical one, and this was applied first to Jackson. I believe that the facts will fully sustain the assertion that Jackson's Nullification Proclamation did far more to settle opinion in the North upon the lines of Mr. Webster's argument than all other influences combined. It was a fine and courageous thing to announce principles so much opposed to a strong body of sentiment; but it was a finer and more courageous thing to meet an actual issue as Jackson met it in his proclamation. He was more advanced in his position and far more ready to convert his opinions into action than Mr. Buchanan was thirty years later, and it is not to be doubted that he established the precedent for 1861.

There is much more that might be said, but time will not permit. The men and the events that we have considered must be regarded with pride by every Tennessean. We have seen how important a factor in public affairs Tennessee was in that admirable time—the Jackson period—and if now we consider material conditions within the State, we shall find hardly less cause for gratification. If we inquire as to social affairs, we shall see that the people had become coherent and in the best sense homogeneous, so that there was a distinct State sentiment and a proper State pride. The people were prosperous, progressive, morally sound, intellectually alert, strenuously patriotic and justly confident of the future. The second Constitution of the State, which was adopted in this period,

faithfully represented the popular will in its strong and excellent declarations in favor of education and of public improvements. There was no respect in which the State's condition was not exceptionally satisfactory, while its position in the Union was highly honorable, and of the first importance. This suggests the inquiry: Why is it now relatively less important and influential than it was seventy years ago?

For a loss of position which is indisputable there are many causes, most of which are obvious. The one word "war" explains the situation generally; but there are certain matters in addition to the destruction of property and the overthrow of our industrial system that should be considered. Very much is being said at this time in regard to the loss of influence in the Union by the Southern States. The condition cannot be denied, but there is a large element of exaggeration in nearly all public utterances upon the subject. A recent Southern speaker plaintively regretted the fact that we have now no Calhouns, or even Lamars or Hills. If, on the other hand, we inquire why Massachusetts furnishes no more Websters, Everetts and Choates, while even the Adams have become unimportant, probably we shall realize that our want of great political leaders is the result of conditions that are not peculiar to the South, but that are general. The true generalization is that since the Civil War social and political forces have changed directions. The subjects demanding the attention of public men are radically different from the great questions of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. The public mind of the North is better prepared for the new problems that demand attention than that of the South; but in no section is a high degree of competency manifest. We are not consciously going in any direction; we are submitting to great forces which we cannot resist, and whose results we cannot foretell. It is a time of transition and preparation when men are being made ready for great duties which as yet we are all incompetent to discharge, even to comprehend thoroughly. Political parties seem to be endeavoring to agree and to await future developments. We are drifting on unknown and deep waters, out of sight of the old landmarks, believing that the "stream of tendency" is bearing us in the right direction, confident that no evil can befall a ship so big, with a cargo so rich.

Passing from these general and probably not very instructive statements, there are certain palpable things upon which we can take hold. This is a time of unprecedented material development, and in this develop-

ment the South, for want of money, has had an inferior part. Seventy years ago the great men of the country were its orators and statesmen; a little later arose, especially in New England, a school of writers who claimed a large public consideration; now our most conspicuous and influential men are merchants, manufacturers and financiers, and all progress is, apparently, material. Under such conditions a comparatively poor State, whose people are imperfectly trained in finance, and whose material resources have hardly begun to be developed, cannot hope to hold a leading place.

Again, Tennessee, with all the other Southern States, is under the dominion of an artificial, but apparently unavoidable political and social question. So long as this imperative race question remains unsolved, it must present a natural and healthy cleavage and alignment of our people on political questions. This is less true, perhaps, of Tennessee than of certain other States, but the condition exists here, though in less acute form. The whole South has taken a position from which it will not recede. I do not ask whether it is right or is wrong, but only state the fact. In a free government, the people naturally divide into parties, and the agitations and rivalries which result from such divisions are necessary to public health and to political development. We cannot have such divisions and rivalries anywhere in the South under present conditions, and the situation, which is bad enough inherently, is continually made worse by well-meant, but injurious interferences, by men who are not directly affected by it, and who have no actual knowledge of it. A Southern State can hardly hope for a leading place in Federal affairs so long as this artificial and perilous question dominates its domestic politics and dictates the conduct of its statesmen in Federal affairs.

One other thing is of the first importance. The paramount duty of the time is education of the people, and it gives me great pleasure to declare that the dominant impulse in Tennessee at this time is in the direction of education. The unavoidable backwardness of the Southern States in this respect is, to a limited extent, the cause of their relatively inferior positions in the Union. But the situation is not understood in other parts of the country. There has been no retrogression in the South, but upon the contrary, steady progress. The masses of the people are better educated, and the body of intelligence is larger now than ever before. Substantial advancement has been made in the

face of obstacles of which the people of other sections of the Union have no conception. Circumstances have prevented us from keeping pace with the North and the West, and our average of illiteracy is still distressingly high. The leaders of a people are not the few exceptional men of higher culture between whom and the masses there is little sympathy, but those who best represent the average of citizenship. As the level of intelligence in a community rises, the demands upon those who aspire to leadership become more exacting. In a representative government, the influence of any community will be proportioned to the general intelligence of that community, because its representatives must always be men who rise somewhat, but not very much, above the average. The world is better educated now than ever before. The natural and proper ambitions that we cherish for our State cannot be gratified without the better education of our people.

Illiteracy is a great misfortune, a very positive evil; but, as it exists among the white people of the South today, it is not the worst of evils. The illiterate white people of the South are not inferior in intellect, or in social value to the lower grades of literate white people in the cities of other sections, and are superior to them morally. They are, as a rule, both an intelligent and a pure people; an independent and a liberty-loving people. There is every reason why we should continue our crusade against illiteracy; but at the same time, we should not lose all sense of proportion and be unjust to our people, or permit them to be misjudged or under-valued generally on account of a particular defect whose existence we must admit.

Not very long ago, I heard a very earnest and worthy friend of education declare our illiteracy a menace to the country and its institutions. The speaker, referring to East Tennessee, coupled the words "mountaineer" and "illiteracy," and I wondered if he knew that out of the mountains that were visible to him as he spoke, went in 1861 thirty thousand volunteers to fight for the Union, the largest number from any section of the Union in proportion to population. At the same time went half as many of these mountaineers to enlist under the banner of the lost cause.

These people are entitled to sympathy and to help; but they are also entitled to respect. It so happens that Tennessee, with other neighboring States, is with more or less justice held guilty of the two civic faults which I shall call the most dramatic, furnishing the readiest and

easiest material to the novelist and the declaimer, namely, violence and illiteracy. I do not undertake to discuss the subject of violence. It must be apparent to every fair-minded man that with the growth of population, and with improved police service, crimes of violence will decrease steadily.

We, of Tennessee, are essentially American. Not of unmixed blood, but of the least mixed, and with many generations of American ancestry behind us. Probably I am not speaking to a man or woman whose family was not represented in the American Revolution. We hear much said in praise of our old civilization, in all of which I concur. But it is more to the purpose, and is perfectly true, to say that at this present time the standards and the practice of the civic and of the personal virtues are higher in the South than in any other part of the country; that upon an average we have the best men and the best women leading the purest, and the least selfish lives. I say this, taking into account the lowering of levels that illiteracy must be allowed to produce.

Referring more especially to our native State, I am of opinion that there is in the South more of contentment and of rational happiness than elsewhere in the Republic, although we may not deny that we are becoming infected with the great national vice of inordinate love of money. We have the largest body of genuinely American population, of genuinely American sentiment; that is to say, the largest body of sound and clean population and opinion in this hemisphere.

Such qualities in men as demand free institutions, and such virtues as those institutions foster are logically and necessarily of high development here, because we are, as a rule, descended from men who fought for and established our liberties, whose faith and principles come to us as part of our very life through five generations of American ancestors, from whom we have the least diluted strain of Anglo-Saxon blood, and the purest Anglo-Saxon American traditions.

I have no fear for the future of Tennessee. I am constrained to believe that present day activities in things purely material are excessive, and reaction inevitable; that if conservatism involve losses in certain respects, there are reason and duty and distinct social service in adherence to old and tried standards of faith and culture, and that the time will come quickly when the material prosperity of the South will be established on firm and enduring foundations.

ATHANASIUS.



NOT far from the time when Alexander the Great made his famous expedition to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, he caused to be laid in Egypt the foundations of a city which was to bear his name to our own time, and which was to be through many centuries the chief seat of that splendid civilization which his conquests spread abroad from Greece into the barbaric world.

The city of Alexandria stands upon the shores of the Mediterranean at the Canopic mouth of the Nile, between the sea and Lake Mareotis. When the Ptolemies came into possession of Egypt they made it their capital, and in the course of time it deserved to be called the most magnificent city of the ancient world. Two great streets, each one hundred feet in width, crossed at a right angle. At their intersection, which was the center of the city, rose the splendid mausoleum of the Macedonian conqueror. These broad avenues were resplendent and stately with marble temples, palaces, theatres, the most imposing perhaps, if not the most beautiful, conceptions of Greek architecture. A capacious and secure harbor received the commerce of all nations, and at its limit towered the famous lighthouse Pharos, called one of the seven wonders of the world, a mighty column of white marble, on whose lofty summit continually burned a fire whose light went many miles out to sea.

Alexandria became the commercial capital of the world. The sails of her argosies whitened every sea from that burning zone on the south which no mariner dared invade, to the waste and tempestuous shores of Ultima Thule. Her influence was great in all the earth, and her name was a synonym of power and splendor. But this was not her great glory. In the Bruchion, the aristocratic quarter of the city, there stood in her golden age a spreading and massive structure of white marble, on whose broad and pillared piazza in the cool of the morning and evening thousands daily assembled. This was the museum, and within its walls were gathered the choicest treasures of the world. Its halls and porticoes were adorned with the master-work of the Hellenic genius in painting and in sculpture, and its library held, in that day of manuscript books, four hundred thousand volumes, while the temple of Serapis, near by, contained three hundred thousand more.

The museum was dedicated to the perpetuation, increase and diffusion of knowledge, and was the visible manifestation of an intellectual primacy

such as no other city has ever attained, not even Athens in the age of Pericles, or Florence in the days of the Medici. In Alexandria the philosophy of Plato had a new birth and a vigorous if morbid life in the school of the Neo-Platonists. At the same time the exact sciences were studied according to the methods of Aristotle of Stagira, the putative father of induction. In the halls of the museum, trigonometry, astronomy, geometry, physics, mathematics pure and applied, in all departments, flourished and attained a growth such as they had never known before. A scholar of the museum invented the fire engine and first measured time by a clock. Another conceived the steam engine, but it remained for the more advanced science of a remote century to apply the invention to practical uses. Still another formulated a theory and system of astronomy which yielded only to the discoveries of Copernicus and Kepler. From the museum went out the knowledge that enlightened the pagan conquerors of the seventh century and made possible that brilliant, if evanescent, outburst of civilization among the Saracens to which so many trace our own western revival of learning.

Alexandria was in truth the birthplace of modern science. But this is not all. Her glory did not expire with paganism, nor did her intellectual supremacy depart with the overthrow of pagan religions and philosophies. Early in the days of Christianity she became the stronghold of that true and invincible faith. Rome had ceased to be the seat of empire. She had passed the zenith of her greatness and witnessed the founding of a new imperial city upon the Hellespont. Alexandria had not gone unscathed. In the siege of the city by Julius Cæsar the museum and its library had been burned, and in many other ways her splendors had been wasted; but though declining she had not fallen. Through all these centuries her people had been trained and sharpened. The Greek intellect, the subtlest the world has produced, there reached the perfection of subtlety, and the Greek language, the most powerful and flexible of all tongues, there attained its highest development.

In this environment of the highest intellectual culture, now super-refined and fantastical, strongly tintured with the scepticism begotten of the clash of religions and the visible decay of the one most in vogue, was born Anno Domini, 297, one of the most notable men in all church history. It is important to bear in mind the fact that at the end of the third century the State religion of the Roman Empire was still pagan. In the year 303 occurred the atrocious persecution of the Christians by the

Emperor Maximian, one of the most general, most persistent and most cruel that the followers of Christ have ever suffered.

Athanasius was born of Christian parents, but we have no record of the fortunes of the family in this dark period. Probably their station was too humble to attract the attention of the persecutors. Yet they must have been people of some culture, for we know that Athanasius was a man of liberal education; that he was trained in grammar and rhetoric, studied Homer and Plato, the philosophy of Greece, and jurisprudence. Nature had endowed him with an intellect both comprehensive and acute, and the surroundings of his youth, though variable and dangerous, were calculated to call into play and to develop all his faculties.

The population of Alexandria was mainly composed of three classes—Christians of diverse nationalities, Jews, and pagans of the old Egyptian or Coptic school. For many centuries the city had been a stronghold of the Jews and of Judaism. It was there, nearly three centuries before Christ, that the famous septuagint translation of the Old Testament was made. And thus for ages had flourished side by side the dark and mysterious adoration of Isis and Osiris, the æsthetic and superficial polytheism of Greece and Rome, and the worship of Jehovah. It is also more than probable that the subtle and profound philosophies of India and Persia were not unknown to the students of the museum.

In this vast and splendid city, cosmopolitan in composition and in opinion, comprising all sorts and conditions of men, all philosophies, all religions, all beliefs and all unbeliefs, representing the best and the worst of an uncertain and transitional epoch, Athanasius was born and reared. As a young man he witnessed the last desperate struggle of the dying paganism, and beheld with pious joy the irresistible march of the true faith. One of the favorite legends of the fathers which has at least the merit of probability, is in thorough keeping with the character of Athanasius as it has come down to us:

The Episcopal Palace of Alexandria was on the seashore. One afternoon as the archbishop stood at a window he saw a group of boys at play on the beach. His attention was arrested by the fact that one of them was acting as bishop and baptizing the others in the sea. Perceiving in this a smack of irreverence, he caused the boys to be summoned to his presence. The youthful bishop was subjected to a severe catechizing, and endured the ordeal so successfully that the real bishop ended by recognizing the baptism as valid and insisted upon following it with confirma-

tion. The young ecclesiastic was Athanasius, who soon became an inmate of the palace and the secretary of the Primate. Whether all this story be true or not, it is certain that at an early age Athanasius was the amanuensis of the Archbishop of Alexandria, and that he so discharged his duties as to become speedily the most trusted of friends and advisers.

Thus the formative years of his life were spent under the most orthodox influences, and at the very center of ecclesiastical and intellectual activity. The turn of his mind was early manifested in the preparation of a treatise against the Gentiles, which was an exposure of the errors of heathenism and a defense of monotheism. This was one of the earliest, as it was one of the ablest, efforts to present the truths of Christianity in logical and philosophical form. And this was the beginning of the long fight for the faith, in which Athanasius was destined to be the most conspicuous and the worthiest actor. The church was now upon the verge of the most persistent and dangerous internecine struggle that occurred in the first fifteen centuries of its life.

One day there came into the city of Alexandria, out of the desert of Libya, a strange man. He wore the garb of the church, and in that organization his name was not entirely unknown, but as yet it had none of that sinister prominence which it was afterwards to attain. This man was already advanced in age. The scant hairs of his tonsure were white, his sallow face showed the traces of years. His eyes were sunk deep under shaggy brows, but they were bright with the fires of intellect and resolution. His tall form showed the effects of long and rigid asceticism, but it was still unbent. Clad in the coarse and scanty vestments of the hermits of the wilderness, he came uncalled and unheralded. Quickly demonstrating both the will and the capacity to work, he found a place among the Primates' chosen friends, and at the time when he demands our attention was rector of Baukalis, the oldest parish in Alexandria. I have not found that he was an eloquent man, or popular, but as a dialectician and as a polemic he has had few equals in the history of the church, while his persistency of purpose and force of character would have made him irresistible in a good cause. This man was Arius, a name of tremendous significance to all who know the history of the church.

For some years after the appearance of Arius in Alexandria, we have no hint of the doctrines which, later, made his name so familiar to the world. He appears to have discharged his pastoral functions efficiently and acceptably. But finally it was whispered about that he was uttering

strange opinions. The Primate sent for him and engaged him in an argument in which it was speedily apparent that right or wrong, Arius was his superior in disputation. The young deacon Athanasius was called to the rescue of his discomfited superior, and the judgment of the listeners was that thenceforth Arius had the worst of the argument. But Arius was not to be argued down. In his church and elsewhere he continued to proclaim his opinions. At last his persistent and defiant heterodoxy forced the archbishop to convoke a synod of his clergy. Before this synod Arius came, not as a penitent nor even as a defendant, but as a bold aggressor, declaring that he held the true faith and that his enemies were the real heretics. This was probably in the year 319.

The point at issue in the controversy was as to the position of the Son in the Holy Trinity. Arius maintained that the Son was inferior and subordinate to the Father. The very nature of sonship, he declared, necessarily implied that there was a time when the Son did not exist, and a time when he commenced to be; hence He must be a created being, a creature; that as a creature He could not even fathom His own Being; that, therefore, in essence, the Father and the Son were unlike to all infinity; that consequently there could be no identity, but only a resemblance of nature and substance between the Father and the Son.

It is easy to see that in its ultimate analysis Arianism was a polytheism. That it worshipped God the Father, who was a very God, and also God the Son, who was only a deified creature, like the Greek Hercules, the Egyptian Osiris and probably the Norse Woden. But despite the weakness and the fallacy of the theory, it was defended with incomparable zeal and astucity, and secured so many and such influential adherents that the synod shrank from the invidious duty of condemning it. Therefore, its deliberations were devoid of substantial results. Arius, thus virtually the victor, was encouraged to a vigorous propagandism, and by his energy, force and specious reasoning rapidly added to the already large number of his adherents. The archbishop, faithful to his duty and keenly alive to the danger threatening the church, summoned a council of one hundred bishops of Egypt, Mareotis, Pentapolis and Libya. By this synod Arius was promptly condemned, and a vigorous encyclical letter spread the sentence throughout the Primate's jurisdiction.

Within three years from the Synod of Alexandria, it had extended throughout the Christian world, creating two factions that warred upon each other in the most un-Christian spirit, bringing disaster and deep

disgrace upon the church. The best days of Greek philosophy produced nothing approaching this controversy in dialectical subtlety and finesse, and had the disputants been content to use only these intellectual weapons, the shame of the church would have been much less; but both sides being impervious to argument, the exasperation of protracted and fruitless contention finally impelled laymen and ecclesiastics alike to the vilest slander, to intrigue, and eventually to personal and political violence. The tongue of slander thus loosed has not spared Athanasius, but I am prepared to deny that his conduct exhibits any unworthy action, or implies any motive but a sincere and lofty piety.

And here I wish to say, that while I am speaking freely in condemnation of the weaknesses of the early Christians, I by no means intend to endorse the fallacious argument of the enemies of Christianity who, with wilful injustice, attribute the fault to the church rather than to the material upon which it wrought. There was never a time when Christianity was not, both as a religion and as a system of ethics, infinitely superior to all others, and the unprejudiced mind will recognize in the incomparable achievements of Christian civilization abundant proof of that fact.

But as to the subject we are now considering, I need not rely upon generalizations of my own. Mr. Lecky, in his history of European morals, comparing early Christianity with paganism and speaking only as a moralist, says: "The high conception that has been formed of the sanctity of human life, the protection of infancy, the elevation and final emancipation of the slave classes, the suppression of barbarous games, the creation of a vast and multifarious organization of charity, and the education of the imagination by the Christian type, constitute together a movement of philanthropy which has not been paralleled or approached in the pagan world."

I intend to say the worst that can be said of the Christianity of the fourth century. I would not dare even to hint to you the worst that is true of the paganism which it was supplanting. Its pervading and fatal wickedness, its monstrous crimes, its appalling immoralities and hateful indecencies paralyze the mind and the imagination and defy description. And yet I would not be understood to deny that even in that old decomposing paganism, there was much that was beautiful and good. The pagans, still numerous throughout the decaying empire, seized eagerly upon the opportunity afforded by the Arian schism to deride and denounce Christianity. The theatres were crowded to see and to applaud

satires and burlesques upon the trinitarian controversy. The very street resounded with ribald songs; and professional wits, in all ages the least endurable of men, displayed their brightness in such questions as this, addressed to the women: "Pray, had you a son before you were a mother?"

In the midst of this babel of confusion, noise, violence and scoffing, one man was serene, undismayed, self-contained, reverent, determined. Athanasius alone seems to have realized that upon the determination of these questions the very life of Christianity depended. In mind and in will he was of finer and firmer texture than any man of his time. He was the man ordained by Providence for the time. The archbishop of Alexandria was less able, less pious, less courageous than Athanasius. When the storm broke in its full fury upon him as the representative of the orthodox party, he quailed before it, and but for the support of his deacon, Athanasius, would have succumbed. Perceiving this, and recognizing his superior abilities and invincible courage, the Arians threw the weight of their attack against Athanasius. He was a man of insignificant appearance, and that fact appears to have been particularly exasperating. It was intolerable that this little fellow should be able to overcome the most robust champions of Arianism.

The disturbance ere long made itself felt in politics. The great Constantine, then in the plenitude of his power and success, attempted by his imperial fiat to restore harmony, but only to find that the conqueror of many Cæsars was powerless to deal with this abstraction. Threats availed him nothing and his august ridicule fell flat. Disgusted and dismayed by a condition for which his practical and untrained mind could find no adequate explanation, and nothing like justification, he was finally inspired to a course whose results upon the subsequent history of the world are incalculable. He determined to call a general council of the church.

It may be interesting to pause here and enquire what the church was at that time. I have mentioned the fact that in the year 303 the reigning emperors had instituted a furious persecution of the Christians. In the year 313, the Emperor Constantine had issued a decree known in history as the edict of Milan, by which he proclaimed toleration of Christianity. In the year 324 when his power had become more firmly established, he issued a general edict advising all his subjects to follow his own example and declare for Christianity. There are no satisfactory statistics of the numerical strength of the church at this time, but we have the authority of Gibbon for the statement that its affairs were administered by 1800 bishops, of

whom 900 were seated in the Greek provinces and 800 in the Latin provinces. If there had been uniformity in the extent or population of the dioceses we might easily estimate the number of Christians, but there was no such uniformity, and we can only infer from the number of bishops that a very large proportion of the people had embraced the true faith. That a majority had not is made probable by the fact that within two decades of the first general council had occurred the persecution of Maximian. That the Christians were the active and growing party in the empire we know, and it is probably not a wholly unjustified suspicion which connects the conversion of Constantine with that fact. The trinitarian controversy was the first serious check to the growth of the church. Persecution had been unavailing, but this internal dissension promised the most disastrous results.

The place selected by the emperor for the meeting of this first and greatest ecumenical council was the city of Nicea, in Bithynia. This ancient Bithynia was a part of the present Turkey in Asia which touches the southern shores of the Black Sea and of the Sea of Marmora. Nicea was centrally located and was easily accessible by means of the unequalled system of public roads that tied the empire together. Thither in the spring or summer of 325, for the authorities are discordant as to the exact time, came some 300 bishops and 2,000 inferior clergymen. Tradition fixes the number of bishops at 318, connecting it with the number of armed servants with whom Abraham delivered Lot from captivity, and with certain other features of the arbitrary and fanciful symbolism which was so much in favor among the early Christians.

The Council of Nicea was not called for the sole purpose of settling the Arian controversy, but that subject obscured all others, and we may pass with simple mention the fact that it fixed the time for observing Easter and disposed of the forgotten heresy of Meletius. The great work of the council is fully preserved in the creed which perpetuates its name, but as to many minor details there is a wide disparity of authority. It is certain that most of the bishops were from the East, it is probable that the first meeting was in May, and that the dissolution occurred in August; that the deliberations were held at first in a church and afterwards in a hall of the imperial palace prepared for the purpose. Among the participants were many whose names fill large places in ecclesiastical and secular history. There were men of all languages, and of all the multitude of races subject to the sway of the Cæsars. There was Paphnutius, bishop of the Thebaid, the

home of monasticism, of which I shall speak later. This venerable prelate was only a remnant of a man. One foot dragged upon the floor, because the sinews of his leg had been cut while the rancor of a brief successor in office had sent him a manacled slave to toil in a mine. This was a proof of the rarity of Christian charity, while the hollow and scorched socket of the eye which had been burned out in the last bitter persecution of the Christians, spoke to his brethren of fearful suffering and of the invincible fortitude of a sublime faith.

The thoughtful mind is impressed by the fact that in the youth of this mutilated saint, Christianity was a helpless prey to paganism, while in his old age it virtually ruled the earth. There also, says Farrar, "Paul, bishop of the Mesopotamian Neocæsarea, uplifted in benediction a hand which the fire had scorched," and the rude figure of James of Nisibis, in his coat of camel's hair, recalled the aspect of John the Baptist. Others were from Potamon, from the Nile deserts, and Theophilus from the far Norseland, whose viking conquerors became the militant champions of the Arian creed, and by the might of their long blades maintained it for centuries, not only in their fatherland, but in Gaul, in Italy, Spain and Africa. For Alaric, the first and greatest of the yellow-haired Norsemen who vanquished the Roman Eagles; Genseric, the fierce and gentle vandal who planted a German nation on the hot soil of Africa, to enjoy a brief tenure of power, to promise for a season the rise of a new Carthage, but soon to yield to the enervations of a tropical climate; and also Theodoric, called, not without justice, the Great, were all Arians, and all through the teachings of one Ulfilas, a pupil of this Theophilus of the Nicene Council.

The House of Bishops included many of the most learned men in the church. Eusebius of Nicomedia and the more learned Eusebius of Cæsarea were nearest of all to the royal family and both might claim a widespread fame, if not an equally extensive approbation. Arius was present; and so was Alexander, Primate of Egypt, accompanied by his secretary, Athanasius. So humble was the office of Athanasius that some pictures of the council represent him as sitting on the floor, but it is said that his vehement zeal and keen logic inspired terror in all his enemies. Arius had many able and influential supporters, and it was evident from the first that the struggle would be a hard one.

The proceedings were long delayed by the tardiness of the emperor, who was celebrating at Nicomedia and elsewhere the victories which a few years before had made him sole master of the civilized world. At last he

came, and the day was set for the formal opening of the council. Constantine selected the anniversary of his victory over Licinius, the last of his competitors. That summer morning presented a scene worth studying. Says the eloquent Farrar: "The bishops were gathered in the great hall of the palace, dilated, as it were, by God." They were seated on chairs ranged about the center of the hall, while the inferior members sat behind them on benches. In the exact center of the hall was a chair on which lay a copy of the four gospels, symbolizing the presence of Christ. The emperor's throne was at one end. In silence the assembled representatives of the Ruler of the Universe awaited the coming of the ruler of the earth. A sound of martial music proclaimed the emperor's presence, the halls resounded to the tramp of marching men, the doors were thrown open and the assembly rose as one man to receive its temporal master. Many of these simple-minded, simple-mannered men of God now beheld the great emperor for the first time. They knew and loved him as the champion and protector of the church, but their distant homes had never been honored by his august presence.

Constantine deserves more than passing notice. Gibbon truly says: "The character of the prince who removed the seat of empire and introduced such important changes into the civil and religious constitution of his country, has fixed the attention and divided the opinions of mankind. By the grateful zeal of the Christians, the deliverer of the church has been decorated with every attribute of a hero, and even of a saint; while the discontent of the vanquished party has compared Constantine to the most abhorred of those tyrants who by their vice and weakness dishonored the imperial purple." But these beautifully balanced sentences do not prevent the great historian from a very one-sided estimate of Constantine. In this and in most other cases of the kind, the middle way is the safest, and whatever vices may darken the character of the first Christian emperor, it is both natural and right that Christians, remembering the butcheries of Nero, Diocletian, and Maximian, should honor and praise the name of Constantine; and impartial history has established his claim to many virtues.

Doubtless, as he paused in the doorway of the council hall of Nicea, every heart went out to him in reverence and affection. Physically, he was one of the handsomest men of his day. His figure was far above the usual stature and gracefully moulded, his countenance frank and majestic, his demeanor such as became a man whose word was the law of the earth.

He was clad now, not in the simple garb of a Roman patrician, but in the splendid vestments of Oriental royalty. His diadem of purple was garnished with the rarest gems of the imperial treasury, a robe of purple silk glittering with embroidery and jewels fell from his massive shoulders, and not less than these, the purple buskins which none but an emperor might wear indicated his purpose to honor the occasion. It is related that as he passed down the aisle to his throne, a blush, visible to all who were present, spread over his countenance. He realized that he was in the presence of the representatives of a majesty infinitely higher than his own. He did not seat himself until signed to do so by the bishops. To an elaborate oration by Eusebius of Cæsarea, he replied briefly in Latin, counseling peace. But, alas, there was to be no peace for many years.

Never was more fervor of eloquence, more subtlety of reasoning or refinement of logic displayed than in this convention. Arius was his own champion, and found in Athanasius his most astute and formidable antagonist. The point of the contention will easily be found by turning to the creed, where it is said of the Son that He is: "Begotten, not made: Being of one substance with the Father." This was the declaration of Athanasius and his associates. That the Son was of the same substance with the Father. The Arians held that the Son was of like substance with the Father and was made, not begotten. For denoting the same substance the Athanasians employed the Greek word "*homousios*," while the Arians used "*homoiousios*," meaning of like substance. And so Gibbon derides the Christians and calls them the victims of a diphthong.

The Apostles' Creed has come down to use from the very earliest days of Christianity. Its origin as a definite symbol can not be precisely ascertained. The creed formulated by the Council of Nicea is known as the Nicene or Athanasian creed, and is the same now printed in the prayer book, except that it ended with the words "we believe in the Holy Ghost." The articles that follow that were added by the Council of Constantinople, A. D. 381.

When Athanasius went to Nicea he was a young man, but little known beyond the limits of his native city; when he returned his fame extended through the empire. He was by common consent the leader of the orthodox party. No member of the council had contributed half so much as he to the result. Five months after the council, the archbishop of Alexandria died, and on the 18th of June, 326, Athanasius was elected his successor. Many older men were passed over, for the times demanded that the best

should be first. For forty-six years he was to be patriarch, or as he was called, Pope of Alexandria. The title of Pope was not given exclusively to the bishop of Rome until A. D. 385.

I regret that I can not relate the subsequent career of Athanasius in detail. It has all the fascination and excitement of a romance. I know of none more devoted, heroic or admirable. From the very beginning the Christian people of Alexandria evinced for him a passionate devotion which endured to the end of his life; and this was not less true of the hundred bishops and the multitude of priests who acknowledged his sway. But the Arians hated him with an undying and an un-Christian hatred. They challenged the validity of his election, and no slander was too vile, no falsehood too monstrous or absurd, to be told of him. At first they were comparatively powerless, but ere long gathered support and courage. They began upon him a warfare of unparalleled bitterness and ferocity. Says one historian: "They never suffered him to enjoy the comfort of a peaceable day." There are no darker pages in the church's history than those that record the deplorable events of this controversy. Calumny and falsehood were the weapons of the Arians until they were strong enough to use force, and, while no just reproach attaches to Athanasius, his followers sometimes endeavored to justify the adoption of a policy, speciously described as "fighting the devil with fire."

Constantine had heartily accepted the Nicene Creed, and for three years Arius suffered exile. His followers, known now as the Eusebians, succeeded, through their influences with Constantia, the emperor's sister, in securing his recall. Gradually increasing in boldness, they demanded that Arius be received again into the communion of the Alexandrian Church. The emperor, whose faith was elastic and whose capacity to comprehend the subtleties of theology was extremely moderate, so to speak, readily gave the order, and Athanasius as promptly declined. The emperor was enraged, and lent a ready ear to certain absurd charges. Athanasius went to Nicomedia, met Constantine, confuted his enemies and returned bearing a highly commendatory letter from the variable Cæsar. In a little while a new and a more serious charge was preferred by the indefatigable Eusebians. They charged Athanasius with the grave crime of murder, and the still more atrocious felony of practising magic. As the man Arsenius, who was alleged to have been murdered, was proved to be alive, the emperor again relented.

This was in 333. In 335 a council of the church met at Tyre, and the

charge of murdering Arsenius was revived. The production of Arsenius in proper form was sufficient to convince even the Arians on this point. Then they charged him with causing the desecration of a church and the destruction of a sacred chalice. It was clearly shown that neither church nor chalice had ever existed, but the inexorable Arians never admitted it. Finally, they accused him of stopping the corn ships bringing supplies from Alexandria to Constantinople. They could not prove it, and it was not true, but the emperor was worried beyond endurance and, by an extraordinary *non sequitur*, banished Athanasius to Gaul for being the victim of so many falsehoods.

Arius returned to Alexandria, but, engaging himself actively in fomenting riots, was recalled. He thereupon began to amuse himself by presenting to the emperor numberless creeds so ingeniously constructed that Constantine, becoming hopelessly confused, decreed finally the orthodoxy of Arius, presumably as a measure of self-defense.

Alexander, Primate of Constantinople, feeling himself too weak to resist the emperor's command to admit Arius to communion in the church, Irene, is said to have prostrated himself in prayer for the removal of the arch heretic. The next day Arius expired as he was on his way to the church; his manner of death being so appalling that his enemies likened it to the fate of Judas, and his friends attributed it to poison. This was in the year 336. In the spring of 337, Athanasius, patiently enduring exile in the inhospitable climate of Gaul, heard that Constantine, wearing his white baptismal robe, having put aside the imperial purple, was lying on a white bed awaiting death, and ministered to by an Arian bishop. On the 20th of May, 337, the defender of the Cross died. He left the empire divided between his three sons. Constantine was to reign over Gaul, Constantius over the East, and Constans over Italy and the West. The three emperors met and amicably partitioned the world, and were pleased to concur in the restoration of Athanasius, whose return to Alexandria in November, 338, was celebrated with illumination, rejoicings and thanksgivings.

Instantly the implacable enmity of the Arians was alert. The old weapons of falsehood and slander were strenuously employed. There was nothing true to be said against Athanasius, but he was overwhelmed with calumny. The enraged controversialists halted at nothing to achieve their purposes. The small mind of the little Constantius was easily poisoned; and in March, 340, he appointed one Gregory of Cappadocia to

displace Athanasius. Gregory, hastening to Alexandria under a strong escort, instigated Jews and pagans to unite with him in riot and pillage, and illustrated his forcible accession by a series of almost inconceivable atrocities. Verily, the church needed to be purged of the lingering dross of paganism.

Athanasius fled with infinite difficulty and danger into the dominion of Constans, one of the most dissolute of sovereigns, but a man of the most orthodox theories. Pope Julius received the illustrious exile with kindness and honor, and for three years Athanasius abode in the West, active in all good works, and the steadfast and aggressive champion of the Nicene Creed. That the ablest man in the church should so long live and labor in the West without leaving his impress for good behind him was impossible. It is not too much to say, with Farrar, that he fixed the theology of Rome as he established in the West the monastic practices which theretofore had flourished exclusively in the East. In 343 a council of 170 bishops met at Sardica to consider his case, but the Eastern bishops, influenced by the Arians, seceded and fled by night. But in 346 the pseudo bishop died and Constans prevailed upon Constantius to revoke the edict of banishment. On the 21st of October, 346, the exile reached Alexandria. The city poured out hundreds of thousands of exultant men and women to meet him. His way was carpeted, that his feet might not touch the ground. The housetops were alive with multitudes who showered incense and flowers upon him and rent the skies with their acclamations. This home-coming became a proverb of joy and festivity. For five years Athanasius enjoyed comparative immunity from official persecution and personal violence, but during all these years the tongue of calumny wagged incessantly. In the year 353 Constans died and Constantius was lord of the reunited empire. Constantius was devoid of ability, but opulent in vanity. Having a mind of the narrowest compass and feeblest powers, wholly untrained as a thinker and incapable of discrimination, he unhappily believed himself competent to solve the profoundest questions of theology and to restore to the church by his imperial fiat its long lost peace. His proclivity for theology would have been amusing in a person less capable of giving effect to his vagaries. But when this imperial Bottom thrust his ears into the controversy only one result could follow. The confusion was infinitely worse confounded. Constantius developed an insatiable appetite for verbal quibbles despite their total incomprehensibility to his feeble intellect. He delighted in calling councils and imi-

tating the methods of his father. He is called a semi-Arian, and one of his councils in the year 356 procured the third banishment of Athanasius.

At midnight, on the 18th of February, 356, while Athanasius and his people were holding a vigil service, an imperial army of 5,000 men surrounded the church, broke down the doors and poured into the building. Discharging flight after flight of arrows, they slew men, women and children alike. Many of the sacred virgins were shot down before the altar and heavy armed mercenaries trampled upon the bodies of the fallen as they marched down the aisles toward the episcopal throne where Athanasius sat urging the people to prayer. He resisted every entreaty to escape until the church was cleared of all the congregation who were not dead or disabled, and then his friends seized him, and dragged him more dead than alive, through the disorderly soldiery to a place of safety.

He now fled to the wilderness of Thebais. This Thebais is worthy our notice. It was the home of monasticism. Monasticism of the kind of which St. Simeon Stylites is the most striking exemplar. You will recall that that holy man raised in the mountains of Syria a pillar sixty feet high, whereon, exposed to all changes of the weather, he abode through thirty years of constant self-torture. On one day he was seen to bend his forehead to his feet 1,244 times in succession, as we have the account from Gibbon. In the days of Athanasius many thousands of monks dwelt in the deserts of Libya and of the Thebais south of Alexandria. St. Antony, the friend of Athanasius, gathered a colony of five thousand who dwelt in fifty monasteries. On the barren island of Tabenne fourteen hundred hermits surrounded the Abbott Pachomius. The Egyptian city of Oxyrinchus was the exclusive abode of twenty thousand virgins and ten thousand monks, and at the end of the Fourth century, in nearly every part of Egypt, the monastic population was almost equal to the population of the cities. Monachism was born in Egypt and for centuries flourished there as no where else.

I am not the apologist of monachism, but I dare affirm that every man of ideal temperament and fine sensibilities, every man who values the spiritual above the material, who has come to realize that the world has no satisfactions, offers few responses to the cravings of his better nature, must in some measure be attracted by an institution which affords absolute retirement from affairs, and requires perfect self-abnegation and the consecration of every faculty to the service of the Creator. We protestants are quick to condemn the system, but we will judge it more leniently if

we stop to remember how many a broken heart found rest and peace in the cloister in those dark ages through which the church was civilizing our race. During all those ages, too, the cloister was the home of philosophy, of literature, of art. The monasteries and the convents, despite all that the enemies of the church have written, were lighthouses of knowledge, of art and science, as well as of virtue and piety. I concede that they are not in accord with the genius of protestantism, that they are utterly opposed to the utilitarian spirit of our modern life, but I am not in accord with the flippant and ungenerous criticism which we so often hear. I will protest in any presence my admiration for the man or woman who is capable of absolute devotion to an ideal, and I can not repress a degree of approval for an institution which incessantly wars against the animal man in behalf of the intellectual and spiritual man. The monks of Egypt eschewed all the comforts, and not a few of what to us are the decencies of life. They clothed themselves in rags or skins, subsisted on roots and herbs, and for shelter built rude hovels which they left bare and unfurnished, dwelt in the caverns of the hills and even fought with wild beasts of the desert for possession of their lairs.

Into this community Athanasius fled, and if he found rough fare he found also true and loving hearts, and for six years he dwelt safely in the wilderness. Now and then he might enjoy a brief rest in some monastery, but most of his days were spent hiding in solitude or in swift flight from the tireless emissaries of his inveterate enemies. Some day I doubt not the genius of romance will be attracted to these six adventurous and exciting years of Athanasius among

“Antres vast and deserts idle.”

During these trying years Athanasius found time to do probably his best literary work. At the end of six years Julian the Apostate was emperor and St. George, by some said to be the patron saint of the English, sat on the episcopal throne of Alexandria. This George was a reformed contractor of pork for the army and an exceptionally disreputable individual, and when the pagans of Alexandria seized him and literally kicked him to death, burned his body and cast his ashes into the sea, the apostate emperor contemptuously allowed Athanasius to return. He remained one year, and again fled from the death warrant of the emperor. He returned to the wilderness, but remained for only a part of the year 363. Thus, four times he was banished for his faith, and four times returned to proclaim that same faith.

But the end was not yet. On October 5, 365, the Emperor Valens decreed his fifth banishment. Barely escaping with his life, he hid himself for four months in the tomb of his father until the decree was revoked. Then all Alexandria, led by one of his trusted friends, went out to him, and conducted him with song and rejoicing once more to the home from which no ruler of the earth was ever to banish him again, but where he dwelt at last in peace through six years, when, in the fullness of age, after a life of unequaled vicissitudes and inestimable usefulness, he was called from the church militant to the church triumphant.

After all his wanderings he died at home; after all his dangers and persecutions, he died in peace. In spite of all that the malice and falsehood of enemies could invent, he died honored more than any other man of his time. He lived to see the conspirators who had persecuted him through half a century pass to their reward, and to know that the cause to which he had given his life was at last triumphant. The second great council of the church assembled at Constantinople eight years after his death and confirmed the Nicene Creed, and we to-day repeat from our prayer books the very words which Athanasius put there more than fifteen centuries ago, and in behalf of whose truth he lived a noble life.

THE TATER-BUG PARSON.*



HE Tater-Bug meeting-house is situated in Pawpaw Hollow. There are a great many pawpaw hollows in name and in fact in East Tennessee, but this particular one is easily distinguished. For one thing, the meeting-house is a distinguishing feature. Then it lies just to the east of the Sevierville road, a quarter of a mile beyond Dick Ballord's House (which is in the fork of the road), and runs right over Tuckahoe Creek. Not across the creek, but literally over it, for up above at Squire Keith's place Tuckahoe runs out of the ground, and then drives furiously right against the ridge and disappears, boring its way through to come out miles away on the west side.

The meeting-house was originally built of logs, but the temporary presence of a saw mill many years ago enabled the Tater-Bugs to cover the logs with planks. At first the windows were ten feet long by two feet high, and unglazed. The shutters were of plank with strap hinges at the top, and were held up at meeting time by sticks of firewood. They extended nearly one-third the length of the building. However, when the saw mill came, the spirit of innovation got abroad on Tuckahoe, and, as Dick Ballord expressed it, "the winders was eended up" and glazed. It must not be understood, however, that they were made ten feet high and two feet wide. They were three feet and four inches high and two feet wide, and the glass was eight inches by ten. The glass did not last long. Sometimes the men and women would test its strength by a push, generally with disastrous results; sometimes a boy would shy a pebble or a hickory nut through one of the fragile panes; and once, when Dick Ballord's lame mule, which was always hungry, and always foraging, chanced upon the meeting-house, it had, in a spirit of investigation, thrust its head through one of the windows, thereby demolishing glass, wood-work and all. After this, the Tater-Bugs concluded to put shutters on the windows; but the public spirit had subsided and after two shutters had been put up, the nails had given out, and for years the finances had never been sufficiently recruited to justify the completion of an undertaking, which, it must be admitted, had not been unanimously approved.

*Published in Worthington's Magazine, October, 1893, by "John P. Russell."

At another time it had been determined to erect a fence around the house. Squire Keith had given the timber, and Dick Ballord and Jake Mullins had agreed to split the rails; but just then Jake had a violent attack of the "yaller janders" and before he recovered, it had been time to "lay by" the corn, and the rails were never made. In this condition the house and its appurtenant demesnes were left until Parson Algin came to preach at the Hollow.

The Tater-Bugs were Baptists of the variety usually called "Hard-shell." How they got the name "Tater-Bugs" I do not know. I first heard it from John Dingan who married Squire Keith's cousin and lived on the hill between Dick Ballord's and the Squire's. They are never called anything else on Tuckahoe. Dingan is not a Tater-Bug himself; indeed I am bound to say that he appears to be entirely without religious affiliations or convictions, though he is called as "clever" a man as there is on Tuckahoe.

When the planks were put on the meeting-house, and the windows "eended up" and glazed, Dingan and the Squire furnished half of the money and the Tater-Bugs half. A good part of the latter half was contributed by Bob Ballord, Dick's brother, who worked for Squire Keith for thirteen dollars a month, with "vittles an' lodgin'."

The meetings of the Tater-Bugs were held on the fourth Sunday in every month, and on such other Sundays and week days as preachers could be found in the "settlement." The regular fourth Sunday was a big time, as they say on Tuckahoe. The preacher, Thomas Algin, conducted the Sunday-school at 8 o'clock in the morning, "reglar meetin'" at 10 o'clock, "evenin' sarvice" at 2 o'clock, and a final devotional exercise at "early can'le light."

But the biggest time was when the "pertracted meetin'" was held. These "pertracted" occasions, which were invariably characterized by a copious and reviving outpour of spiritual refreshment, occurred twice a year, in April and October. Sometimes the "town preacher" from Knoxville came up to assist.

The town parson was a very superior man, but I have never known any one who would stand comparison with Algin in his own pulpit. Larkin Biggs, who was the Nestor of the Tater-bugs, voiced the sentiment of the community when he said that he "lowed that Tom Algin was the peartest man in S'vere County." Squire Keith divided with him the affections of Tuckahoe, but the Squire was not a Baptist, though many

were the devout and fervent supplications which ascended from Pawpaw Hollow, that the good neighbor might be led to see the error of his way, and seek the "salvation of his immortal parts." The Squire attended the Tater-Bug meetings because there were no Presbyterian meetings and he never argued with his neighbors. He had no difficulty in accepting for himself the doctrines of John Calvin and John Knox in their least mitigated form. But, believing as he did, that the truth and the whole truth was embodied in the Westminster confession of faith, he held, in common with his neighbors, a high opinion of Tom Algin.

The preacher was not a native of Tuckahoe. He had first appeared in the country a little more than two years before the time of this history. His home was on the South Fork of Pigeon River. It was said he had come from North Carolina. He had for his charge three churches besides Pawpaw Hollow; one on Dumpling, one on Pigeon, and one away up on "Chucky." Between these he apportioned his time equally. He is a blonde with tawny hair and beard, and deep-set, deep-blue eyes, and is almost a perfect man physically.

I do not say that he is highly educated. A critic might find many faults in his style. But criticism of that kind is unknown on Tuckahoe. In politics and in polemic theology the entire population is gifted and strong, but these consume its critical and dialectic powers. Algin's presence is pleasing, his voice strong and musical, and if now and then his pronunciation is inaccurate or provincial, or his singulars and plurals not properly related, his discourses are sensible, and at times he is very impressive. Squire Keith says he is eloquent.

When he had finished his first sermon he paused, and then said: "My friends, it is well for us to understand each other in the beginning. I hope to break the bread of life to you for many days to come, but I say to you frankly that unless this house is repaired, I will not preach in it. If you do not choose to repair it, I will have services in the open air when the weather permits, and when it doesn't permit, I will go home. It is not respectful to the Lord to meet in such a house. You will receive the benediction."

The next time he came to Tuckahoe the meeting-house had undergone such a change that he hardly knew it. The windows were fresh-glazed and shuttered, and the church yard enclosed by a substantial post and rail fence. The inside of the building was resplendent. It

had been ceiled and painted. The painting might have been unsatisfactory to a conventionally æsthetic eye, but on Tuckahoe taste is primitive. The color was a bright but extremely positive blue and was the same on walls and ceiling. The ordinary eye could hardly endure it on a sunshiny day, but I am sure that no pride was ever greater or more justifiable than that which the good, honest Tater-Bugs felt when they looked upon this masterpiece of decoration. It was their own taste. They had bought the paint with their own money, and Larkin Biggs's son Rad, who built wagons and painted them, had done the work. Algin did not know of it until it was all done; and when he first entered the room and felt as if he were immersed in a sea of bright blue, he cordially commended the improvements, and thus became radicated in the affections of Tuckahoe.

As time went on, it was noticed that Algin began to linger longer on Tuckahoe than at first. After a while it came to be whispered about, that the cause of these lingerings was Mary Hetherly, the daughter of Widow Hetherly. The widow was very well-to-do. Like Squire Keith, she was a Presbyterian, and so, of course, was her daughter. It was no wonder that Algin was attracted by Mary. She had never lived in town, and did not dress like town girls, but she was of a fair presence, healthy, sensible, and tolerably well educated.

Such mechanical adjuncts of worship as organs, or even melodeons, had not at that day penetrated to Pawpaw Hollow. The only instrument of sacred music was the human voice. Algin could sing the good old hymns well enough; but he was not a trained musician, and one day in the midst of a stanza of "There is a fountain," a good sister in the congregation got them all so very high up, that when the next stanza was reached, the Parson attempted in vain to get down to the proper key. Twice he tried, but failed utterly. Several titters were audible. Algin was about to close his book in despair, when a rich sweet voice took up the tune, and carried it safely to the end, despite the sister's persistent falsetto.

This was his first sight of Mary Hetherly. The introduction which followed grew into a cordial friendship. Presently people began to wonder whether it would not go further. Larkin Biggs and "'Rayshur" (Horatio) Petit, the senior Tater-Bugs, "lowed" that "hit was all right purvidin' Mary jined the church." This was said while 'Rayshur was visiting Larkin, which he did every day. "Mis' Biggs (Mis' being always

used on Tuckahoe for Mistress) was present, and the next time Algin came that way, she said to him, in the presence of all her sons and daughters, there being many of both: "Parson, I heerd Larkin and 'Rayshur lowin' t'other day that you an' Mary hed sorter fixed things up." Algin blushed and was confused, and got away as soon as he could. It was noticed that after meeting he did not as usual go to dinner with Mary Hetherly and her mother, but accepted instead the hearty invitation of John Dingan. When he came a month later he greeted Mary with grave courtesy, but did not again speak to her.

Things went on thus for several months. Algin never failed to pay his respects to the widow and her handsome daughter, but the old intimacy was broken off. Mary began to treat him coolly. She came less frequently to the meetings, and it was noticed that usually when she did come she was escorted by her cousin, Washington Hickling. Wash, as he was called, was studying medicine with the neighborhood doctor. He was a bright sort of fellow, but tremendously conceited both as to his person and as to his intellect. His pride of profession was already great. It is true that having been called, in the absence of his preceptor, to the delicate duty of assisting a lady of the vicinage at the birth of twins, he had been unfortunate enough to lose both the mother and the twins; but he had explained the casualty in terms so learned that nobody on Tuckahoe knew in the least what he meant, and, therefore, it was generally conceded that it was the fault of the mother or of the twins. And certainly his self-esteem suffered no abatement.

Wash, who was very much in love with his cousin, was fully advised as to the extent of her worldly possessions and prospects. He had never liked Algin. The two were as unlike as could be, and Mary Hetherly's intimacy with the Parson had begotten in the nascent Esculapius first a bitter jealousy, and then a positive hatred. Larkin Biggs, who is said on Tuckahoe to have a "long head," said to 'Rayshur about the time when all this occurred: "I tell ye, Wash Hickling's a bad aig. His pappy was a bushwhacker, an' b'longed to the gang that stole Joe Keith's hoss. Ef Wash ain't mean he ought to be, an' I b'leve he is."

Wash's "pappy" had been a Tater-Bug; but Wash himself made some claim to infidelity, believing that there was a necessary connection between infidelity and superior mental powers. When Algin and Mary began to fall apart, Wash was naturally pleased. He had the good judgment to cease his contemptuous references to "Tater-Bug parsons," and to

devote himself assiduously to entertaining and pleasing his cousin. Mary was perhaps grateful, and was especially gracious to Wash in Algin's presence.

Feminine nature is very much the same on Tuckahoe as elsewhere. The girl was very much in love with Algin, and in secret shed not a few tears over his apparent unfaithfulness. Wash was delighted. He went everywhere with Mary; and even allowed her to ride to the Stallins "in-fair" on his celebrated single-footing filly, an act of unprecedented generosity, for Wash was as much noted for selfishness and stinginess as the filly was for single-footing. Once in a burst of enthusiasm and confidence, he declared to Rad Biggs that the little knoll under the big oak tree by the widow's front gate, would be a splendid site for a doctor's office. When Rad asked: "Gwine to put yourn thar?" he smiled knowingly.

Larkin and 'Rayshur were deeply chagrined by the course of affairs. They were indignant with the Parson. Mis' Biggs was a lady of large powers of observation and conversation, and did not fail to remark somewhat frequently in a most pointed way, to both Larkin and 'Rayshur, that they "knowed a mighty sight 'bout sich things." Mis' Petit, to whom all the facts hereinbefore recited were fully known, efficiently aided Mis' Biggs in making things unpleasant for Larkin and 'Rayshur. The two ancient cronies began to spend much of their time at Hamilton's store in order to avoid the observations of their respective ladies.

It will readily be understood therefore that they were vastly relieved when affairs suddenly took a turn. On the fourth Sunday in July everybody noticed that Parson Algin, as soon as meeting "broke," went up to Mary Hetherly, spoke to her very earnestly in a very low voice, and then walked down the road with her. She treated him coldly enough, but nodded assent to his request to walk with her. Everybody looked at everybody else, except Wash Hickling, who looked only at Mary and Algin. On the fourth Sunday in August the same thing occurred, except that the lady was perceptibly more cordial. Dr. Hickling was not at meeting.

Larkin and 'Rayshur, being men of spirit, did not fail meanwhile to make the most of the situation, and Mis' Biggs and Mis' Petit began carefully to avoid a subject which a little while before had occupied much of their time. The daily meetings on Larkin's porch were resumed. The ladies at first hoped that things might change again, but when the

Parson came and spent a week on Tuckahoe and went every day to the widow's they felt that they were hoping against hope. Mis' Biggs, with very ill-assumed indifference, ventured one afternoon to ask 'Rayshur when the "merridge was gwine to be?" Larkin and 'Rayshur laughed so outrageously, however, that the good lady retired in confusion and anger.

The summer wore away and September came and passed and all Tuckahoe, as Larkin put it, "was cleanin' up an' rollin' pie crust," preparatory to the "big meetin'." It was late in the afternoon. The Misses Biggs were out by the wood-pile milking. Their mother was standing on the chopping-log with her arms akimbo, calling the hogs. Calling the hogs consisted in expanding her lungs to their utmost capacity and then uttering with their full strength a long-drawn sonorous cry which could be heard for miles away—"Pigoo-pigoo-oo-oooo." This was immediately followed by three short guttural porcine grunts, "peeg, peeg, peeg." These last were intended for such porkers as were at hand; the long-drawn and ear-splitting "pigoo" for such as had taken themselves, as some of Larkin's pigs would, to Hamilton's or Hickman's field. Mis' Biggs paused to take breath, and looking down the road, saw Larkin actually running.

"Lordy, massy," she gasped, "Look at that ole simpleten. Larkin Biggs, stop; you'll get asmy or palpytation, shore. Stop, you fool, what on airth is the matter?"

Larkin sat down on the wood-pile and tried to refill his exhausted lungs. For a time it seemed as if he would never succeed. Mis' Biggs seized the corners of her check apron and fanned him vigorously.

When he was able to speak, his first words were:

"Ther Parson's merried!"

"Land sakes," cried his wife. "Air you crazy, Larkin? When wuz they merried?"

"Ten y-years 'go," wheezed Larkin.

"Ten years ago," screamed Mis' Biggs. "Do you think I'm a born'd eejit, Larkin Biggs, to b'leve that Mary Hetherly was merried ten years ago?"

"I don't mean her," cried Larkin, getting his wind. "He's got a wife in No'th Carliny."

Mis' Biggs could not find words. She threw up both hands with a gesture of despair. Her daughters exhausted the exclamatory vocabulary of Tuckahoe. The old lady had to sit down. Larkin silently en-

joyed the sensation he had created. When his wife had gotten her wits together, she demanded with asperity:

"Who tole ye sich a thing, Larkin?"

"Wash Hickling's got a letter from No'th Carliny, tellin' all about it—and," added he, with the most cold-blooded and provoking deliberation, "the letter says he d'sarted her, and that he killed a man!"

Mis' Biggs rose and without a word started towards the Petit's.

"Ye needn't go," cried Larkin, "case 'Rayshur heerd it soon as I did." She turned back reluctantly, declaring:

"I allus knowed there was sump'n curus with Tom Algin, but none o' ye would ever b'leeve me. Now say your mammy don't know best."

It was almost as Larkin said. Dr. Wash Hickling was not the man to allow a handsome bride with a comfortable dowry to be wrenched from his grasp without a struggle. Seeing the imminency of such a catastrophe, he had set his wits to work, and had conceived the plan of investigating the Parson's antecedents. He had rightly surmised that Algin must have been a man of mark wherever he had previously lived, and was likely therefore to have made both a record and enemies. A little cautious inquiry had been sufficient to ascertain the preacher's former place of residence. A letter to the postmaster had been returned with references to certain "leading citizens." These leading citizens had in turn received communications signed W. Hickling, M.D., and requesting information as to the character of one Thomas Algin, who was alleged to be making overtures for a "matrimonial alliance," with a near and dear relative of the writer. One of these letters had been answered, and on this answer Wash rested his case.

On Monday he had been at French's "still house." The beverage had been particularly fresh and enticing, and Wash had yielded to its blandishments more than was his prudent custom; for, except vanity, selfishness, and covetousness, he had no apparent vices. As he returned home he had found Larkin, 'Rayshur, and other leisurely disposed persons to a considerable number, at Hamilton's store. Larkin had with obvious malice inquired whether or not it was true that Algin and Mary were to be married Christmas Eve. 'Rayshur had chuckled, and the others had grinned, and Wash, instigated by the liquor, had produced and read his letter. The crowd had listened with bated breath as the startling words were read, charging the popular preacher with having deserted his wife without cause, and having been indicted for a felonious assault upon an unoffending man.

The reading finished, Wash had ridden away homeward without a word. His auditors had speedily dispersed. There would be plenty of time to talk afterwards. At the time each one had felt it to be his solemn duty to give currency to the astounding news.

That night Tuckahoe began to ferment. Larkin, in his capacity of senior and principal gossip, held a levee. An armful of pine knots was piled beside the chimney, and fed a cheerful blaze in the big fireplace. 'Rayshur had the place of honor for the evening. All the neighbors "drapped in." A pungent haze of tobacco smoke from the pipes of both sexes pervaded the room. Everybody was comfortable. They all liked Algin, but on Tuckahoe news was news. Of course everybody was sorry; but very many like Mis' Biggs had had their doubts, as it now appeared. Larkin sighed deeply, as he again and again performed the hospitable duty of reciting to new comers the contents of the letter. It was unanimously agreed that the men of the congregation should meet on Wednesday and determine what course the church should adopt. On Wednesday they met. A committee was appointed to wait upon Algin, as soon as he came, and demand an explanation. Larkin meanwhile began to be troubled in his mind. His former distrust of Hickling returned. As he sat on the porch with 'Rayshur that afternoon, he said:

"I never seen sich a important set o' fellers. Bob Byers and Hub Hickman couldn't a felt bigger ef they'd bin a runnin' of a circus." Bob Byers, Hub Hickman, Bob Ballord, Tobe Keziah, and Larkin were the Deacons, and upon their official shoulders rested the weight of the emergency.

As usual the Deacons decided to call in their influential neighbors, Squire Keith and John Dingan. By their advice a letter setting out the charges was sent by Wednesday's mail to Algin. Unfortunately, the Parson had gone down to Knoxville, and did not receive the letter. Neither did he come Saturday afternoon, according to his custom. He did not make his appearance until Sunday morning, after Sunday-school was over. The women were all in the house, while the men stood in groups about the yard discussing the absorbing topic. Squire Keith and Dingan were at the head of the lane, consulting with the Deacons. Algin was to be told everything as soon as he arrived.

"Ef so be he's guilty," said Larkin, "none on us don' want no more preachin' from him, and ef he aint, we want t' know it."

It was almost "meetin' time" when Algin came riding slowly down

the road. Seeing the committee standing at the head of the lane, he dismounted and shook hands with them. The grave and unwonted formality of their greeting did not seem to attract his attention. His manner was unchanged. When the handshaking was over, an awkward silence fell upon the party. Algin looked at the others and they looked at him. He was undisturbed, but they were obviously excited, except Squire Keith, who continued to chew his tobacco with his habitual serenity. Larkin was the first to find his voice. Turning to Keith, he said:

"Squire, s'posin' you jist tell th' Parson." Thereupon the Squire, in a few words and very kindly, told Algin what their mission was.

Algin heard him without a word, without any indication of surprise. When the Squire had done, he said:

"I knew what you were going to say. I have just come from Mrs. Hetherly's and have discussed this matter fully with them."

"What'd they say?" exclaimed Larkin, carried away by his ruling passion, and edging up to Algin.

The Parson smiled and continued:

"If Hickling is not here I wish you would send for him."

"He's standin' on tother side of the house," said Dingan. "Wait a minnit an' I'll bring him."

Up at the church excitement ran high. Mis' Biggs whispered to Mis' Petit and Mis' Stallins, that she was "plum fidgetty." The men were all outside, and the women were straining their necks looking out at the windows and doors. As Dingan passed through the crowd of men he was repeatedly interrogated as to "how he tuck it," etc. Declining to make any answer, he found Hickling and delivered his message. Dr. Hickling was surprised, and for once in his life was at a loss what to say. He had discovered that he had delivered his blow prematurely, and had been engaged for three days in manufacturing opinion against Algin, and not without success. He had not expected to be compelled to confront the accused, but the eyes of the crowd were upon him, and he was bound to go. By the time they had crossed the yard, his self-possession was restored, and he greeted the committee in his wonted professional manner.

"Good morning, gentlemen; good morning, Parson."

They all nodded and said "Morning, Doctor," except Algin, who was hitching his horse. The minister tied the slip knot to his satisfaction, and turning to Wash said:

"I understand, Dr. Hickling, that you have a letter from North Carolina, charging me with having a wife in that State, whom I have deserted, and also charging me with an attempt to commit murder. I will admit that I did leave my wife, and that I did strike a man with the purpose of killing him. Now will you let me see the letter?"

His auditors looked at one another in consternation. He had said all this with perfect calmness. Larkin "fidgetted" and Squire Keith knitted his brows and cut off more tobacco. Hickling replied loftily:

"Since you admit the charge, Mr. Algin, it is not necessary to show the letter," and with this he started away.

Algin, however, stepped quickly in front of him, and said in the same measured tones, but with a red spot on either cheek:

"Wait a moment. I desire you to let Squire Keith see the date of that letter."

"That's fair, Wash, let's see it," said the Squire, holding out his hand.

Hickling, with reluctance, drew the letter from his pocket and opened it so as to show the date.

"September 2d," said the Squire.

"And it is written by Joseph Raines, Attorney-at-Law," said Algin.

"It is, sir," replied Wash, stiffly.

"And now," said Algin, "as I understand, I am charged by you with the purpose of marrying Miss Hetherly, while I have a wife living in North Carolina, after having deserted my wife, and having tried to commit murder!"

Hickling nodded. Algin had drawn a folded newspaper from his pocket.

"Squire," he said, "will you look at the date and name of this paper?"

The Squire took the paper and read aloud:

"The Cooseta Weekly Messenger, July 15, 18—."

"Now," said Algin, "will you read the item marked in blue pencil on the first page?"

The Squire read again:

"Died at her home at seven o'clock yesterday morning, after a lingering illness, Helen Sanders, wife of Thomas Algin."

"Well," said Hickling, with a sneer, "that proves that your wife died after you deserted her, that's all."

Algin by an effort controlled himself, and said:

"Will you be good enough to tell me whether anything is said in the letter about her death?"

Hickling finally replied:

"No, there aint."

Thereupon Algin stood aside, and Wash passed on towards the church. Algin drew a roll of money from his pocket, and said:

"Gentlemen, we will have no services today; but I have a favor to ask. I wish some of you, or all of you, to go to Cooseta and investigate this matter for yourselves. As I make the request I will defray the expenses. You can go and come in a week, and I will meet you here this day week."

So saying he thrust the money into Larkin's hands and was gone before the old man could object. He held the greenbacks in his hands and looked helplessly around at his companions. The Squire held out his hand and Larkin gave him the money. He counted it carefully.

"One hundred dollars," he said.

"I guess we don't need the Parson's money. Here, John, you keep this and give it back to him. We can pay our own expenses."

So saying he produced a venerable, very slick, but plethoric leather wallet, tied with an old piece of hame string. Carefully opening it he extracted from it five twenty dollar bills, and gave them to Larkin.

"Now, Larkin," he said, "you and John start tomorrow, and when you get there go to the bottom of this thing. You are old, but you are not a fool, and if John aint got as much sense as you have, he's younger." John laughed.

"But I aint got no ridin' hoss," said Larkin, "an it's mighty fur."

"What do you want with a horse?" exclaimed the Squire. "Why, man, you must go in the cars."

Larkin trembled with excitement.

"Ride on a steam ingin all the way to No'th Carliny. Lord! you don't mean it, Squire; why, Betsy wouldn't never let me do it."

"Yes she will," said John, "I'll take keer of ye."

When the meeting "broke up" Larkin hastened to communicate the momentous intelligence to Betsy. They were going down the lane. When she heard it she raised her hands and cried:

"Larkin Biggs!"

The neighbors all stopped and many of them hastened to inquire what was the matter. Betsy was breathless with amazement. Presently she recovered and gasped:

"He says he's goin' to No'th Carliny on the railroad kyars."

"Lordy massy!" exclaimed Mis' Petit. The other ladies present also exclaimed variously.

A considerable crowd, most of whom had never been in the cars, escorted Larkin home, and all the way the discussion was animated. The result was to reduce the old man to a distressing state of uncertainty and apprehension. He went to Dingan again and earnestly besought his most candid judgment. John spoke so strongly that he greatly allayed his fears, and Betsy with many sighs and shakings of her head and not a few audible misgivings began to pack his saddle-bags. They were to start the next morning. That night at family prayers Larkin prayed long and earnestly for guidance and for safety on his perilous journey. Let all laugh who please, the danger was, to the old man, very real, and his faith was such that he arose from his knees resigned and comforted.

The nearest station was twenty miles distant. When John and Larkin departed at daybreak, in John's spring wagon, not less than fifty of the neighbors were present to see them off. Betsy embraced Larkin, shedding some natural tears. When they had gone fifty yards, she shouted:

"The bottle o' whiskey and cheery bark, and the saltpeter fur azmy, and the taller fur yur boots is in the side that ain't got no holes in it."

Larkin waved his hand and they disappeared over the hill. The next week was the longest Tuckahoe had ever known. The wheels of industry stood still and the people did nothing but talk and surmise. Larkin and John got back Saturday night, and Sunday witnessed an unprecedented gathering at the Hollow. The church would hardly hold the people. They came from the head-waters of Dumpling and from beyond French Broad. The committee met Algin at the mouth of the lane. Before any of them could speak, he said:

"Gentlemen, I don't know what you have concluded, but I wish the people to know the facts. I wish you to state to the congregation the facts, just as you have found them. I will wait here."

Larkin went up to him and silently shook his hand. Then the committee went up to the church. Larkin, being a deacon, was spokesman. In East Tennessee all men are public speakers. Larkin, barring grammar and pronunciation, was a very good one and Tuckahoe prefers facts to accomplishments. A brother opened the meeting with prayer, and then Larkin rose. Tuckahoe listened as never before. The old man was not a little agitated.

"Bretheren and Sisteren," he said, "You all know what s bin said 'bout our Parson. We all want to do him jestice. I've bin to No'th Carliny on the steam kyars" (this was said with great humility). "We foun' whar th' Parson hed lived. His pappy and his mammy live thar yit. His pappy is wuth forty thousan' dollars." (Here there was a sensation.) Larkin, evidently pleased, continued:

"His pappy edicated him fur a lawyer. He run off when he wuz a boy an' jined the rebel army (another sensation, for Tuckahoe is intensely loyal)."

"He cum back an' sot up his offis. They had a clost nabor by the name ur Sanders, who hed a darter, which wuz said ter be th' finest lookin' woman in thet settlement. Th' Parson fell in love with her. Her name wuz Helen, wuzn't it, John?"

John nodded.

"Thar wuz a young feller thar, a lawyer too, he wuz in love with th' Sanders gal, jist like th' Parson, and thar wuz right smart ambishun atwixt 'em. Ther Parson he merried her an' tuck her to live in a big white house on er farm that his pappy had give him. Ther nex' day atter that th' Parson he went away, and wuzn't never seed thar fur five year."

Larkin paused. The congregation was seething with excitement. Even Squire Keith was stirred and motioned Larkin to go on.

"Afore he lef, tho', he gave a warrantee deed t' his farm t' his wife, and paid th' register's fees. Ever-body wondered what he done so fur. His pappy went ter see his wife and she wouldn't talk at fust, but atter a while she up and tole him she didn't keer nothin' fer th' Parson, but loved t'other feller, ther one I said loved her, by the name o' Raines, and her pa an' ma made her merry th' Parson caze his fokes wuz rich. Ther Parson he went,—whar wuz it, John?"

"Australy," replied John, as he pulled out his handkerchief, and began to blow his nose suspiciously.

"Yes, that are the place. They say its funder'n Arkinsaw er Taxis. He staid thar five year, and she lived in his house, an' t'other feller wuz always a sparkin' her. She tried ter git a divoce, but th' jedge sed she shudn't hev ary divoce."

By this time many of the women were crying. Not so Betsy Biggs. She was indignant and showed it by speaking out in meeting.

"Ther impedent hussy!" she exclaimed.

"Hol' on, Betsy, I ain't done yit," said Larkin gravely. "Atter five year th' Parson he cum back. They say he wuz a plum sight, an' didn' seem to keer nuthin' about nuthin.' He went ter his pappy's, an' one day he tole his mammy he's goin' over onct more ter see th' place what he hed give his wife. His mammy she seed him agoin' an' follered him. He quiled down in a thicket and laid thar a watchin' th' house. Trectly he seed a man an' a woman cum out. It wuz his wife an' thet feller Raines. They cum down th' road. His mammy she wuz hidin' funder back an' she seed what I'm goin' ter tell ye. They cum a walkin' clost ter whar th' Parson wuz. Thar they cum to a halt. She wuz sayin' suthin' an' then he b'gun ter take ther name o' the Lord in vain. They heerd him way whar they wuz. Then she fell down like she wuz a prayin', and then he hit her an' knocked her down, an' stunted her,—an' her a woman!"

Larkin stopped, and Betsy, excited beyond measure, screamed:

"What ye stoppin' fer, Larkin? What ye stoppin' fer?"

Her husband rebuked her with a look, and went on:

"Then th' Parson he riz out'n ther bushes an' clum over th' fence at one jump. He hed a hickory walkin' stick. He run up ter Raines an' slapped him over. Raines he drawed er pistil an' shot one shoot at th' Parson ez he got up. Ther bullet broke th' Parson's left arm."

Larkin raised his voice as he continued. "Then th' Parson he tuck his stick an' beat him tell he hollered agin an' agin, then th' Parson tuck him with one han' an' flung him over ther fence, then his mammy she cum an' tuck him way. An' (continued the speaker, growing still more animated and raising his right arm) ef I'd bin ther Parson, nigh onter seventy year ole ez I am, I b'leeve I'd a done wuss'n th' Parson done then an' thar, an' thet ther Lord would a firgive me."

"Me too," exclaimed John Dingan, and all over the house the men cried out, "me too," and the women applauded them.

"Thet's all," said Larkin, dropping his voice, "ceptin' thet th' Parson wuz errested for tryin' ter kill th' feller. Ther judge an' th' jury wudn't heer no evidence fum th' Parson, but sed he done jist right, an' I sez so too." "Ez fer ther woman, she died las' summer afore th' Parson axed Mary Hetherly ter marry him, an' her pappy an' mammy is livin' now on ther land th' Parson give her."

Larkin sat down exhausted. There was perfect silence; the women dried their tears, as the Squire motioned to Bob Ballord, and the two

left the house. In a few minutes they came up the aisle having Parson Algin between them.

Not a soul stirred. He went up into the pulpit and the services went on as usual. After the benediction every one sat still and the silence was oppressive. The Parson started to come down. Then Betsy rose from her seat and went swiftly up the aisle. The Parson stopped. She went right on up into the pulpit and put her arms about his neck and kissed him, and cried over him, and said she hoped the Lord would bless him. The strong man cried like a child and held her rough, honest hand tightly in his, while all the congregation crowded around him and showered upon him words of comfort and of blessing.

THE BAR OF THE SOUTH.*

"In America there are no nobles, or literary men, and the people are apt to mistrust the wealthy; lawyers consequently form the highest political class and the most cultivated circle of society."



THESE words, which would seriously offend our national pride if uttered now, are taken from De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, a book which, in its time, was highly esteemed and of great authority; but it is now almost forgotten, and in the America of to-day, teeming with "literary" men and women, the passage is as obsolete and as much calculated to excite amusement as Sidney Smith's famous question about American books and pictures. But when it was written it was perhaps, as nearly true as the average generalization, a comprehensive qualification in view of the extent to which this country, and especially the South, has suffered from the generalizations of philosophic, philanthropic and corrective commentators. The statement was not unqualifiedly true, because from the days of Captain John Smith we have never been entirely without literary men. It was incorrect also in that it failed to take into account as "cultivated" the clergymen and teachers, all more or less "literary," who from the first were conspicuous and influential in America. In so far as the particular matters with which the French philosopher dealt in his book were concerned, his statement was correct, because the preachers and teachers usually did not take part actively in public affairs. The position of the lawyers in the South was in no respect different from their position in the North, their influence arising from the same causes and having the same limitations in both sections. That is to say, as education, intelligence, and competency in public affairs have advanced among men of other occupations, the influence of the lawyers has correspondingly decreased. This must be taken with the modification that as the lawyer deals with a subject which requires special knowledge, and, as that subject is one of great importance, and one that constantly and to an unusual degree attracts the public attention, the prominence of the lawyer is greater than his intellectual superiority to men of other calling alone could produce. This last fact is illustrated by the continuing prominence of lawyers in England and in those parts of the United States where the people are best educated and most attentive to public concerns. At

*The South in the Building of the Nation, Vol. VII.

this time in our own country, the classes of greatest prominence and greatest influence are the very rich; the very learned in all branches of knowledge; the greater educators, such as college presidents, the writers, and the lawyers. The clergy even more than the lawyers have suffered, temporarily at least, a distinct loss of position in recent years, but this is less true, perhaps, in the South than in any other part of the country. There are fewer very rich men, fewer authors, fewer great institutions of learning in the South than in some other sections of the country; and, to the extent that this is true, the lawyers continue to be relatively more prominent and more influential.

The first century of the life of our country was a period of political development and adjustment, and that fact alone would have made the legal profession of especial prominence, even if the diffusion of culture had been more general. Whatever the causes may have been, the fact is indisputable that, down to the Civil War, the attention and the intelligence of the South were directed mainly to public questions, and that condition has continued, though in steadily lessening degree, until the present time. For the last thirty years the profession has been losing its monopoly of public attention and of public affairs. It is very common to hear the speakers in the campaign of education, which is now going on in the South, say that formerly the center of life in every community was the court house, but now it is the school house. The change is precisely such as has occurred in other parts of the country and the statement contains much truth. We must not conclude, however, that the lawyer is in the way of losing position entirely; for, obviously, that can never occur in the South or in any other part of the country. In every law-making body the lawyer is still dominant, except, perhaps, in matters of economic legislation, despite all that is said of the invasion of such bodies by men of wealth, and to a large extent this must continue to be true of necessity, because the time will never come when the lawyer will not be needed in making as well as in administering the laws. While it is true that the prominence of the legal profession in the South is attributable to the same general causes that gave it influence elsewhere in America in the early days, it is also a fact that these causes were more persistent in the South than in the North. The rolls of the Continental Congresses contain the names of many learned and capable lawyers, but the distinctively American lawyer was the product of conditions succeeding the Revolution. The great crisis did not make demands exclusively upon any one class of men.

Washington, Franklin and Hancock were not lawyers, and Jefferson's renown and influence were never dependent in any degree upon his proficiency at the bar or upon his attainments as a student of the municipal law. Independence, changed conditions, new institutions made the opportunities and created the necessity for the American lawyer. The peculiar genius of Marshall would have had but little chance for development in an English colony, for his gift was in the line of what we may call constructive jurisprudence. And this same capacity to apply the principles of English law to new conditions, to adapt them to the requirements of new institutions, to reject the common law and the Westminster decisions when necessary, and sometimes, to make new law without the aid of legislation, was the distinguishing characteristic of nearly all our great lawyers for half a century after the Revolution. This process of legal and institutional evolution and innovation was less obstructed in the younger than in the older communities. The freer life of the new West and Southwest encouraged progress and change. Therefore in the younger communities the lawyer found his best opportunities and was most in demand. The most important or, certainly, the most radical, legal and institutional changes have, as a rule, had their origins in the younger States. They led the way in abolishing property qualifications for voting and holding office; they have made the most important modifications of the township system; some have extended the suffrage to women; some have adopted the referendum and the initiative, while the very latest Western State constitution has startled the conservatives by its daring innovations. A century ago Tennessee and Kentucky were the West, and when Tennessee adopted her first constitution in 1796, Mr. Jefferson declared that it was the most democratic of the sixteen state constitutions then in existence.

In building new institutions the lawyers were indispensable, and many men eminent in the profession followed the frontier southward or westward, and were the makers of laws and institutions successively for new communities as they reached the point where civil organizations became necessary. John Haywood, probably the most learned lawyer, and one of the most scholarly men in the Southwest at the beginning of the 19th century, was a judge first in North Carolina and then in Tennessee. Wm. C. C. Claiborne was a leader in Tennessee and then in Louisiana. William Cocke went from Virginia to the Watauga country, then in North Carolina but now in Tennessee, in the last quarter of the 18th century, served in the legislatures of Virginia and North Carolina, aided in founding the

republic, so called, of Transylvania, was a leader in the short lived state of Franklin, a judge and United States Senator in Tennessee, and at last one of the foremost men in the Mississippi territory. Probably no other American participated in the making of so many constitutions or represented so many constituencies.

Just so soon as a community became sufficiently settled and secure for civil rights to become matters of concern, the lawyers came and took charge. In the Southwest the Indian wars were succeeded quickly by strife, sometimes hardly less sanguinary, over land titles, and the lawyers reaped rich harvests of fees and of political preferments. Just about the period of greatest progress, in the "flush times" of the Southwest, came the panic of 1837 and everybody and everything got into court. But this was only an additional and temporary source of influence. No sooner had the Federal Constitution been adopted than grave questions of construction arose, demanding knowledge of the law for their determination. The combative spirit of the frontier delighted in politics, and, as there were very few newspapers, the orator became a mighty power. Never was public speech so much in demand, never was the public speaker so much admired or so influential, and nearly always he was a lawyer. It was also to the great benefit of the lawyers that the combativeness of the frontiersman made him a ready and persistent litigant, while his want of training in business was a prolific source of contention.

It is to the credit of the Southern people that they esteemed not only the speaking lawyers, but also the learned lawyers, for it happened frequently that the oratorical advocate was not a profound jurist. No one ever put Patrick Henry and John Marshall as lawyers in the same class. The law was, as it is yet, essentially an esoteric science, and substantial acquirements in it were sure guarantees of public admiration. The old South until the Civil War was rural, and population was dispersed far more than in the least populous parts of the North. The Virginia, Carolina or Alabama planter lived isolated in the midst of his spreading plantation, and came in contact with his fellows mainly at the remote church on occasional Sunday mornings and at the remoter court house on Saturdays and court days. Conditions were unfavorable to the creation of a literature, and all the books were written in the North. Southern men universally regarded public service as the most honorable of pursuits and the bar as the avenue to such service. Sons of the rich and prominent families frequently turned to the law, and there were few members of the profession who did

not expect and seek office. There were a few public men who were not lawyers, as for instance Andrew Johnson and Wm. G. Brownlow, of Tennessee, but a list of the prominent men of the South down to 1861 would be mainly a roll of attorneys. In 1860 the Southern leaders were, in Virginia, such men as Hunter, Mason, Wise and John Tyler; in North Carolina, Vance and Clingman; in Georgia, Toombs, Stephens and Cobb; in South Carolina, Rhett, Chesnut and Barnwell; in Alabama, Yancey, Walker and Clay; in Tennessee, Nicholson, Bell, Harris, Johnson; in Mississippi, Davis, Lamar and Barksdale; in Arkansas, Pike, Garland and Rector; in Texas, Sam Houston, Reagan and Wigfall; in Florida, Yulee, Mallory and Morton; in Louisiana, Slidell, Benjamin and John A. Campbell. These were nearly all lawyers and they are not a tithe of the members of the profession in the South who were of national reputation and large influence.

The final attitude of the South upon the great constitutional question which divided the sections was determined in large measure by Jefferson and Madison, and in much larger measure by Mr. Calhoun. Of the active and efficient advocates of State's rights just before the war, the most conspicuous were Rhett, of South Carolina, and Yancey, of Alabama. The lawyers of the South led in the secession movement, as they had led for seventy-five years in all public affairs. If we look as far back as the second quarter of the 19th century the great names are Jackson, Polk, Houston, Pinckney, John Marshall, Calhoun, Hayne, Grundy, King, Crawford. Always it is the lawyers.

The literature of the South before the war was produced in large part by the lawyers. Mr. Calhoun was an author of no little merit, and Jefferson and Madison are among the foremost writers of the country on political science. John Marshall wrote a life of Washington; and there were many contributions by lawyers to the literature of political controversy. Jere Clemens, of Alabama, wrote novels which were read fifty years ago, and Judge Longstreet was the author of *Georgia Scenes*, of which he was much ashamed, not dreaming that it was to become a classic.

A fact of the greatest importance is that the profession corrected certain inevitable tendencies toward aristocracy in the South. The bar was attainable by every aspiring young man, and success waited upon intelligence, probity and industry. The young man of the humblest origin came to the bar and succeeded if he had the capacity; and it happened not infrequently that the sons of poor and obscure men rose to the highest

positions. There can be no better illustrations of this than Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay.

It was due thus very largely to the influence of the bar that while the South indisputably presented certain features of aristocracy, it was essentially democratic. Nowhere in the country was merit more certain of reward, or ability more promptly recognized without regard to considerations of birth or fortune, and the dominant sentiment in the South, notwithstanding the institution of slavery, was not genuinely an imperfect local institution, but intensely democratic. Mr. Lincoln's birth was not more obscure, or his early life harder, than that of Andrew Jackson—not much more than that of Henry Clay. The legal profession attracted and encouraged talent very much as the church did in the Middle Ages and with very much the same result. It was the bulwark of thorough Americanism and pure democracy.

It is not true, as so often asserted, that there were only two classes of whites in the South, the aristocrats and the "trash." The aristocrats, so named, the old families of large landed estates, were comparatively few in number; and the "poor white trash" less numerous than is generally believed. The great body of Southern whites did not belong to either class, but were plain, average, middle class people, intelligent, of sound morals, independent and patriotic. There was probably no part of the South where this good element of population was not in the majority. It furnished many of the more prominent lawyers, and, by its numerical strength, enforced a regard for itself which sometimes degenerated into demagoguery.

Nothing could be more absurd than the conception of the South as the home of a domineering, haughty, slaveholding aristocracy, without any other white population than the "crackers" and the mountaineers, to whom recent fiction has assigned so many and such impossible varieties of uncouth speech. That the rich slaveholders had an influence disproportionate to their numbers, such as wealth always gives, is true of course; but the middle class of respectable and intelligent whites, often slaveholders to a limited extent, but in no degree aristocratic in fact or in pretense, was everywhere in the majority, and it was from this class that the bar was most largely recruited. Moreover, the aristocratic element owed its indisputable prominence not more to wealth and family standing than to the ability and personal worth of the men whom it put forward as its representatives. That the Southern aristocracy was composed as a rule

of men of high character and of honorable pride is true; but it is also true that it was not only limited in influence and restrained from excesses, but spurred to greater exertions by competition with the more numerous plain people; and the principal or at least the most conspicuous field of endeavor and of honorable rivalry was the bar. It is only just to add that the aristocracy in turn by its intelligence, moral worth, and high standards of conduct exercised a strong and valuable influence upon all other elements of population.

Let us examine the antecedents of a few of the great Southern lawyers and political leaders. If we leave out Washington, the most conspicuous names in the old South are Jefferson, Clay, Jackson and Calhoun. Not one of these was of Cavalier blood, or, strictly speaking, of the aristocratic class. Jefferson was, in part, Scotch-Irish, in part Welsh, without pride of lineage, and intolerant of aristocracy. Jackson's birth was so obscure that there is dispute as to where he was born. Clay was popularly known as "the mill boy of the slashes." Calhoun was of plain, good Scotch-Irish descent. His mother's family came to America not more than forty years before the Revolution, a part of the Covenanter migration in search of civil and religious liberty. William H. Crawford, of Georgia, the rival of Jackson and John Quincy Adams, was a poor boy, and began his career as a school teacher. William R. King, Vice-President of the United States, was of a plain but good North Carolina family. William Wirt, of Virginia, was born of a Swiss father and a German mother, and was too poor to obtain a college education. Sam Houston was of a frontier Scotch-Irish family. These are sufficient illustrations of the fact that the bar of the South contained from the first many eminent men who were not in any sense aristocratic by descent or in sentiment. It is a fact that there were many of the richer and more powerful families, but the Southern lawyers, who were almost invariably the Southern leaders, were not all or mainly members of what is called the aristocracy, and the bar with its unrestricted opportunities for talent and merit was therefore an efficient corrective of undemocratic tendencies.

The opposition of the South to liberal constructions of the Constitution was inherited from the great Virginia statesmen of the first period of our history; but it was kept alive and strengthened, not only by sectional differences upon that point, but also by the strong democratic opinions of its lawyer leaders. It is not necessary to my present purpose that I should demonstrate or even assert that this attitude of the profession was due to

the influence of the plain people in its ranks. Neither is it within my province to consider whether the tendency was right or wrong. I am concerned only to show the influence of the bar on Southern thought and life, and I affirm with confidence that the proverbial conservatism of the South is largely a result of the leadership of lawyers, a class that in all free countries has been zealous in support of the written law.

This fact of the conservatism of the bar is of the first importance, because it accounts in large measure for the course of the South in politics from the adoption of the Constitution to 1861 and has had not a little to do with the direction of events since the Civil War.

Another fact worthy of special attention is the record of the Southern statesmen of the old regime. I make no comparison between them and the public men of other sections. It is enough to say that almost without exception, so far as I know, they were men of unquestioned integrity and of sincere patriotism. By force of intellect and of character they long exerted a controlling influence in affairs and almost without exception deserved and received public respect and confidence. They were always positively, sometimes unduly insistent upon their rights and those of their constituency; but they were strong, fearless, capable, honorable men, strenuously and genuinely patriotic; and their long ascendancy in affairs of state was marked by efficiency, honesty, economy and fidelity to duty. The South has a right to be proud of these statesmen of the old time, and so has the legal profession, for the great majority of them were lawyers.

The tone of the profession must have been high when it produced the long line of great and good men, and strong lawyers that began with Peyton Randolph, Madison, Monroe, Marshall, Wirt and Pinckney, and contains the names of Clay, Calhoun, Crawford, King, Berrien, Hayne, Jackson, Overton, Hugh L. White, Polk, Grundy, Cobb, Stephens, John Bell, Toombs, Rhett, Yancey, Davis, Wise, Breckenridge, Benjamin and Catron, to say nothing of such lawyers of the border Southern States, as Luther Martin, Pinkney, Benton, Reverdy Johnson and Taney.

Long ago a representative of one of the old and aristocratic families of the South, one of the genuine "fire eaters," consulted me with regard to the choice of a profession for his son. I said to him that in my opinion my own profession of the law did not offer so many advantages as formerly. He replied that the law was, and always would be "the ruling profession of the world," and repelled with warmth my suggestion of the op-

portunities for success in commercial life. His scorn of the "shop keeper" was outspoken and emphatic. His estimation of the law was characteristic of his generation, and I have tried to show how much there was to support it. I am very sure that, on account of the conditions prevailing from 1789 to 1861, lawyers commanded more respect and wielded more influence in the Southern States than ever before, or afterwards, in any part of the world. The intellect of the entire section went almost exclusively into the profession, and the result was a long line of lawyers, judges and statesmen, whose names reflect honor upon our country.

They were learned lawyers, eloquent advocates, just and wise judges, capable and incorruptible statesmen. No single man so profoundly affected the politics of the country as Thomas Jefferson; none has exerted so powerful an influence on its jurisprudence as Marshall; Webster's arguments were not so effectual in determining the real nature and effect of the Constitution as Jackson's uncompromising attitude toward nullification; no statesman has had such a personal following as Clay, unless it was Jackson; and until 1861, Hamilton had not attracted or convinced so many minds as Jefferson or Calhoun.

When we consider the facts here briefly outlined, it is no wonder that to the people of the Old South the law appeared as "the ruling profession of the world."

As to the influence of the bar upon the culture of the South there can be but one opinion. The logical inference is supported, abundantly, by the facts. The lawyers being, usually, men of education, were examples to others, and were also the active supporters of every movement for the advancement of learning. Mr. Jefferson founded and fixed the policy of the most noted Southern university. As a rule, the early Southern colleges were corporations created by the legislatures and controlled by self-perpetuating boards of trustees, and an examination of the records of these institutions will show not only the numerical preponderance of the lawyers, but also their controlling influence in these corporations. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to ascertain how many prominent Southern lawyers were school teachers. Sometimes they became presidents of colleges and universities. Frequently they were editors. Judge Nicholson, who was twice senator from Tennessee; Yancey, of Alabama; Rhett, of South Carolina, were engaged, actively, at times, in newspaper work. Every calling that required intellectual training, every movement for the advancement of education and the improvement of morals was

supported actively by the lawyers. In all respects their influence upon culture in the South was wholly good and strikingly effective.

In their general social relations their conduct and their influence were excellent. The prominence of their position and the almost universal desire and expectation of public service made them exceptionally responsive to the ethical requirements of the communities in which they lived. But beyond this negative virtue, which might be attributed to an intelligent self-interest, there was a genuine and positive desire and purpose to serve their fellowmen and their country. No body or class of men ever had higher ideals or exhibited greater excellence in private or public life than the old-time Southern lawyers, with whom, mainly, I am now concerned. They were not free from the infirmities and faults of their times and of their environment, but impartially judged they are entitled to all the commendation I have given them, and their honorable example is an inspiration to their successors. At the bar the Southern lawyer was zealous but honest; on the bench, fearless, impartial and incorruptible; in politics, his record, known to all his countrymen, is clear and altogether admirable; in private life, he was guided by the strictest standards of conduct, and by a constant regard of the courtesies of life and the rights of his fellowmen. It is not my purpose to idealize him. That he had his share of the weaknesses common to men is admitted, of course, but my present business is to depict him as he appeared in the large to his fellow citizens, and thereby show what his influence must have been on Southern life and culture.

This account would be incomplete without reference to the connection of the lawyers with the religious life of the South, and here again I may be suspected of indiscriminate praise and of a desire to arrogate to my profession all the virtues. The assertions which I am about to make do not admit of positive proof. Nevertheless, they are well founded.

The profession did not escape in early times the Eighteenth century French influence, but it was not seriously infected, and it is affirmed confidently that in proportion to numbers, the lawyers of the South have been very much more largely represented in the churches than any other class of men. To an extent wholly exceptional, the lay activities and leadership in churches of all denominations have been in the hands of lawyers. It has been so in the past, and it is so now. The assertion is made without qualification, and an examination of the facts, past and present, would confirm it.

JOHN BELL OF TENNESSEE.*

A CHAPTER OF POLITICAL HISTORY.



TENNESSEE lawyer wittily says that Tennessee "broke into the Union." The "Territory of the United States South of the River Ohio" was established by an act of Congress passed May 26, 1790. By this act the newly created territory, which geographically was almost identical with the present State of Tennessee, was to be governed in all respects as the Northwest Territory, except that slavery was to be permitted. This last had been provided for in the act of cession, by which North Carolina had conveyed the greater part of the territory to the United States.

The new territory was entitled to become a State whenever the population should amount to 60,000. The census properly should have been ordered by Congress and taken under Federal supervision, but the legislature of the territory, in ignorance or in disregard of this fact, passed an act July 11, 1795, for the enumeration of the people. The population was found to exceed seventy-seven thousand. Thereupon a convention was called, and met at Knoxville, January 11, 1796. By the sixth of February it had completed its labors, having reproduced, with certain democratic changes, the Constitution of North Carolina of 1776. Mr. Jefferson said of this Tennessee Constitution, "that it was the least imperfect and the most republican" of the State Constitutions.

The new applicant for statehood did not waste time, but in March, 1796, assembled its first legislature, and prematurely elected two senators. On the 8th of April the Constitution was presented to Congress. After some debate the House of Representatives passed a bill admitting Tennessee into the Union, but in the Senate the most serious opposition was encountered. The active championship of Aaron Burr was one of the principal means of securing the passage of the bill. The Federalists opposed it as a measure in aid of Mr. Jefferson's ambition to become President. The bill was approved by the President on the first day of June, 1796.

It thus appears that the Federalist leaders regarded Tennessee as certain to become a Republican State. In this they were right, and their course in opposing her admission to the Union had the effect of

*Published in *American Historical Review*, July, 1899.

confirming her Republicanism. The people were indignant on account of the opposition, and for many years no public man in Tennessee dared to admit that he entertained Federalist principles. It was not until 1823 that there was a sign of revolt from the Democratic-Republican party in the State, and even then the demonstration was not serious, and for twelve years later there was no real party division in Tennessee. The Whig party had its birth in Tennessee in the year 1835, although four years elapsed before the name was openly adopted.

In 1823 John Williams, who was United States Senator from Tennessee, sought re-election. He had been a colonel in the regular army, and had led his regiment with conspicuous valor in the battle of the Horse-shoe. As a Senator, his services had been acceptable and everything indicated his re-election. But Andrew Jackson was a candidate for the presidency and his supporters demanded pledges from Williams, who declined to give them and avowed his preference for a rival candidate. The Jackson men, failing to find any other candidate who could defeat him, brought forward their distinguished leader, and elected him, but not without vigorous opposition. Among the members of the legislature who voted for Williams against Jackson was David Crockett. In 1827 and again in 1833, Crockett was elected to Congress. During both terms he was outspoken in opposition to Jackson, and in the last one declared himself a Whig, being probably the first man of note in the State to assume the name openly. From the year 1815 till his death, Andrew Jackson was the foremost man in Tennessee. Failing of election to the presidency in 1824 he was elected in 1828, securing the support of New York through the political skill and the energy of Martin Van Buren. Next to Jackson in distinction and popularity among the public men of Tennessee at this period was Hugh Lawson White, a man of great ability, of unsullied purity, and much force of character. He had been for years Jackson's intimate friend and his wisest and most capable adviser. About the beginning of Jackson's second term, White began to be spoken of as a probable successor. Jackson had determined that Van Buren should succeed him, and left nothing undone to secure that end. White was offered the most honorable offices in order to prevent his candidacy for the presidency, but declined them all. Finally Jackson, according to his custom, yielded to his temper and declared that if White became a candidate he would be made odious to society. In December, 1834, a majority of the Tennessee delegation in Congress

joined in a letter to White asking him to declare himself a candidate. Justly incensed against Jackson, he instantly consented, and among his supporters at this time was John Bell, who was destined to be the leader of the Whig party in Tennessee throughout its existence.

These preliminary statements are necessary to a clear understanding of Bell's career. He was a native of Tennessee, and was born near Nashville, February 15, 1797. His father, Samuel Bell, was one of the pioneers of Tennessee. His mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Edmiston, was a native of Virginia, descended from a worthy Scotch-Irish ancestry. Her father, Samuel Edmiston, was with Shelby at the battle of King's Mountain, and the musket which he carried on that memorable day is preserved in the rooms of the Tennessee Historical Society at Nashville.

John Bell was educated at the University of Nashville, graduating in 1814. Three years later, when he had barely attained his majority, he was elected to the State Senate. Realizing promptly, however, that he had made a mistake in entering politics so early in life, he declined a re-election, and removing to Nashville, devoted the next ten years to the study and the practice of law, and to careful general reading. The bar of Nashville was a strong one, but Bell rose rapidly, and the most competent judges declare that he was exceptionally qualified for the profession. The cast of his mind was philosophic and judicial, but he preferred the large affairs of state to the incessant contests and the drudgery of the law. That he looked forward, from the first, to a career in public life, is not to be doubted.

In 1827 he believed that the time had arrived when he might enter with safety upon this career. The Nashville district contained many strong men, but, with the exception of Andrew Jackson, none better known or more popular at that time than Felix Grundy. In Kentucky, where he had been reared, Grundy had been chief-justice of the highest court of that State. In the legislature of Kentucky he had shown himself no unworthy rival of Henry Clay as an orator and as a debater. In Tennessee, whither he moved in 1807, he had been elected to Congress with practical unanimity in 1811, and re-elected in 1813, but had resigned. While in Congress he had exerted an unsurpassed influence. He had been one of the most vigorous advocates of the War of 1812, and the Federalists were fond of attributing that war to the firm of "Madison, Grundy and the Devil."

In 1827 Mr. Grundy again sought to represent the Nashville district in Congress. Andrew Jackson was his outspoken and active supporter, and at that time the influence of Jackson in Tennessee was believed to be irresistible. It caused the most profound astonishment, therefore, when Grundy, the man next to Jackson in popular fame and admiration, in the district, was defeated by John Bell, then a comparatively unknown man; and the new Congressman continued for fourteen years to represent the Nashville district.

At first there was no open breach between him and Jackson, but Bell never forgot the contest of 1827, and Jackson's course at that time was destined to influence profoundly the later political history of the State and of the Union. It was the beginning of the estrangement of the two men who played the most important parts in public life in Tennessee, during the three decades preceding the Civil War. Despite the fact that Mr. Bell's temperament and habits of mind were in a measure unsuited to the noisy and sometimes tempestuous proceedings of the House of Representatives, he speedily rose to a position of leadership. Among the Tennesseans he was easily the most accomplished and effective debater. He was not a frequent speaker, but when he arose was heard always with respect and attention. He had many of the physical gifts and graces of the orator, together with an exceptional command of language, and was a clear, logical and persuasive reasoner.

Twice he seemed on the brink of a broader career; but was both times disappointed. In 1834 he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, but in 1835 was defeated for that office by James K. Polk of his own State. In 1841 he entered President Harrison's cabinet as Secretary of War, but resigned after the death of the President and the political defection of his successor. He might at this time, or at least in 1843, have been elected to the Senate, but preferred for the time to remain in private life.

Meanwhile events of great importance to him and to the country led, or rather drove him, to a radical change of position. In every Congressional election, after 1827, the friends of Jackson had manifested a bitter opposition to Bell, but all their efforts to defeat him had been futile. The estrangement between Jackson and Bell begun in 1827, was more and more confirmed every year by this persistent antagonizing of Bell by the President's friends.

As early as 1831, Jackson's determination to make Van Buren his

successor was becoming widely known, though Tennessee and other States preferred White, and Crockett, again in Congress, was bold in opposing Jackson. The seeds sown in the fight against Williams in 1823 were bearing fruit; and in 1835 the time was ripe for political revolution in Tennessee. White's candidacy for the presidency was a declaration of independence and also a declaration of war. Tennessee was strongly for White and profoundly distrustful of Van Buren. Bell became the leader of the White forces in that State, not so much because he loved White, although he held him in great esteem, as because he knew that his own political life and the political future of the State were involved in the struggle.

Up to this time Bell had never placed himself distinctly in opposition to Jackson, or to his party. It is true that he had disapproved the removal of the bank deposits, but he had supported Jackson in the nullification troubles, and had been in accord with the administration upon the subject of the tariff. Even in 1835 he was not ready to leave the Democratic-Republican party, or to admit that the differences between the President and himself were more than personal. Upon the contrary he declared that the friends of White would adhere to Jackson, but from a desire to be consistent, and out of respect for their own characters and in support of their own principles. But events were irresistible; no sooner had White become a candidate than a furious factional war began. The *Globe*, the Jackson organ at Washington, declared that White was being used by Bell to break down the administration. The President declared that Bell must not be returned to Congress; but no one could be found to run against him, and he was re-elected. The press of the State favored White, and therefore one Jeremiah George Harris, a native of New England, a trained writer, with a gift of satire and vituperation, devoted to Jackson and Van Buren and versed in political methods, was brought to Tennessee and placed in charge of a newspaper to ridicule and abuse Bell and White. In 1835 White was returned to the Senate. In the State election of that year the White candidate for Governor was elected, and everything indicated that the State would go for White in the Federal election.

Jackson, as usual, fought with all his strength, willingly enduring the hardships of the long journey from Washington to Tennessee in order to engage in personal advocacy of his candidate, maintaining, however, that the issue was solely between White and himself. But

his efforts were of no avail. White carried the State and even secured a majority in the Hermitage precinct. Jackson and his supporters in this campaign denounced Bell and White and their friends as Whigs, as "new Whigs," and by this last opprobrious name they were long known. The reluctance with which men admit a change of political position was never more strikingly shown than in Tennessee at this period. The proscriptions of the Jacksonians had alienated many prominent men and caused much discontent among the people; in Tennessee, as elsewhere, there were differences of opinion upon public questions, but the sentiment existing before Tennessee became a State and confirmed by the opposition to her admission, had up to this time been too strong to be resisted, and the leaders of the dominant party had been men of extraordinary ability and force.

It was not until 1839 that the opponents of Jackson reached the point where they were willing to call themselves Whigs. White refused to the last to adopt the name, but called himself an independent. Newton Cannon, a candidate for Governor in 1839, was the first avowed Whig candidate for that office in Tennessee. But the strength of the Whigs, or of the opponents of Jackson, in the State is shown by the fact that in 1840 Harrison carried Tennessee by a majority of 12,000 votes in a total of a little over 100,000. In 1841 and again in 1843, James C. Jones, the Whig candidate for Governor, defeated so conspicuous and important a Democrat as James K. Polk.

In 1844 Mr. Polk, although elected President, was unable to carry his own State, and in 1848 and in 1852, the Whig candidates received the electoral vote of Tennessee. In every presidential election from 1796 to 1832, inclusive, Tennessee gave her vote to the Democratic-Republican candidate. In 1824 John Quincy Adams received only 216 votes in the State, and in 1828 only 2,240. In 1832 Mr. Clay's vote was 1,436 and Jackson's 28,740. These figures, compared with the vote in 1836, show, first, the strength of the Democratic party, and the utter want of opposition to it, and, second, that there was a large stay-at-home vote in the State which must have been in some measure disaffected. For in 1836 Van Buren received 26,120 votes, only 2,000 less than had been cast for Jackson four years before, while the aggregate opposition vote was almost 36,000. Making the largest allowance for the increase of population in the interval between the two elections, it is still certain that almost half the voters had been neglecting to vote, and that many

of them were not Democrats, or at least not Jacksonians in sentiment. Crockett, Williams, White and Bell led the way to overthrow of the Democrats. Crockett was unable to return to Congress after 1835, Williams died in 1837, and White in 1840, and Bell became, as he was entitled to be, the leader of the Whig party in Tennessee, and held that position without dispute until the dissolution of the party. Thus the first manifestation of serious opposition to Jackson in Tennessee was in 1835; the first contest in which the party name Whig was openly adopted was in 1839, and the last distinctively Whig victory in 1852. The election of 1860 will be considered later.

Tennessee, the second in age among the Southwestern States, was from 1825 to 1860 the first in political importance and influence, by reason of her population and wealth, by reason of the ability of her public men, and not a little because Andrew Jackson was a citizen of the State. It was in the early part of this period that the West asserted itself, and that the new Democratic influences which wrested the government permanently from the Federalists made themselves felt. Speaking of this time, Woodrow Wilson says: "The inauguration of Jackson brought a new class of men into leadership, and marks the beginning, for good or for ill, of a distinctively American order of politics, begotten of the crude forces of a new nationality. A change of political weather, long preparing, had set in. The new generation which asserted itself in Jackson was not in the least regardful of conservative traditions." In Kentucky the influence of Mr. Clay, always opposed to Jackson, and always conservative, gave a different direction to opinion and conduct.

From 1815 to 1835 the political vocabulary of Tennessee was comprised in the one word Jackson. Admiration and fear alike contributed to Jackson's influence, and never was a public man more ardently or ably supported. Among his lieutenants were John Overton, John Catron, John H. Eaton, Aaron V. Brown, Cave Johnson, Felix Grundy, Hugh L. White and James K. Polk, all men of large ability and in the front rank of Southern leaders. The party thus led was long invincible, and its defeat came at last from over-confidence, and the illiberal and proscriptive policy of its imperative chief. But its overthrow was not easily accomplished. The first serious resistance was made within three years of the time when it had carried the State with practical unanimity. Jackson, the hardest of fighters, was still its leader, and was animated not only by his native determination and by political prejudices and

pride, but also by a bitter personal dislike of the leaders of the opposition. After the defeats of 1835 and 1836, the contest lost nothing of its bitterness. In 1839 the Democrats elected Polk Governor and regained control of the legislature. Hugh L. White and Ephraim H. Foster were the Senators at the time, and the Jackson leaders determined, if possible, to force them to resign. The opportunity came speedily. Both Senators were known to be opposed to the sub-treasury, and both were known to believe that the legislature had the right to instruct Senators in Federal affairs. Resolutions were therefore adopted at Nashville, November 8, 1839, instructing White and Foster to vote among other things for the sub-treasury bill. The scheme succeeded. In 1841 the Whigs had a majority, on joint ballot, in the legislature, but the Senate being Democratic by one majority, the Democrats in that body, led by Andrew Johnson, prevented a quorum, with the result that from 1841 to 1843 Tennessee had no Senators in Congress. In 1843 the Whigs elected both Senators; in 1845 the Democrats succeeded in displacing one of these. In 1847 Mr. Bell was elected and at the close of the term was re-elected, thus serving continuously for twelve years.

No other man in Tennessee, hardly any man in the South, was so well qualified by nature and by training for the duties of Senator. Intellectually he was inferior probably to Webster and Calhoun, but to no other men who were in public life in 1847. His mind was large and thoroughly balanced, his temperament was equable and philosophic; he had been a diligent student of the philosophy and history of government, of the law, and of general literature; he was a speaker of rare powers, a graceful and effective rhetorician, and a clear and discriminating thinker. Above all, he was an honest man, of blameless life, and a sincere patriot.

His time of service in the Senate was one of strife and of incessant commotion and change in the political world. Patriotic expedients had long postponed issue in Congress upon the slavery question, but now conditions imperatively demanded its consideration. Mr. Clay, still devoted to compromise, in 1850 secured the submission of the pending questions of sectional difference to a committee of thirteen selected from both parties, and Bell served with him on this committee.

A bill for the organization of Nebraska was introduced in the session of 1852-1853, but was not disposed of until the following year; to the measure, Bell was strongly opposed, mainly because of the injustice to

the Indians that would result from its adoption. In 1854 came the proposition to repeal the Missouri Compromise. The South, upon firm constitutional grounds, but with deplorably mistaken policy, favored the repeal, and Mr. Bell's vote against it provoked anger and widespread criticism in Tennessee. The repeal of the Compromise proved to be in the highest degree prejudicial to the South. When the Lecompton Constitution for Kansas came before Congress, Bell did not hesitate, in advance of its consideration, to declare himself opposed to it. Thereupon the legislature of Tennessee instructed him to vote for it. He declined, however, to be instructed, and voted against the so-called Constitution, thereby again incurring the severest censure. But he was right and had the courage to stand to his convictions. In 1859 he retired from the Senate. For seven years he had been practically a man without a party. In 1851, the Whigs had been still strong enough to carry Tennessee for Scott, but it was a barren victory. The Whigs carried only four States, and the party received its death-blow. Bell was returned to the Senate, and thenceforth he and Crittenden of Kentucky represented the Southern Whigs in that body. They were not only the last of the Whig leaders, but the last of the great men of their generation in the Senate.

Bell returned to Tennessee at a time of great uncertainty and anxiety. The political sky was angry and full of threatenings, and forebodings of evil oppressed every patriot heart. Bell loved the Union with a surpassing love, and his every sentiment and every conviction opposed the doctrine and the policy of secession. It is too soon, now, to say that the conduct of many Northern leaders, especially of the more strenuous advocates of abolition, was extreme, and their demands opposed to the Constitution. But Bell and other Union men of the South believed this to be true. These genuine patriots and Unionists were not more opposed to Southern "fire-eaters," of the Yancey type, than to such Northern "fire-eaters" as Garrison and Phillips. They regarded both factions of extremists as alike responsible for the danger that threatened the Union; and it is at least possible that the impartial history which is yet to be written will not charge the Southern leaders with all the unreasonableness and want of patriotism that provoked the Civil War. Bell was prepared to make any personal or political sacrifice to preserve the Union. Another presidential election was at hand. The long-triumphant Democracy was now discordant. The Charleston Con-

vention marked a fatal disruption of the party, and the existence of two irreconcilable factions forbade all hope of success. The Republican party, though young and not yet firmly established, was hopeful and aggressive. There were many worthy men, especially in the South, who would not follow either faction of the Democracy, and who, at the same time, strongly opposed the Republican policy. A convention of these, representing twenty-two States, met in Baltimore, May 9, 1860, and nominated Bell for President and Edward Everett for Vice-President, as the candidates of the "Constitutional Union Party." Bell's principal competitor for the nomination was Sam Houston, of Texas. With much frankness and justice the convention declared that party platforms were insincere, and meant to deceive, and therefore it promulgated none, but contented itself with the adoption of a simple resolution, declaring in favor of the Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws. In the election, Bell and Everett carried the States of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, and received three of the votes of New Jersey.

The six months succeeding the election were full of distress for Bell and his friends in Tennessee. Isham G. Harris, the Governor, a man of great ability and of indomitable will, was now an avowed secessionist. Bell was no less positive in opposition, and at first it seemed that Tennessee would refuse to secede. The vote for Bell and Everett had been 69,274, for Douglas 11,350, for Breckenridge 64,709. Thus the Whigs and the Union Democrats outnumbered the Breckenridge Democrats by fifteen thousand.

On January 7, 1861, the legislature met in special session, and shortly afterward passed a resolution submitting to the people the question of ordering a convention to determine whether or not the State would withdraw from the Union, and also providing for the election of delegates to the convention. The election was held February 8, 1861, and the vote was for the convention, 57,798, against it, 69,675. A better test of public sentiment, however, was the vote for delegates, cast at the same time. The aggregate vote for Union delegates was 88,803, and for disunion delegates 24,749.

This election was accepted as conclusive evidence that Tennessee would not secede, and but for the events of the ensuing spring, she probably would not have seceded. There was no one in the State who was a disunionist for the sake of disunion, not even Governor Harris; but

while East Tennessee had but few slaves, Middle and West Tennessee were large slave-holding sections, having interests and sentiments in common with the States that had already seceded.

The attack on Fort Sumter provoked Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of April 15, 1861, calling for volunteers to suppress insurrection, and Governor Harris, when called upon for the State's quota, sent an indignant refusal.

This was the critical time for Bell and his followers, and we shall fail to do justice to the Whig leader without knowledge of his pure character and lofty patriotism, without a genuine sympathy for him personally and a clear perception of conditions in the South at that time. He believed, after the publication of the President's proclamation, that the destruction of the Union was inevitable. He believed, also, that the policy of the administration was unconstitutional and revolutionary. Alexander H. Stephens declares that Mr. Lincoln's proclamations alone caused the Southern Whigs to change position. He says that the Whig leaders of the South regarded these proclamations as the English people regarded the edicts of Charles I. for ship-money.

Three days after the appearance of the proclamation calling for volunteers a number of the most prominent Whigs in Tennessee, led by Mr. Bell, issued an address in which they said, among other things: "Tennessee is called upon by the President to furnish two regiments, and the State has, through her executive, refused to comply with the call. This refusal of our State we fully approve." A later paragraph contains the following: "Should a purpose be developed by the government of over-running and subjugating our brethren of the seceded States, we say unequivocally that it will be the duty of the State to resist at all hazards, and at any cost, and by force of arms, any such purpose or attempt." The address further calls upon the State to arm and to maintain the position of armed neutrality which many Southern Whigs vainly hoped would enable the conservatives to mediate between the North and the South.

This address having been issued, events speedily dictated the result. The South was threatened with invasion. On the 25th of April the legislature again met in special session. The governor in his message boldly advocated secession and an application for admission into the Southern Confederacy. The ordinance of secession was passed May 6, 1861, affirming not the constitutional right, but the revolutionary right

of withdrawal from the Union in the following language: "We, the people of the State of Tennessee, waiving any expression of opinion as to the abstract doctrine of secession, but asserting the right as a free and independent people to alter, reform, or abolish our form of government in such manner as we think proper, do ordain," etc.

On May 7, the State entered into a military league with the Confederacy, and the legislature appropriated \$5,000,000 to equip a provisional army of 55,000 men. When the vote was taken, June 8, it stood for secession 104,903, against secession 47,238; for representation in the Confederate Congress 101,701, against representation 47,364. On the 24th of June the governor issued his proclamation formally dissolving the connection of Tennessee with the United States, and on the 2d of July, President Jefferson Davis declared Tennessee a member of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Bell went with the State.

In the brief political campaign preceding the June election, his influence was actively exerted in favor of the measure which up to that time he had strenuously opposed. He did not advocate nor approve secession as a political doctrine, but in the spirit of the State ordinance, asserted that conditions required the exercise of the right of revolution. Northern writers have condemned him severely for his course at this time. Mr. Blaine says: "If Mr. Bell had taken firm ground for the Union, the secession movement would have been to a very great extent paralyzed in the South." Comparing Bell with Everett he says: "If Mr. Bell had stood beside him with equal courage and equal determination, Tennessee would never have seceded and the Rebellion would have been confined to the seven original States. A large share of the responsibility for the dangerous development of the Rebellion must, therefore, be attributed to John Bell and his half-million Southern supporters of the old Whig party. At the critical moment they signally failed."

These censures are in a large measure unjust, and they demonstrate the want of an accurate knowledge of Mr. Bell's character and opinions, and of political conditions in the South before the war. Bell was a man of extraordinary purity of character and was sincere in every act and utterance of his public life. He rejected the doctrine that the Constitution authorized secession for any cause. He did not believe that any State could, of its own motion, lawfully separate from the Union; but upon the other hand he held the Southern rather than the Northern view of the limitations of the Federal government over the States, and was sincere

in the belief that the conduct of the government in April, 1861, was so gross a violation of the Constitution as to justify Tennessee in declaring her independence. It is not intended here to offer any argument in support of these opinions, but only to declare, that whether they were right or wrong, Mr. Bell held them in good faith. Therefore, his conduct at this time was not a "signal failure," but an act of conscience, not a manifestation of weakness of character, but of devotion to conviction and to duty, made fearlessly, but with infinite reluctance and distress.

That anything that he could have done would have prevented the secession of Tennessee is not true. The doctrine of States' Rights and State loyalty had pervaded the entire South, and many thousands of genuine patriots and sincere lovers of the Union with aching hearts followed their States out of the Union, under the compulsion of an honest sense of duty. But an overwhelming majority of the people of the slaveholding States demanded secession, and carried their point. The sentiment was irresistible. It has been asserted that Governor Harris forced Tennessee out of the Union, while Bell failed in courage and duty at the critical moment. Against the latter accusation it has already been shown that Bell really displayed courage of the highest order. But it is further true that superficial observers have attributed to Bell and to Harris a degree of influence vastly in excess of what either possessed. The great currents of popular sentiment that were sweeping over the South at that time irresistibly carried all men, great and small, one way or the other. Harris did not cause the secession of Tennessee, and could not have prevented it. If Bell had been a man ten times greater and ten times more influential, he could not have held Tennessee in the Union, after Mr. Lincoln's call for volunteers. That was a task beyond human power. Leaders no longer led. The popular will was supreme. If Bell had not yielded, as he did, to the honest belief that his duty lay with the people of Tennessee, he would have been brushed aside or crushed by this tremendous sentiment. And so if Harris, with all the vigor of his intense and imperious nature, had attempted to stem the tide, he also would have been lost. Both were men of extraordinary force and influence, but the events of the time obscured all persons and all personal influence.

In the war Mr. Bell had no part, and never after 1860 did he attract or seek public attention. He had not been sufficiently in sympathy

with secession to win the favor of the South, and at the North much odium was unjustly attached to his name. This country has produced no more sincerely or unselfishly patriotic man, none whose life was more thoroughly squared with conviction. To no American did the war bring deeper grief, and never did opprobrium more unjustly fall upon an honorable and a good man. He died September 18, 1869.

That he was not fitted for times of revolution must be admitted. He was not a man of action, but of thought; a scholar, a philosopher, a scrupulous and cautious, but great statesman. He had almost none of the qualities that made his great antagonist Andrew Jackson a successful popular leader. The scholarly and philosophic cast of his mind, the habit of considering all sides of every question, gave to his conduct sometimes the appearance of indecision. He did not decide quickly, but slowly and carefully; but a conclusion once reached was fearlessly maintained. In later life he perhaps lacked aggressiveness, though this was not true of him in his early days, and especially in his brilliant canvass against Grundy in 1827. He was a leader in the two political struggles which were the most momentous in the history of Tennessee. In the fierce battle against Jackson, he was successful and won the leadership of a great party. In the contest of 1861 he was compelled by a sense of duty to yield, but he retired in honor; and dispassionate history will rank him among the ablest, the purest and the best men our country has produced.

THE CHRONICLE OF 1907.*

PROLOGUE, CLASSICAL.

Every poet of old had a well-strung shell
And therefore his numbers were easy to tell;
And each of them owned a resonant reed,
And mounted, at will, on a winged steed;
There were plentiful springs for refreshing the bard,
Whenever he found that the going was hard;
There were numberless nymphs, tradition tells,
All warily watching these wonderful wells;
There were mountains prepared for poets to climb
When especially bent upon being sublime;
Then, shepherds reclining beneath the beeches,
Gave vent to their loves in lyrical speeches;
As Tityrus trolling to his Amaryllis,
Or Corydon piping the praises of Phyllis.
These pastoral lasses had classical looks
And were strolling all day by classical brooks,
Commanding large flocks with classical crooks,
And making nice verses for classical books.
The lords of Olympus, their records disclose,
Would scarcely consent to use any prose;
But granting a blessing or giving a curse,
They always expressed it in excellent verse.
When Jupiter quarreled with jealous Juno,
He thundered in faultless Alcaics, you know;
And the Queen of Olympus could always retort
In phrases emphatic, of a similar sort.
The verses of Venus were very Adonic,
While Apollo adopted the major Ionic.
Minerva was wise in iambic trimeter,
And Mercury lied in just any meter.
Thus up on Olympus, and down on the earth
Everybody made verses for all he was worth.
The cause of it all, perhaps was the Muses,
Though one may believe whatever he chooses.
These obliging young goddesses never denied,
But imparted afflatus to all who applied.
They made a large family, these sisters divine,
Amounting in all to the number of nine;

*The last of a series of sketches, numbering about a dozen, of the Irving Club and its members, full of personal reference and humorous flavor, read at club meetings by the President at will.

All kin in some wise to incontinent Jove,
 The King of the gods who was always in love.
 These Muses all lived on a marvelous mount
 Frequented by poets in search of a fount.
 Thus with Jove and his family all in their prime,
 And all of them greatly addicted to rhyme,
 With the shepherds all puffing melodious reeds,
 And the fauns all footing on flowery meads,
 And everybody singing a madrigal,
 And nobody thinking of working at all,
 With all of the Muses at home at Parnassus,
 The ancients of Greece could greatly surpass us
 In verse and in prose,
 As every one knows,
 In arts that are plastic,
 And wit that is drastic,
 In tragedies fearful as well as fantastic,
 To say nothing concerning their morals elastic.
 But it happened in time great changes occurred,
 And the gods and the Greeks alike were disturbed.
 For very good reasons Olympian Jove
 And most of his family decided to move;
 But for causes occult, that can't be defined,
 They heartlessly left all the Muses behind.
 With baggage and bag the rest disappeared
 And just where they went we never have heard.
 We do not complain for, leaving out Plutus,
 They are gods of a sort that never would suit us.
 When the Olympians left they dried up the springs
 And took all the horses that had any wings.
 And now all the nymphs and dryads have flown
 And the Muses are left on their mountain alone.
 The Greeks have discarded idyllic pursuits,
 And taken to blacking barbarian boots.
 Thus basely abandoned by father and mothers,
 (For the mother of each was no kin to the others)
 The fate of the Muses was truly pathetic,
 And, finding the Hellenes no longer æsthetic,
 And the sons of Ajax
 All turning shoe blacks
 Or resorting to other unclassical acts,
 The whole of the nine began to repine,
 And all of the arts went into decline.
 But Euterpe, the joyous, most gracious of all,
 Still pipes on occasion to her worshipers' call.

NARRATIVE, UNCLASSICAL.

Dr. Richmond sat in the reader's chair,
 And Maynard and Milton and Mellen were there,
 And several preachers
 And several teachers
 With astonishment stamped on their several features.
 'Twas a deep dissertation, on the Volcano
 That the Doctor delivered as you doubtless know,
 And he read in a way that could not but tend
 To stand each several hair on its end.
 He told of the fire forever aglow
 In the dismal deeps of the earth below,
 Devouring the rocks and raging amain,
 Like a baited beast in the sorest pain,
 Till some Aetna at last affords it a vent,
 And it damages things to a dreadful extent.
 He painted the picture in colors so lurid
 That everyone present was visibly flurried,
 The Judge was seen to shiver and shake
 And remained for the rest of the evening—awake.

On the heels of this epic of the Volcano
 Trod the terrible tale of the tornado;
 Jourolmon, he told it, with never a smile,
 A visage without a suspicion of guile,
 Its raging and roaring,
 Its sinking and soaring,
 Its groaning and growling,
 Its hissing and howling,
 A tale of destruction extremely appalling;
 Also of the pranks that it frequently plays,
 Being wholly erratic in all of its ways,
 Of lovers caught strolling, and lifted up high
 And carried along very close to the sky,
 Then gently set down, as Jourolmon depones,
 The maid and her lover with no broken bones;
 How a maiden forlorn was left in the lurch
 Impaled on the steeple of a Methodist Church.
 Then Olmstead determined to give him a shock
 And told how a cyclone had wound up a clock.

Then Baker said blandly I'll stick to the facts,
 And place your credulity under no tax,
 I tell of the deeps
 Where the oyster sleeps,
 Where Leviathan blows
 And the octopus grows,
 And the tidal wave tremendously flows,
 This wave is the quickest thing under the sun,
 It has hardly begun, before it is done.
 A certain one started from Honolulu
 And reached Panama in a minute or two,
 And then it went back, which didn't take long,
 For two minutes later it reached Hongkong.

Said Keffer, a farmer detests and despises
 A panic financial, and also a crisis.
 As a farmer I sow
 Things that frequently grow,
 And I plow with a plow,
 Or at least I know how,
 But my present disgust I freely avow;
 And I notify now the program committee
 I'll have my revenge, and I'll show them no pity.
 I excel all my neighbors by many degrees,
 In the science of breeding and doctoring trees.
 I exterminate bugs with infinite craft,
 And defy competition in the matter of graft.
 But it's very little short of being Satanic
 To force me to write concerning a panic.

Then the Editor said: "Let Keffer alone,
 You'll know all about it, as soon as I'm done,
 For I shall condense
 The learning immense
 Which the file of the Sentinel fully presents,
 And that is the paper to patronize
 When you've anything fit to advertise."
 He pictured the panics that have gone before
 And showed us the way to prevent any more.
 If his sapient rule we securely seize,
 There can never be another financial squeeze.

Then Bruce, with his pen in profundity dipped,
 Produced an illegible manuscript,
 For Bruce is prolific
 Of hieroglyphic,
 Compounded of characters truly terrific.
 But he's read all the books, and most of them twice,
 And writes in a style that's uncommonly nice.
 He slightly condensed the limitless prose
 That deals with Pamela and all of her woes.
 The virtuous deeds of that virtuous maid,
 Were never more kindly, benignly portrayed.
 The Doctor is always so touchingly tender,
 In all that relates to the feminine gender,
 And resembles the late Sir Galahad,
 Who, always was good, and never was bad.

Good rhyme as a rule is not over-abundant,
 But, writing of Rosses, it's really redundant.
 You indite the name Ross,
 Shall you rhyme it with boss
 Or oppose it with cross,
 Or mate it with moss,
 Or irreverent sauce,
 Or vernacular goss?
 Just what to select you are sadly at loss.
 Athane of the Rosses was friend of Banquo,
 When bloody Macbeth laid that gentleman low;
 And in subsequent ages, the whole way down,
 The clan of the Rosses has been of renown.
 But best of them all, most highly deserving,
 Is Ross of that ilk who belongs to the Irving;
 Who writes up the battle of New Orleans,
 With mutiple maps to show what he means,
 Or tells the adventures of tough Tom Jones,
 Which he rather enjoys, but never condones.

In Hoskins, the sage, profound erudite,
 See learning with wisdom in concord unite;
 To judge from his looks
 He lives upon books
 Entirely beyond the seductions of cooks.
 His knowledge embraces the sum of affairs,

And he sits upon three professorial chairs.
 With affluent learning he daily descants
 On the nebulous science of higher finance;
 And the light of his learning resplendently shines
 Through the clouds that enshroud the trusts and combines.
 He teaches ten topics of largest extent
 And his genius still craves an adequate vent.

Say, kindly Muse, why blessings come in showers
 And fortune smiles upon the house of Powers?
 He holds an election
 Without imperfection,
 Or his genius escapes our feeble detection.
 He recently had the good fortune to seize
 An office productive of very fat fees,
 But the ultimate honor one ever wins
 Is that which pertains to a parent of twins.

Discussing a Doctor of Divinity
 One must have due regard for concinnity;
 For these gentlemen ghostly
 Are sensitive mostly
 And clerical censures are sure to be costly.
 Dr. Olmstead now lives in Tennessee;
 But residing abroad, in Venice he
 Acquired vast knowledge, as everyone knows,
 Concerning Venetians and other Dagoes;
 And he owns a lecture which fully describes
 The wonders of Venice, with lantern slides.
 But the Doctor is best, by at least one-half,
 When he's quoting or making an epitaph.

The parsons of Irving are all of the best,
 And their praises I'm sounding with infinite zest.
 I dedicate humbly the lines that ensue
 To the parson whose hosen are said to be blue.
 This sterilized phrase
 I am sure displays
 A delicacy worthy of generous praise.
 Mr. Ogden's debut, as you will recall it,

Was made in discussion of rare Toby Smollett,
 Of his Roderick Random, the reprobate,
 And prodigal Pickle, the peregrinate.
 He later astounded us altogether
 By luminous learning relating to leather.

A gentleman large now looms on my vision,
 Denominate Maynard, to speak with precision,
 Of dignified mien
 As ever was seen,
 A gentleman courtly, and portly I ween.
 He has seen foreign lands, and thereon expands
 Whenever occasion permits or demands.
 He heard Baker tell of the tide-wave's rush,
 And then proceeded to give him a crush.
 He was down in the tropics, on the Spanish main,
 And he witnessed the work of a big hurricane.
 'Twas many times worse, as the story he gave,
 Than Baker's improbable Panama wave;
 For it took up a ship as it lay at rest,
 And dropped it down on a mountain's crest;
 And there on the mountain that ship will stay,
 If it last so long, till the Judgment Day.

To trace Richard Gibson's itinerary
 Since first he began to be literary,
 Would surely astound us
 And fairly confound us,
 Disclosing such deeds as would daze and dumbfound us.
 The sum of his writing is truly tremendous,
 The mass of his thinking is simply stupendous.
 It is not improper that I should add,
 That he only writes on a pencil pad,
 And he writes so much and uses so many,
 He exhausts the supply and doesn't leave any.
 His favorite authors are the recondite,
 And he still reads Browning every night.
 He prefers this author because he's so nice,
 He never understands him the same way twice;
 And he still reprobates Boccaccio
 As "a blamed immoral old Dago."

All hail to thee, Mellen, man of many parts,
 Beloved of Apollo, opulent in arts;
 Ever constant, sage Klio, at thy sacred shrine,
 Nor ever inconstant, Polymnia, at thine.
 To bring down my meaning within easier reach,
 He's highly historic, and happy of speech;
 For whatever has rust, he has infinite gust,
 And he savors the dust of antiquity's must.

He's a farmer like Flaccus,
 A patriot like Gracchus,
 A parent possessing
 A generous blessing;

But all that he is I despair of expressing.
 He's now on the tripod, didactic and solemn,
 Diurnally doing a double-width column.

We think of the preacher as one of the mystics,
 And hardly expect him to give us statistics;
 But the Rector, perceiving our country's salvation,
 Endangered by want of increased immigration,

Has shown us the fact
 By figures exact

And large mathematics, that can't be attacked.
 He worked up the figures, nor did his work cease
 Till his columns were longer than those of Xerxes.
 These columns compulsive were doughtily led,
 To prove every word their Commander had said;
 Their onset tremendous put to flight every doubt,
 And scattered resistance in ruinous rout.
 The Rector went home, elated, that night,
 But the story got out soon after daylight;
 And every newcomer with woes to tell
 Running straight to the rectory, rang the bell.
 They went to the number of six hundred and one,
 And spoke every language under the sun;
 But all languages led to one certain end,
 Six hundred said "give," the remainder said "lend."

All accounts from the days of the Conquerors down,
 Have assigned to the Aztecs the greatest renown;
 Their civilization was unspeakably old,
 And their pockets were always distended with gold;

They were blazing in scarlet, and feathers chromatic,
And their houses were gorgeous from cellar to attic.

But alas for the story
Of the Aztec glory,

When Turner assaulted these legends so hoary.
With Prescott he frequently wiped up the earth
And treated his volumes with rancorous mirth;
He went for the Mexican, tore off his bonnet,
And then threw it down and trampled upon it.
He razed all the temples, pulled down all the pictures,
And plied the poor Aztecs with pitiless strictures;
In short, he demolished each honored tradition
With cruel completeness and great expedition:
And of Baker's learn'd paper which Maynard had read
This ruthless iconoclast left not a shred.

It is true and is trite that White's information
Goes first to the farthest confines of creation,
Then soars afar into scenes that dismay us,
The spaces ruled over by night and by chaos.

His wide observation
And wise meditation,
His bold speculation
And excogitation

Elicit diffused and deserved admiration.
His knowledge of letters defies allegation,
His profusion of facts exceeds supputation.
Encyclopedias he holds in disdain
Because of the limited facts they contain.
To Webster or Worcester he never descends,
The Century censures or aptly amends.
His speech in Chaldaic is idiomatic,
And his favorite writing is the old hieratic;
So profound are his studies, he often must seek
For relief in the levity of Kant's Critique.

I sing the high virtues of that time honored stock
Whose pedigree is planted on proud Plymouth rock,
Who pre-empted New England and then hurried West
To get everything, and got all the best;
Then scattered more ways than can well be expressed
In earnest endeavor to get all the rest.

Their tempers were touchy, and not at all placid,
Their virtues, though various, perceptibly acid.
They devised the blue code of beneficent laws
That punished everybody without any cause.
Whatever one did, these laws he was breaching
Except when breathing or sleeping or preaching.
On Sundays they stopped all their eating and drinking
And never attempted to do their own thinking.
The pietist Pilgrim, each Saturday night,
Put away all pleasures and locked them up tight,
Retaining, however, his big musketoon
With which he blew Pequots as high as the moon;
But now I must tell of the lapsing from grace
Of a lineal son of this virtuous race.
There's a game which the bare-legged Highlander plays
With a ball and a bat on his barren old braes;
Aforetime they called it the "good game of goff,"
Then they put in an l, and took an f off.
By this Keltic diversion the Judge was seduced,
And marvelous changes his fall has produced.
Of old he permitted not a Sunday to pass
Without teaching a nice little Sunday-school class,
Of nice little girls exceedingly dressed
And nice little boys all greatly depressed.
But sadly, alas, it has now come to pass
That he never goes near a Sunday-school class.
Whenever he can he goes for a Sunday,
To a place where they act as if it were Monday;
And whenever day breaks
On Sunday, he wakes
And the road to the golf links instantly takes.
His pious forefather with his steeple-crown hat
Never bothered a ball nor looked at a bat;
On Sunday he walked at a decorous pace
With a lachrymose look and funereal face.
The scion, on Sunday, resorts to high jinks
With Belial's sons on impious links;
With trembling I look for a woeful requital,
And in sadness conclude this painful recital.

Dec. 2, 1907.

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY

1. JUDGE INGERSOLL. The fact that the statements made in regard to Judge Ingersoll are in the main incorrect, if tested by the prosaic standard of actuality, is not regarded as a defect in the poem, because a poet's paramount and most essential faculty is fancy. To be accurate is to be dull, and therefore the fault is one that men almost invariably shun. In the case of ordinary persons this avoidance is, usually, a matter of choice, but with poets is it a necessity. Poems are tested primarily by the power of imagination, which they display, and are distorted and disfigured by avoidable facts. That Judge Ingersoll does not habitually play golf on Sunday is a fact. To affirm the contrary is to exercise the important and invaluable faculty of imagination and to improve the poem. Consider how unspeakably commonplace, and uninteresting it would have been to allege merely that the Judge does not play golf on Sunday. It is inconceivable that any poet would coin rhymes for the embodiment of a declaration so prosaic. On the other hand, the fact that the poet possesses an imagination capable of such a flight as that which is taken in the poem is regarded as a very sufficient foundation for a reasonable super-structure of pride.

2. MR. BAKER. The writer now recollects that Mr. Baker declared that a tidal wave crossed the Pacific Ocean in either three or five minutes, but the adoption in the poem of two minutes as the time of transit was made for the sake of effect, and is further justified by the fact that it does not at all detract from the credibility of Mr. Baker's affirmation.

3. MR. WHITAKER. It may add to the effectiveness of what is said of Mr. Whitaker to state that among his callers were certain Armenians who demonstrated forcibly the exceptional capacity of their ancient and astute race for persistent solicitation, with a concomitant incapacity to recognize the quality or purpose of negotiations.

4. DR. OLMSTEAD. Dr. Olmstead did not say that he saw a cyclone wind up a clock, but only that he had heard it said. It may be assumed, however, with absolute confidence that the Doctor would not add to the currency of a statement containing any element of inaccuracy, unless indeed he should engage in metrical composition.

5. DR. RICHMOND. I have omitted the statement by Dr. Richmond that the late Louisville cyclone bored a hole through the roof of

a house and purloined a pan of hot water without spilling any of the contents. I felt that it was the Doctor's duty to posterity to preserve this unique occurrence in permanent poetical form.

6. MR. JOUROLMON. I have omitted, for want of space only, the fact that the young lady, dealt with so gently by the tornado, had red hair, and that while she was at the apogee of her orbit she encountered a white horse taking a similar flight. This interesting verification of an ancient adage deserves, however, to be recorded as one of the most remarkable facts that our investigations have ever developed.

7. MR. MAYNARD. Mr. Maynard will pardon the elimination of two of the three ships which the tornado deposited on the mountain top, and the more readily, it is hoped, when the writer states that he had in mind the largest of the three. A mortifying infirmity of memory made it impossible for me to say whether the mountain was ten thousand or fifteen thousand feet high.

8. MR. MILTON. The readers of *The Sentinel* will all agree that the editorial columns of that invaluable journal abound in the most impressive fiscal profundity. It might be asserted that if all the suggestions to be found there were adopted, there would be, not only a sure avoidance of panics, but a financial revolution as far reaching and as beneficent in its results as the displacement of the Ptolemaic or geocentric system of astronomy, by the doctrines of Keppler, Copernicus, and Newton.

9. DR. MELLEN. It is noted with interest by the friends of Dr. Mellen that whereas, before his assumption of editorial functions his physique was marked by the tenuity which is common to those who engage habitually in perspiration, he is now growing stout. It is known that the Doctor has been engaged for a number of years upon his farm in training, for the racing field, certain species of domestic animals heretofore utilized exclusively for beef and bacon, and that by scientific breeding and training he has brought some of these, of the razor-back species, up to a wholly unprecedented velocity of movement. This required constant and wearing physical exertion on his own part. Since he became an editor, his writings have been exceedingly restful to himself as well as to his readers, and it is with the most genuine pleasure that his very perceptible increase of weight is recorded.

10. MR. KEEFER has been engaged in agricultural and horticultural experimentations of a most elaborate and beneficent character. His

field of operation was the middle and western grand divisions of this State. His proceedings have been largely insecticidal, with the result of an unprecedented mortality among the noxious arboreal bugs of those grand divisions. If his present successes should continue, it is believed that he will eventually, and justly, become as renowned in the matter of bugs as St. Patrick is in respect of snakes.

11. MR. WHITE has not yet recovered from the disturbance of his nervous organization caused by his appearance in one of *The Sentinel's* cartoons. It is reported that in order to divert his mind after the appearance of the cartoon he increased his reading hours from eighteen to twenty-three, allowing himself only one hour for the two purposes of eating and sleeping.

12. MR. POWERS, having been elected City Attorney, stoops a little under the weight of responsibility as Hercules did when Atlas dropped the earth on his shoulders. The writer is informed by Mr. Powers that his election to this office is regarded as a calamity of the first magnitude to litigants against the city, except by his defeated competitors.

13. MR. OGDEN has demonstrated a versatility of talent which, while it is not surprising, is extremely gratifying, as will be demonstrated by reference to only four of the many subjects which he has elucidated, recently, within and without the club, viz.: Tobias Smollett, Leather, Prehistoric Ireland and Capital Punishment.

14. MR. GIBSON. The author is compelled to regret his inability to make adequate reference to Mr. Gibson's recent fascinating and compendious discourse on wood, or to preserve for the edification of ourselves and of posterity his wholly unprecedented and incomparable feat of pronunciation in respect of the complicated appellative of a distinguished prehistoric Celtic Ecclesiastic.

15 MR. HOSKINS I understand to be the active and efficient incumbent contemporaneously and continuously, of the chairs of History, Economics, and General Utility, in the University of Tennessee; in all of which he gives complete satisfaction. But these various and incognate pursuits appear to make the most moderate demands upon his ample capacities.

16. MR. TURNER. The violence of Mr. Turner's literary temper was strikingly, not to say surprisingly, displayed for the first time, when the subject of the Aztecs was under discussion, and our surprise increased to astonishment when his undiluted censures were directed to his late

compatriot, the historian Prescott. That he could disapprove of anything emanating from Massachusetts was a demonstration of a liberality which, despite the excessiveness of its expression, could not fail to be gratifying.

17. MR. ROSS. In regard to Mr. Ross, the writer would not be understood as intimating that the very learned paper on Fielding contained any positive approvals of Tom Jones. Upon the contrary the disapprovals were as positively orthodox in form as could have been expected even from one in his responsible position. It was intimated, however, at the time, that there were certain skillfully obscured qualifications of his censures which approximated the quality of condonations. As to the astucity of the qualifications there can be no question, but it seems to be clear that we have not yet sufficient grounds for an unqualified allegation of condonation.

18. DR. BRUCE. It is a fact that Dr. Bruce has cultivated successfully a system of esoteric calligraphy, but it must be conceded that this is distinctly within his rights as a man and a scholar. It is due him to say that the poem, owing to the inherent and necessary limitations of metrical composition, understates the extent of his condensation of the novel "Pamela," as he read within half an hour a resume of the most interminable book that the imagination of man has ever produced.

THE PROLOGUE. The classical introduction to the poem serves mainly the purpose of irrelevant ornamentation. The author believed that he should do everything in his power to commend the poem to the Club, and his experience with writers and speakers has convinced him that irrelevancy in the use of classical and mythological subjects is, by usage, permissible, and that even the inconsequential introduction of them is generally approved. He may add that he has known many cases in which classical allusions were extremely effective and greatly admired, despite not only their palpable irrelevancy, but also their conspicuous inaccuracy.

The irrelevancy of the prologue is mitigated by the fact that it is intended to be an invocation of the goddess Euterpe who, by some writers, is treated as the muse of nonsense.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

INTER-LIBRARY
LOAN

12 Dec '64 2F

REC'D LD

NOV 29 '64 - 3 PM

FEB 26 1966 5 2

REC'D LD

FEB 26 '66 - 4 PM

JUN 7 1966 8 9

MAY 25 '66 3RCD

LD 21A-50m-3,'62
(C7097s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

271747

Calder

F436

C25

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

